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## Grobelaar cleared on final charge

# Players must pay huge bill for their costs

By STEPHEN FARRELL AND STEWART TENDLER

THREE footballers accused of match rigging have been left with legal bills totalling nearly £750,000 even though they were cleared of all charges after a nine-week trial.

John Fashanu, the England striker turned television presenter and millionaire businessman who declined to utter a word to defend himself against a conspiracy charge throughout a two-year police investigation and two trials, faces a bill of about £650,000 after the trial judge told him that he had brought suspicion on himself. He intends to challenge the ruling.

The former Wimbledon goalkeeper Hans Segers, also charged with conspiracy, also had his application for costs denied. He had paid £65,000 towards his legal aid, but will not have it repaid. Riggs Grobbelaar, who was cleared yesterday on the judge's direction after the jury failed to agree on whether he accepted £2,000 to throw a match, made no application for costs. He had paid £30,000 towards his legal aid and will forfeit that sum.

But Mr Justice McCullough



Mr Justice McCullough

said that the fact that Mr Fashanu had received very considerable sums of money from the Far East in other people's names could only have led the prosecution to suspect that these sums had been obtained nefariously.

Mr Fashanu had claimed that the money was from business dealings with Josef, but he had produced no evidence to support that. "Mr Fashanu's conduct brought suspicion on himself and misled the prosecution into thinking that the case against him was stronger than it was."

The judge also refused Mr Segers's application for costs, saying he had told "the jury upon lie" to police about how he acquired £104,000 in a Swiss bank account.

Mr Justice McCullough made his rulings on costs shortly before the jury told him that there was no prospect of reaching even a majority verdict on the bribery charge against Mr Grobbelaar — who along with Mr Fashanu, Mr Segers and the businessman, Heng Suan Lin had been cleared of conspiracy on Thursday. The prosecution

said that it would offer no further evidence and the judge directed that a not guilty verdict be recorded.

After being formally discharged, the former Liverpool and Southampton goalkeeper nodded to his legal team, buttoned his blazer and walked from the dock at Winchester Crown Court. Outside, he kissed his wife Debbie and said: "To all the fans who have stood by me through all this, thank you very much indeed."

Mr Grobbelaar and Mr Segers may still, however, face FA disciplinary proceedings. And The Sun, whose initial allegations prompted the police investigation, said that it was fully prepared to defend itself if Mr Grobbelaar decided to continue his libel action against the newspaper.

Both Mr Grobbelaar and Mr Segers are believed to be keen to resume their careers, but first their cases will be considered by Sir John Smith, the former Metropolitan Police Deputy Commissioner who is reviewing the game's rules on betting and forecasting. Two disciplinary charges remain outstanding against Mr Grobbelaar — one of accepting a bribe and one of bringing the game into disrepute — and Sir John will recommend after reviewing the evidence from the two trials whether these should be reactivated.

If he concludes that there is a case to answer, Mr Segers might also face a disciplinary hearing at which the burden of proof would be lower than that required by the criminal courts.

Paying the price, page 5  
Leading article, page 21



A Bosnian woman greets Diana, Princess of Wales, when she visited Tuzla yesterday as part of her campaign against landmines

## Princess leads gossips to minefield

FROM DAMIAN WHITWORTH IN TUZLA

DIANA, Princess of Wales, yesterday put the speculation about her private life behind her and flew to Bosnia to concentrate on her public role.

Relaxed and smiling, the most photographed woman in the world said nothing about recent photographs of her with Mohamed Al Fayed's son Dodi, and went to visit the victims of landmines.

Her office had said that officially her trip was a private one. But even if she had not helped to bring the issue of landmines on to the world stage herself, her private visits are never that.

As she flew in over Sarajevo in the billionaire George Soros's private jet she would have seen not only row upon

row of ruined buildings but a crowd waiting on the runway to greet her. Among them were Ken Rutherford and his colleagues from the Landmine Survivors Trust, a handful of French peacekeeping troops and around 100 journalists.

She hopped from the plane and skipped across to meet Mr Rutherford, an American and himself a victim of a Somali landmine, whom she had met at a conference in London. Dressed casually in leggings, a denim shirt and navy blazer she greeted her hosts warmly.

The Princess was accompanied by two Scotland Yard detectives, her butler Paul Burrell and Lord Deedes, the former Daily Telegraph editor.

Maybe the Princess had had enough of photographers as she appeared not to notice

them or their calls for her to pose as she was whisked away for the journey to Tuzla. Security for the two-day trip is tight. So tight in fact that the French officer in charge of security at the airport learned of her visit only when the press pack rolled up.

En route the Princess held up the traffic for ten minutes as she stopped to look down over a valley containing the town of Olovo where American money had rebuilt a monastery and two mosques.

On the outskirts of Tuzla, which suffered some of the worst shelling, she called in at the ground floor flat of Franjo Kresic, 42, a Croat married to a Serb and who fought for the Bosnian Army. He had both legs blown off above the knee by a mine. The Princess stayed and talked to him for half an

hour. Then she went on to meet more victims in Tuzla itself having changed into Armani jeans and discarding the blazer in the clammy heat. She ignored questions about her romantic life as, still beaming, she was greeted by the local Mayor.

Lord Deedes, who had been with her all day, said she was not even thinking of her private life. "She's in excellent form, totally self-possessed," he said.

"The Princess has a knack of

putting her mind on what she is doing whatever the other distractions are. She has had practice at doing this. Her mind is totally on mines."

Mr Rutherford said that the visit had been arranged when he and his colleague Jerry White went to visit the Princess at Kensington Palace two weeks ago.

"She is the most renowned face in the world. For us to have her support is incredible. We are just honoured to have her here," he said.

## Pound falls below FF10

Sterling fell by 4.58 pence to DM2.9249. Against the French franc the pound moved down from FF10.02 to FF9.85. Abbey National raised some mortgage rates to 8.45 per cent. Page 25

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## Major finds voice on lecture circuit

By ANDREW PIERCE, POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

JOHN MAJOR is planning a visit to the Washington Speakers' Bureau, the agency which has virtually disappeared on the political scene, will cut short his visit to the Tory Party conference in October to launch a career on the international lecture circuit.

Mr Major has been signed up by the Washington Speakers' Bureau, the agency which has Baroness Thatcher, Henry Kissinger and General Colin Powell on its books. It has arranged a week-long series of engagements in October in America. Details of the itinerary are being kept secret for security reasons.

Mr Major, whose salary was cut by more than half when he returned to the back benches, will be paid in the region of £32,000 for each speech and could earn more in a week than the £100,000 he was paid a year as Prime Minister.

But even overseas he will be haunted by his predecessor. Lady Thatcher, seven years after she fell from power, is still in most demand among retired international politicians. She commands about £45,000 for each hour-long speech on international affairs. A photograph with her can cost a further £600.

More speaking tours are being planned for Mr Major

while Lady Thatcher, who has earned about £20 million since she left Downing Street, is booked until next July.

Mr Major will make only a fleeting appearance at the Tory conference in Brighton which begins on October 7. The Times has learnt that he will stay for about four hours before flying directly to the US with his wife, Norma, for his first speaking engagement.

It will be an emotional appearance for Mr Major. When Lady Thatcher appeared on the conference platform for the first time after being ousted she was given an 11-minute standing ovation which dwarfed the reception for her successor. Mr Major can expect the roles to be reversed this time round.

But friends of his say that he is under no illusions about his staying power overseas. "He does not expect to be in demand as long as Lady Thatcher. He is a realist. But he wants to give it a try. He is forging a new role."

Henry Stokes, Managing Editor of the Commercial Appeal newspaper, which has carried out surveys of the leading lights on the lecture circuit, said: "Lady Thatcher is the brightest star. The only one who can match her is Colin Powell. People don't identify with John Major. What is he doing these days?"

## Nurses spared from beheading

The threat of beheading for two British nurses in Saudi Arabia receded after a court in Australia ruled that the brother of the victim had no legal right to call for the death penalty.

And Prince Talal Bin Abdul Aziz, a brother of King Fahd, said Lucille McLaughlin and Deborah Parry did not deserve to be executed. Page 3

## Warne dashes England hopes

England, with six first-innings wickets standing, are 239 runs behind Australia after the second day of the fifth Test at Trent Bridge.

## Hop, skip, silver

Jonathan Edwards finished second in the triple jump, winning Britain's fourth silver medal of the world championships in Athens. The winner was the Cuban Yoelvis Quesada. Page 40

## Underwater rescues

In two separate underwater rescues a woman was saved from her car by a yachtsman in Southampton and a girl of seven survived 40 minutes in a car submerged in a quarry near Pontefract. Page 3

## Heat and floods divide country

By RORY CARROLL

FREAKISH weather divided Britain in two yesterday with the hottest day of the year being reported in central London and torrential downpours and floods in the West Country.

Holidaymakers stranded in heavy rain in the south west drove hundreds of miles to the heatwave on the other side of the country.

The record 31.5C (88.7F) — the hottest recorded temperature in the country since last June — could reach 32 (90F) this weekend, the Met Office said. Temperatures in Birmingham, Norwich and Manchester climbed to 27C (81F) and Glasgow and Belfast reached the mid-70s yesterday. Coastal resorts were cooler and less humid than many cities, with Brighton, East Sussex, seeing 23C (73F) and Southampton 20C (79F).

The threat of floods continued in parts of Devon and Cornwall, with flash floods forcing the evacuation of nearly 1,000 people from a campsite near Honiton, east Devon, which experienced 3ft deep floods after 3in of rain fell in 45 minutes.

The Royal Marines and the Women's Royal Voluntary Service provided evacuees with blankets and sleeping bags as mopping-up operations started in a number of towns and villages. Worst hit

was Ottery St Mary, where firefighters had to rescue their own cars after the fire station was flooded. At the height of the flooding, the Environment Agency had alerts out on seven rivers, three of them red.

The hot spell, likely to end at the beginning of the week when thunder storms are forecast to hit many parts of England and Wales, proved too much for 800 Tyneside shipyard workers who downed tools in a lightning strike because their drinking water was not cold enough.

Employees of the Dutch-owned Swan Hunter yard walked out after rejecting a management offer of thousands of bottles of chilled mineral water, defying advice from their own GMB union officials. Work is unlikely to resume until Monday when chiller units are due to be fitted to the water supply.

In Dorset a Boxer dog died and another was treated for brain damage after their owner locked them in her car, one of several such incidents reported by the RSPCA.

Reports of better weather prompted some drenched holidaymakers in the south west and West Country to make trips of up to 300 miles to east coast resorts.

"It was chucking down where I was and I just drove

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## Photo shows Princess kissing Dodi Fayed

Evidence of new romance could damage public standing, writes Emma Wilkins



Dodi Fayed, left, with his father. He is said to be "very relaxed" about the publicity

THE 17-year relationship between Diana, Princess of Wales and her adoring public will enter its most testing phase tomorrow when photographs of her kissing Dodi Fayed, her holiday companion, are published in a Sunday newspaper.

The photographs, which have cost the *Sunday Mirror* about £250,000, are said to show the couple swimming in the sea, embracing and sunbathing on a yacht owned by Mohamed Al Fayed, Mr Fayed's father. In some pictures, Mr Fayed has his arms around the Princess's waist and in one she is shown kissing him.

The publication will be the first time the public has seen the Princess romantically linked with a man other than her ex-husband, Prince Charles. Her relationship with Mr Fayed, who is said to be her favourite, has been the subject of her divorce from Prince Charles.

The Princess's friendship with Mr Fayed was said to be "very relaxed" about the recent disclosures.

The appearance of the Princess on Thursday night at Mr Fayed's Mayfair home for dinner, in full knowledge of the waiting reporters and photographers, was being taken as a sign of the seriousness of her affection for the millionaire playboy.

Publication of the photographs mark an important landmark in the Princess's life. If the shots live up to expectations, they will be the clearest evidence that she is enjoying a love affair since her own admission on Panorama that Captain James Hewitt was the object of her affection. The Princess has also been linked with a succession of men including Will Carling, the former England rugby captain, the art dealer Oliver Hoare, and most recently the heart surgeon Hasnat Khan.

The newspaper deal was finalised yesterday after fierce competition from other tabloids including the *Mail on Sunday*, which is believed to have offered a higher sum after the contract with the *Sunday Mirror* had been drawn up. The *News of the World* offered a figure of

around £100,000 after viewing a set of 50 pictures.

The photographs, taken by an Italian paparazzo called Mario Brenna, show the Princess and her companion during their five-day cruise around Sardinia on the upper deck of his father's £15 million motor yacht, the *Jonikal*.

Mr Fayed declined to comment on his relationship with the Princess when he left his home in Park Lane, Mayfair, yesterday afternoon. He is due to attend the opening game of the season today at Fulham Football Club, which his father acquired recently.

There were celebrations yesterday in the offices of the *Sunday Mirror*, which is expected to print 500,000 extra copies on Sunday after heavy investment in advertising to day. The deal was brokered by Jason Fraser, a British photog-

rapher, who is acting as Mr Brenna's agent. His client looks set to become a millionaire from worldwide sales.

With two daily tabloid newspapers bidding for secondary rights to the photographs, sales in Britain alone could reach £500,000. Deals are believed to have been secured with *Paris Match* in France and *Bunte* magazine in Germany. There is also keen interest from magazines in Italy, Holland, America and Spain.

Phil Hall, editor of the *News of the World*, said he was not disappointed. "We didn't feel the photographs were worth any more than we offered. They were taken from 500 yards away. The only one which was good was a kiss picture in which you can't see Diana's face and the kiss is obscured by her head."

## Hague goes public in search for new ideas to gain votes

By NICHOLAS WOOD

WILLIAM HAGUE is planning to reach out beyond his party in an attempt to give the Tories a new sense of direction. The Conservative leader and his senior colleagues are to embark on a giant consultation exercise involving professional and business groups and the public before drawing up proposals for the next Tory manifesto.

The exercise will include focus groups of voters of the kind pioneered in Britain by Tony Blair. The aim is to win popular consent for a fresh burst of Tory radicalism. A detailed programme for the policy review, drawn up by the Shadow Chancellor Peter Lilley, has been passed

to Mr Hague and will be discussed at an overnight meeting of the Shadow Cabinet near Bath in early September, then implemented after the party conference in October.

Mr Hague is expected to use his first speech to the conference as leader to spell out his blueprint for a fundamental rethink of Tory policy. Every area of policy will be examined by teams of shadow ministers working with independent experts. In a departure from past, non-Conservatives will be drawn into the exercise as the teams canvass the views of the general public and people working in areas such as health, education, the churches and business. The overall aim is said to be to rediscover the "sense of

purpose" that characterised the Thatcher years but was lost under John Major.

The first phase of the consultation exercise will concentrate on identifying the big new problems that will face the country over the next 10 years. By drawing the public into the process, senior Tories hope to build popular support for radical change, especially in state services. Groups and individuals will be asked to identify the problems and challenges looming on the horizon. The second stage, unlikely to be begun until after the 1998 conference, will focus on devising specific policies to meet the nation's concerns. The Shadow Cabinet meeting will also be presented with the party's election post-mortem.

## Suicide MP had accused colleague

By SHIRLEY ENGLISH

A LABOUR politician named in the suicide note of Gordon McMaster yesterday admitted that the former MP for Paisley South had previously accused him of spreading rumours he was gay.

Tommy Graham, MP for the neighbouring constituency of Renfrewshire West, disclosed yesterday that Mr McMaster had confronted him three years ago and accused him of starting a whispering campaign.

Speaking in the *Glasgow Evening Times*, Mr Graham said: "Personally I did not care whether he was gay or what. It didn't enter my thoughts. It's not my style. There were always a million rumours...

because the guy was a bachelor there was a lot of people who did a bit of kidding."

He said that Mr McMaster, who was found dead in his home-filled car at his home in Johnstone, had accused him of calling him "a poof". Mr McMaster replied: "I've never called you a poof in my life."

Mr McMaster was named with Lord Dixon, the former Labour MP for Jarrow, who was Mr McMaster's boss in the Whips Office, in Mr McMaster's suicide note. A report has been prepared for the procurator fiscal. The Prime Minister has also ordered chief whip Nick Brown to carry out an investigation.

### NEWS IN BRIEF

#### Lecturer sacked for paedophile views

A psychology lecturer who publicly approved of paedophilia with children over 12, providing they were above average intelligence, has been sacked by the University of Edinburgh. Chris Brand, 54, was dismissed "with immediate effect" after an internal disciplinary tribunal found him guilty of gross misconduct.

He was suspended last November after he published an Internet newsletter questioning the paedophilia charges brought against Daniel Gajdus, the Nobel prizewinner, in the United States. Mr Brand gained notoriety last year when he claimed whites were more intelligent than blacks.

#### Stone of Scone stays put

The Stone of Destiny, also known as the Stone of Scone — the ancient symbol of Scottish nationhood on which the country's kings were crowned — is to stay in Edinburgh Castle despite pleas for it to be returned to its historic home at Scone Palace. Donald Dewar, Scottish Secretary, said consultation had shown a clear preference for the stone to be housed in Edinburgh Castle.

#### Spam quits Britain

A contract to make Spam is being switched from the Newforge food factory in Belle Vale, Liverpool, after 40 years. Hormel, the American firm that invented the product, said that it would be made in Denmark from next year. Spam's share of the canned-meat market has grown by about 11 per cent over the past three years and given employment to about 140 workers.

#### Holocaust denial Bill

Legislation to make it a criminal offence to deny the Holocaust is being considered by the Government. Jack Straw, the Home Secretary, said in a letter to the Jewish Board of Deputies that a Holocaust denial Bill might be proposed to counter neo-Nazi propaganda, even though it would be difficult to legislate. The move would bring Britain into line with other European countries.

#### Local Lawrence hearings

The Home Office inquiry into the murder of Stephen Lawrence hopes to hold public hearings in south London near the scene of the killing. Sir William Macpherson of Cluay, the former High Court judge who is heading the investigation, said hearings would start later this year and he hoped they would be held in Greenwich. Mr Lawrence, 18, was murdered at a bus stop in Eltham in 1993.

#### Killer had stalked girls

The killer of Katerina Koneva, a 12-year-old from a refugee family murdered in her home in Hammersmith, west London, stalked other young girls in the same area, Scotland Yard said. It linked the killing with two earlier incidents, one the same day in May, and the other in February, in which girls were followed home by a man of Middle Eastern appearance. Both escaped attack.

#### Cash sought for tin mine

Investors are being sought to save the last tin mine in Britain, South Crofty in Cornwall, which is due to close in six months after losing £33 million in ten years. Stephen Gately, the mine manager, said the shareholders would be happy to discuss the possibility of saving the mine, although as each week passed it would become increasingly difficult to put together a rescue plan.

#### Gasman hostage verdict

A man who held a gas fitter prisoner at knifepoint in his home because he was unhappy about work done on his central heating system was jailed for four years at the Old Bailey. Winston Prince, 36, of Clapham, south London, was convicted of falsely imprisoning William Carr, 34, and assault, but cleared of making a threat to kill. Mr Carr, 34, had a knife held to his stomach during the 1½-hour ordeal.

#### Radio 1's hits miss

Radio 1's audience has dropped below ten million a week for the first time after losing 1.3 million listeners in a year. It had up to 18 million listeners when it began in the late Sixties. Radio 3 has 2.3 million listeners — less than half Classic FM's figures — while Radio 5 Live is up slightly at 4.9 million. Radio 2 is increasing its market share at 8.6 million a week, while Radio 4 has 8.2 million listeners.

#### Pastor's widow recovers

The wife of the murdered British pastor Michael Pollard was "doing fine" after undergoing surgery following a roadside attack by bandits in Hungary. The operation on Jo Pollard's broken jaw "went better than expected" at the hospital in Nyiregyhaza, her daughter Rebecca said. Initially doctors thought that Mrs Pollard, 55, of Shipley, near Bradford, would need her jaw wired together.

#### Praise be for technology

A computer-based electronic notice board was launched in Britain this week, giving churches the chance to dispose of prayer books, hymn books and antique sheets. The system will display the words of hymns, scripture and liturgy. It is likely to be popular among charismatic and evangelical churches because it frees worshippers to express their devotion with body and arm movements.

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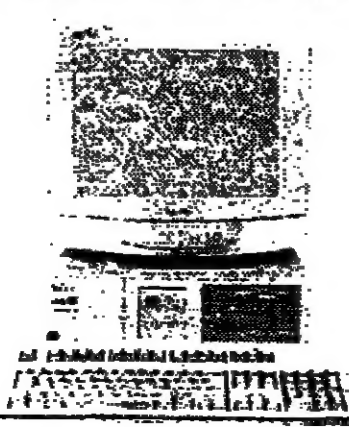
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# Court eases nurses' fears of execution

Australian judge silences calls for revenge, report Rachel Bridge and Bronwen Maddox

THE threat of execution for two British nurses accused of murdering a colleague in Saudi Arabia, needed last night after a court in Australia ruled that their alleged victim's brother had no legal right to call for the death penalty if they were convicted.

In a separate development, a leading member of the Saudi royal family declared that the two women did not deserve to be executed.

Lawyers for Lucille McLauchlan and Deborah Parry, who are accused of killing Yvonne Gilford, are due to make their final sub-

missions tomorrow and a verdict is expected soon.

Under Saudi law the immediate family of a murder victim can call for the execution of the murderer, but only if their decision is unanimous. Frank Gilford, the dead woman's brother, from South Australia, has repeatedly called for the death penalty if the two nurses are found guilty and has said that his 24-year-old brother, Muriel, shared his view.

Yesterday, however, the Acting South Australian Supreme Court Justice Len King ruled that Mrs Gilford, who suffers

from Alzheimer's disease, was mentally incapable of deciding the nurses' fate. He placed a restraining order on Mr Gilford, barring him from repeating his call for execution.

The judge also ordered that a file on Mrs Gilford's mental condition be released to the nurses' lawyers within five days and that an Australian doctor be allowed to prepare a report on its contents for the Saudi courts.

Mrs Gilford lives in a nursing home in Adelaide and, according to Mr Gilford's wife, knows little of what is

going on except that her daughter is dead.

Miss Parry, 38, and Miss McLauchlan, 31, are accused of murdering Miss Gilford in the King Fahd medical complex in Dhahran, an oil city in the east of Saudi Arabia, in December. Miss Gilford was found suffocated and stabbed in her room. She had also been bludgeoned with a hammer and robbed.

Michael Dark, representing the nurses, said: "We were given until Sunday to produce evidence showing that Mrs Gilford is not mentally competent. We asked Frank Gilford's

lawyers if they would let us have any evidence to confirm that she is in a nursing home, but they refused. We didn't have much choice but to ask the courts in Australia to help us, which they have done."

Michael Boylan, Mr Gilford's lawyer, argued that the request on behalf of the nurses aimed to interfere in the Saudi proceedings and was an abuse of legal process. He said that Mr Gilford's comments had been made through his lawyers in Saudi Arabia and were therefore outside the jurisdiction of the Australian court.



McLauchlan, left, and Parry: verdicts this week

said: "One doesn't know what the effect will be as there has not even been a verdict in Saudi Arabia yet."

The Supreme Court ruling came on the same day as an interview with Prince Talal bin Abdul Aziz, a brother of King Fahd, was published in the Washington Times. "I am

telling you that in this case there will be no beheadings," Prince Talal said in the interview in Istanbul. "From my experience with Saudi law, the nurses do not deserve execution."

He attributed part of his argument to talks with the nurses' lawyer. "He feels they will have a just trial and that there will be no beheadings."

The interview is the first public statement by a member of the Saudi royal family about the outcome of the case. Prince Talal is close to King Fahd and is involved in international development programmes to help the kingdom, although he does not hold a government post.

## Sailor rescues woman trapped in sunken car

Yachtsman gives driver oxygen from aqualung as he frees her after harbour plunge, reports Tim Jones

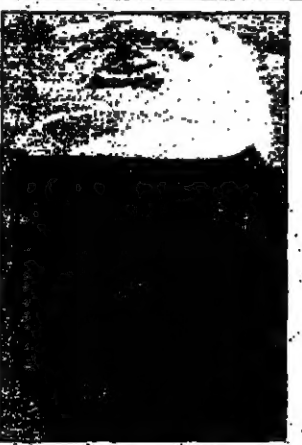
A WOMAN whose car plunged into a marina, trapping her 20 ft under water, was saved by a yachtsman who dived in with an aqualung and forced oxygen into her mouth as he freed her.

For more than three minutes, Stuart Bowen-Davies used the aqualung's mask to pass the oxygen between them as he struggled to release the woman from the car. Marjуста Chopra, 36, had been helping her father-in-law, Jivan Chopra, to jump start his car when she started her own car, a Volvo, and it shot forward after she mistook the accelerator for the brake.

It crashed through handrails before falling 18 ft on to a wooden pontoon at the yacht marina at Ocean Village in Southampton. It bounced from the pontoon and ended up in the water, where it was speedboat and a motorboat before splashing into the sea.

Mr Bowen-Davies, 37, who had been standing on the yacht, stripped down to his shorts and dived in. He said: "I realised the driver must have knocked herself out when she hit the water. I was about 100 metres away but fortunately I am a very strong swimmer and reached the spot quickly. I freed her from the car for a couple of minutes as it sank but I was getting nowhere."

Someone threw him some diving gear. "I couldn't really



Bowen-Davies freed Mrs Chopra from car

see anything and had to make my way to the car by touch alone. When I got down to the car, I was around in the car, and I couldn't open the door because it had landed before splashing into the sea."

Mr Bowen-Davies, who was wearing a life jacket, took me about a minute and a half to locate her and and I was worried she would panic and pull the air mask off," he said. He managed to get her out through the window and took her up to the surface where, unconscious, she was given resuscitation by another man.

Mr Bowen-Davies, a South African who runs his yachting business from Southend, Essex, said: "I don't think I am a

hero really. I was just lucky to be in the right place at the right time. After she was rescued I wouldn't say I was crying, but I was a bit emotional."

Later he returned to his 80 ft yacht, *Creighton's Naturally*, and, with a group of paying businessmen, set off for a corporate day out at Cowes.

While the car was on the surface, two boat repairs, Rod Jenkins, 42, and his colleague, Jim Fry, 42, had dived in to try to free her. Mr Fry said: "We tried for about two minutes to get her to open the car door."

"It seemed like forever and all the time the car was slowly sinking."

He said that Mrs Chopra seemed unable to help herself. She was frozen to the steering wheel. Her hands were clutching it and she would not let go. We tried to tell her to wind the window down but she would not listen."

Mrs Chopra, of Broadlands, Southampton, who has two sons, Bijay, 14 and Ashwin, 6, was taken to Southampton General Hospital where her condition was described as stable. The car was later recovered by police.

A seven-year-old girl was in a critical condition last night after being trapped for 40 minutes in a submerged car. Firemen used their breathing apparatus as improvised aqualungs and weighed themselves with pieces of stone to reach the child under 20 ft of water in a disused quarry near Pontefract in west Yorkshire.

She was brought to the surface unconscious, but revived in an ambulance taking her to Pontefract Infirmary. The quarry, at Darrington, near Pontefract, known locally as Womersley Swimming Pool and the Blue Lagoon, is popular with swimmers and picnickers.

The car is believed to have rolled down an embankment and plunged down a drop of about four metres into the water as the child's mother drove home after spending an afternoon in the sun.



Matthew Malyon, aged four, is towered by puppets at the 'world's largest' Punch and Judy show in Eastbourne, East Sussex, yesterday

## Weather

Continued from page 1 down this morning. I think I made the right choice, it's beautiful here," said Tony Daykin, 41, who spent five hours driving 250 miles from Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire to Great Yarmouth.

Alan Carr, tourism officer for Great Yarmouth Borough Council, said the town was filling up with refugee tourists. "We have had a lot of calls from people who have cancelled their holidays in the South West because the weather is so bad and want to come to Yarmouth."

Apart from isolated threats of heavy showers, the Met Office said the rest of Britain outside the south west would remain dry and sunny. "Inland parts of central and southern England will see the really high temperatures while temperatures along the coast will remain around the low 20s due to light sea breezes which will create gorgeous conditions," said a spokesman.

He said good weather coming from the Continent and remaining over central Britain was responsible for the surge in temperatures. But he stressed that there was still a threat of flash flooding in some areas.

Forecast, page 24

## Neighbours angry as family of shot boy return to street

Judge warned Dillon's mother over drug deals, reports Paul Wilkinson

ANGRY neighbours have protested after the mother and stepfather of a five-year-old boy shot dead returned to their home in Bolton yesterday.

Residents in the close-knit community said the decision by John Bates and Jane Hull, his girlfriend, to return had put their families at risk.

Last night as a petition was launched calling for the couple to be moved, it emerged that a judge had warned Hull, 29, to keep her son Dillon away from drug dealing. She had appeared before Recorder Arthur Noble last year to admit allowing Bates, 28, to sell drugs from her previous home in Blackburn.

"Putting her on probation for two years, Judge Noble said at Burnley Crown Court: "I hope you will bring your son up properly and make sure he doesn't have any such involvement. I hope you don't leave

this building in any sense feeling that you have been let off."

The judge said she appeared to have been dominated by Bates but he would not jail her for the sake of her son. He hoped she would have nothing more to do with Bates until he had given up drug-taking. At an earlier hearing Bates was jailed for 21 months for dealing in heroin. He had told the court that Hull had turned a blind eye so he could fund his addiction to heroin.

It emerged that Codie, Dillon's baby brother, was born addicted to heroin and is still in hospital three weeks after his birth. Hull's father, Robert, said: "Codie was born addicted to drugs, that's why he's still in hospital. Jane is a registered heroin addict."

Brian Brown, 27, who lives close to where Dillon was killed and Bates was wounded on Wednesday, intends send-



Dillon Hull: shot dead outside his home

ing the petition to the police, council leaders and MPs. He said: "We want them out, they should never have been allowed to return here in the first place."

Greater Manchester Police are convinced that Bates was targeted as part of a turf war over drug-dealing. He and Dillon were attacked as they

walked to buy a bottle of pop at a local shop.

Detective Superintendent Peter Ellis, the head of the murder inquiry, said police had agreed to the couple's request to return home "after lots of consultation". The Greater Manchester Police Authority yesterday offered a £10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the gunman.

Mr Ellis said a post-mortem examination showed Dillon had died from a single shot that hit him an inch in front of his right ear. He said the gunman could have shot Bates earlier when he was on his own. Bates had told police that when he left his house to look for Dillon shortly before the shooting he saw the gunman. Police made one of the largest drug seizures in Britain yesterday when they recovered 200 kg of heroin worth up to £100 million. The haul was found in a Slovenian-registered lorry in Porters Bar, Hertfordshire. Two men have been arrested.



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## Déjà vu.

On the tight, twisting Knockhill circuit last weekend, it was business as usual for Audi, the reigning British Touring Car Champions. The two Audi A4 quattros finished first and second in both races, as well as the qualifying rounds. All this despite a 55kg weight penalty. Haven't we been here before?

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# Cleared footballers will pay the price

Costs for the defendants in the 'match fixing' trial vary from £650,000 for Fashanu to £30,000 for Grobbelaar, say Stephen Farrell & Lin Jenkins

THEY may all be innocent before the law, but the four defendants in the 'match-fixing' trial are far from equal in financial terms. John Fashanu, who received no legal aid, is worth more than the other three defendants put together with several millions to spare.

Fashanu, once described himself as "35 per cent footballer, 65 per cent businessman" and has an estimated fortune of £6 million earned from football, television, property and public relations.

He was sent to a Barnardo's home by his Nigerian parents as a child and worked as a builder before starting his professional footballing career as a £175,000-a-week apprentice at Norwich City. Quickly moving to Lincoln, Millwall and then Wimbledon, by 1993 he was earning £1.3 million a year. It included £5,000 a week from Wimbledon, where he was on a bonus of £2,500 for

every goal. His *Gladiators* job alone earned him £100,000.

He joined Aston Villa for £1.35 million in 1994, receiving a £200,000 fee, and when a knee ligament injury ended his career two years ago he received a £500,000 insurance payout.

For the two trials, Fashanu engaged one counsel, Trevor Burke, and the high-profile showbusiness solicitor, Henri Brandman. Mr Burke told the court that although defence costs were kept to an "absolute minimum", the case had been "a very considerable financial strain" on his client. Mr Burke is estimated to have cost Fashanu £200,000 and Mr Brandman £450,000.

The loss of his column in *The Sun* newspaper when the allegations first broke, and of his *Gladiators* job when the case went to trial, together cost him £250,000. He was forced to sell his £300,000, seven-bed "penthouse" flat above his Fash Enterprises

office in St John's Wood, north London.

The judge said Fashanu had brought suspicion on himself by paying money from the Far East into three bank accounts held in different names. The court was told he received £250,000 between 1991 and 1994 from Johannes Josef, an Indonesian multi-millionaire, and his wife Elly. The money was paid into accounts under the names Melissa Kassa-Mapsi, his then fiancée, Miss Alao, a cousin, and Buckle, a former business agent who knew nothing of the arrangement.

The other three defendants all received full or partial legal aid. Grobbelaar, 39, had to wait a day longer than his co-accused to walk free from court after the jury failed to reach a verdict on a final charge against him. He lives near Guildford in Surrey with his wife, Debbie, and daughters, Tahli, 12, and Olivia, 9. He earned £160,000 a year in his last four seasons at Liverpool, investing part of the money in the safari business project with Chris Vincent. Last night he refused to discuss his financial affairs but said he intended to continue in football and had received three calls from interested clubs in the last two days.

Legal experts estimate he will have to pay more than £30,000 towards the cost of his team of barristers and solicitors, who had worked on the case since his arrest in March 1995. He also faces additional expenses after threatening legal action against *The Sun*.

Hans Segers, 35, played for six years at Wimbledon, where he earned £80,000 a year until his final season, when his pay was increased to £130,000. He later moved to Wolverhampton Wanderers.

He is married with two children and lives in Fleet, Hampshire. Despite being granted partial legal aid, he faces a bill of £65,000. He is considering an appeal against the judge's refusal to pay his costs. He said: "It was a big blow but the main thing is I

ASHLEY COOMES



Bruce Grobbelaar is welcomed by his wife, Debbie, yesterday after being found not guilty on a final charge

## Loss of costs is case of history repeating itself

By CAROL MIDGLEY

FOR Henri Brandman it is the second time this year that he has secured the acquittal of a celebrity defendant only for the judge to deny them their legal costs.

In May he represented the boxer Nigel Benn, who was cleared after an eight-day trial of smashing a glass into the face of his former best friend, Ray Sullivan.

But Judge Derek Inman declined to award the £50,000 costs, telling Mr Benn's legal team: "In my view he did bring the prosecution on himself." Mr Benn had also been defended by the barrister Trevor Burke, who represented John Fashanu.

Yesterday Mr Justice Charles McCullough QC declined to award Mr Fashanu and Hans Segers their costs. He said: "It seems clear that Mr Fashanu's own conduct brought suspicion on himself and led the prosecution into thinking that the case against him was stronger than it was."

There are several precedents in recent legal history where, even after a defendant has been acquitted, the judge has used his discretion. In 1994 Gida Rater, the widow

of a Harley Street doctor, was found not guilty of using a patient's credit card and forging cheques. However, Judge Christopher Horder criticised her conduct and refused to award costs after she claimed she had seen her late husband taking cocaine and morphine with the patient in question.

Judge Horder told her: "Those who choose to say absolutely nothing and reserve a very surprise defence until the last moment do not in my view deserve costs."

In 1986 a dating agency manager, Scott Fenton-Palmer, was acquitted of raping a 26-year-old woman. But Judge John Gower QC refused him his defence costs, saying that he had "considerably strengthened the case against himself". In 1993 Fenton-Palmer was convicted of another rape and jailed for ten years.

Yesterday Geoffrey Robertson QC said: "Costs normally follow the event. However, the judge has the discretion to deprive a successful defendant of costs, for example if he thinks that the defendant has brought suspicion upon himself."

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John Fashanu and his wife, Melissa, left, outside Winchester Crown Court after the verdicts were announced, together with Hans Segers and his wife, Astrid

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# Deer estates braced for battle with the drive-by poachers

HIGHLAND gamekeepers are introducing 24-hour surveillance to combat roadside shootings of deer by a new breed of commercial poacher.

Last year poaching became big business for criminal gangs as the BSE scare sent venison prices soaring from about 80p a pound to a high of £1.40. Poachers were suddenly able to earn up to £200 per carcass and thousands of pounds for one night's work. The result was roadside shootings and 100mph car chases in areas where locals usually do not bother to lock their front doors.

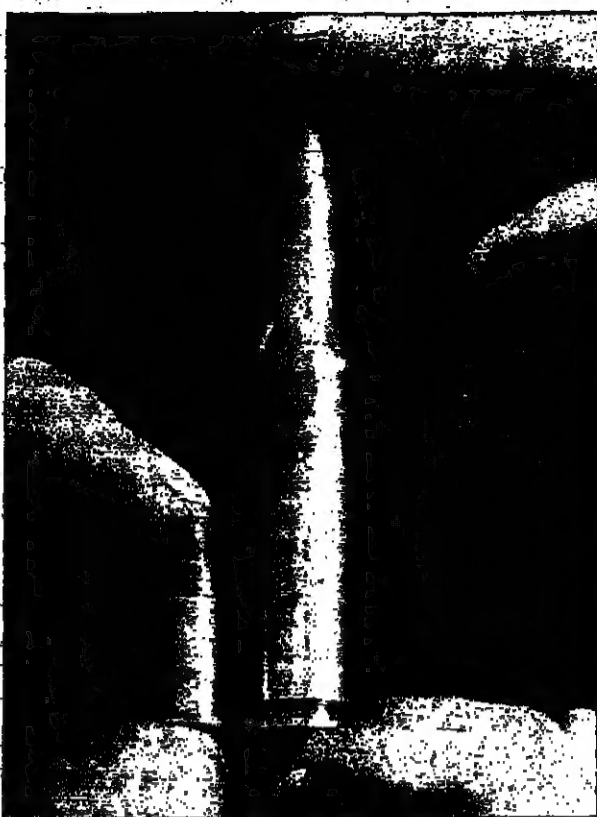
Poachers are no longer lone stalkers, but gangs of men, often unemployed, with police records for assault, house-breaking and drugs offences. Last month a gamekeeper suffered eye injuries after his windscreen was shattered by a rifle blast as he chased a group of suspects.

With Monday heralding the start of the country sports season, estate owners are braced for a battle. Squads of stalkers are preparing to provide round-the-clock watches on vulnerable herds and will patrol Highland roads with radios and police back-up.

Anything suspicious will be reported and every car that passes will be logged. Police are ready to respond with roadblocks, vehicle searches and DNA-testing of suspect carcasses.

The true scale of the problem is not known, as the evidence is largely anecdotal, but figures on estate culls produced by the Deer Commission for Scotland show that about one in ten red deer is now shot by "others", a category that embraces legal culls and illegal poaching. Police believe that hundreds of deer, including pregnant

Organised gangs make thousands of pounds for one night of roadside slaughter, reports Shirley English



The smaller .22 bullets used by poachers make less noise than hunting rifle bullets, but often fail to kill

hinds grazing at Highland roadides, were shot by poachers last year.

The gangs, often from the cities of Scotland and the North of England, usually operate as two teams in two vehicles: one to shoot and the other to collect carcasses. Some use rifles with infra-red

night-sights, packs of dogs and scanners to monitor police radios.

According to Jock Logie, gamekeeper at the Loch Luichart estate in Wester Ross, dead deer are cut up by the roadside and unwanted heads and legs left behind. Wounded animals, hit by

illegal, low-calibre .22 bullets, are left to die. On a neighbouring estate a gang shot 20 stags in one night last winter, firing from a van by the light of the headlights. Eleven wounded animals were left to die and were found later by a group of stalkers who jointly patrol three quarters of a million acres.

Mr Logie, 55, a gamekeeper for 40 years, said: "Their way of killing is an atrocity. They are thugs in every respect and vandals of a way of life."

He said that local poachers used traditional stalking skills to hunt a stag and rarely left any trace of their visits, but the new gangs were nothing more than thieves.

An old poacher from Muir of Ord, who would not be named, said: "The people coming in from the cities can't even shoot properly and they couldn't tell a hind from a stag. They shoot out of season, which we never did, and will kill hinds in calf."

Deer stalking is worth about £5 million a year to the Highland economy and, according to landowners, poaching is no longer a question of harmless redistribution of wealth. The scale of the slaughter, in which half the season's arranged stag cull can be taken in one night, makes estate management difficult.

Lady Eliza Leslie Melville, whose family owns the Loch Luichart estate, said it was upsetting for keepers who had spent the year maintaining the ecological balance of the estate, feeding deer in winter and selecting stags for the annual cull, to have their efforts undermined by one night's poaching.

The crime wave has also raised suspicions that some unscrupulous game dealers or



A hind on the Loch Luichart estate, Wester Ross. One carcass can fetch £200

crofters may be involved in distributing unchecked meat. Lady Eliza recently asked the Deer Commission to look into the possibility of searching game dealers' premises for illegal carcasses, but the commission replied that it was not a policing body.

Dick Youngson, technical

director at the commission, said that deer poaching was not so widespread as to upset the national cull of deer. He said the commission was speaking to the Scottish Office about concerns that the courts did not take poaching cases seriously enough. Ultimately, it may be mar-

ket forces that come to the rescue of the estate owners: venison prices have fallen back to about 60p a pound, leaving the poachers to recalculate their profit margins.

Clive Aslet, page 20  
Glorious Twelfth,  
Weekend, page 1

## NEWS IN BRIEF

### 'Race rock' organiser charged

Police investigating plans to hold a rock concert for hundreds of neo-Nazis this weekend have charged a 29-year-old Cardiff man with public-order offences. His 22-year-old girlfriend and two American men, aged 22 and 25, were released without charge. Police are still hunting for the venue for the concert, which coincides with a rally to mark 50 years of Indian independence.

### Jail phone curb

Telephone "smart cards" are to be introduced into all prisons to prevent stalkers reaching victims from jail. The cards, allowing inmates to call only pre-approved numbers, have been tested at Full Sutton prison for a year.

### Clean getaway

Police are to place electronic tags on clothes on washing lines in Gateshead, Tyne and Wear, to trace thieves who steal the more expensive items. Newcastle United shirts costing from £40 are a particular target.

### Firebomb shock

An incendiary bomb, left hidden under a table at a coffee shop in south Belfast, fell into a woman's lap as she took her seat. Police alerted by staff cleared the area. The device was taken away for examination.

### Contest venue

The National Indoor Arena in Birmingham will be the venue for the next Eurovision song contest, in May. This year's contest, in Dublin, was won by Britain's entry, *Love Shine A Light*, sung by Katrina and the Waves.

### Problem solved

Complaints about a foul smell and falls of white ash affecting homes and gardens in Maidstone, Kent, have led to the discovery of a mechanical fault at the town's crematorium. Repairs did not delay services.

## Children to cost £100,000 each

No, it's not a new tax on children. Worse, this is the real cost you can expect to spend bringing up a child if you are an ordinary family on an average income. And that's after you've taken child benefit into account.

And if your child goes into private school and is likely to go onward to university, you could easily be looking at three times that.

These shock findings come from 'What Price a Child?', an investigative study into the cost of child-rearing by well-known consumer journalist and broadcaster Jan Walsh.

### Startling fact number 1

Where will the money come from if you or your partner are unlucky enough to die? £100,000 is a lot to find. Over twenty years it comes to just under £100 a week.

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Nobody expects to die young but if you think of five sets of parents who live near you, or whose children go to the same school as yours - the chances are that one of you will be dead before you're sixty\*\*. Of course, simple odds say it won't be you, but do you really want to take that chance?

### Startling fact number 2

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£100,000 it takes to bring up a child. So Why don't you? Why don't so many others?

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### Startling fact number 3

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## Virgins team up to put chants in the chart

By Ruth Gledhill

THE mystical hymns of a 12th-century nun appear to be heading for the top of the pop charts after being set to dance beats. Hildegard von Bingen's hymns were a hit when launched in the clubs of Ibiza last weekend.

*Divine Works* is being backed by a £200,000 publicity campaign by Virgin. The album, a fusion of "medieval chant, contemporary sounds and heavenly vocals", was put together by Klaus Zundel, who created *Sacred Spirit*, an album that fused native American chants and modern music.

Hildegard von Bingen was a mystic and writer who died in 1179. She became a Benedictine nun at 18 and abbess at 38. The discovery of her music in the 1970s helped to inspire the popularity of chant and "spiritual" music over the past two decades.



HILDEGARDIS a Virgin Prophetess, Abbess of 51 Repts Nunnery. She died at Bingen 1179. aged 32 years.

Hildegard von Bingen inspired the popularity of spiritual "mood" music

# Trivia of parish life 'blocks the message'

The Archbishop of Canterbury says young people hungry for spirituality are put off, reports Ruth Gledhill

CLERGY and congregations are getting caught up in the trivia of parish life and failing to help a new generation to find God, according to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In a sermon to be delivered in New Zealand tomorrow, Dr George Carey will argue that some congregations are turning new believers away from church with their inward-looking obsessions with parish politics, the flower rota or the Church's teaching on sex.

Dr Carey will warn that they are in danger of making the Anglican Church an irrelevance and reducing it to a state where it is neither dead nor alive. He is concerned that too many "mediocre" clergy are caught up in "churchy affairs", which is putting off young people who are hungry for spirituality.

The Archbishop, drawing

near to the end of a three-week visit to Australia and New Zealand, is due to preach his latest message at a choral eucharist at Wellington Town Hall tomorrow morning.

In the address he has prepared for delivery, he says: "Many congregations are growing numerically. Yet something still blocks the message from reaching a generation that is hungry spiritually."

Examining the cause, he says: "Coming as I do from a family without a churchgoing background, let me say with sadness that it is sometimes we who get in the way." He argues that too many clergy are failing to live the Christian faith as they should and are obstructing the Christian message "by reducing the staggering glory of God who became man by the mediocrity



Carey will speak at Wellington Town Hall

of lives caught up in churchy affairs.

Dr Carey quotes from a verse entitled *The Bishop's Last Farewell to his Clergy*: "Tell my priests when I am gone: O'er me to shed no tears; for I shall be no deadlier than they have been for years."

He adds: "Congregations too can get in the way, if they

reduce the message of the Kingdom of God to something that focuses too narrowly on the concerns of the local church, the Christmas bazaar, the church council meetings, the flower rota, the organist's playing or on particular issues such as the future of the liturgy or our teaching about human sexuality."

He continues: "If we create barriers, the Church can become irrelevant. It somehow hangs about on the fringes of social life, not quite dead and, indeed, not appearing to be dead, but somehow not alive either."

He says Christians must instead challenge the notion that people no longer need God. "Not only is the Church in good heart in many countries, religion shows no sign of dying anywhere in the world."

"Somehow the Church has to recapture the authenticity of Jesus, who still continues to meet those who are searching for a deeper sense of satisfaction in life."

At Your Service, Weekend, page 12

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**Credo**

## Trust in God to prove His existence

John Haldane

Last year I was involved in an academic debate with another philosopher. Our exchange was in the form of a book in which we took turns to present our cases for atheism and theism, followed by chapters criticising one another's arguments. There was no clear victor, nor did either of us change our minds about the central question of whether there is a God. It would have been surprising had one of us converted, for the main points pro and con — chance and necessity; evil and providence — are ones we each have fairly settled views about.

Unlike the two of us, I suspect that most people are agnostically disposed and this set me thinking about what might be said to someone who asks, with open heart and mind, "What reason can you give me to believe in God?" In Hebrew scripture we read of "proof contests": Jews or Christians in dispute with pagans might find themselves challenged to invoke their God to prove His existence or power.

Scripture warns, however, that God will not be tested and it might therefore seem impious to seek that kind of sign. God's will is not something to be commanded; recall the saying "Man proposes, God disposes". Nonetheless, I think it is legitimate to turn to Heaven and say, "If there is a God, show that it is so."

Christians believe in the communion of saints, in those who have died in grace and are blessed in the company of God. The Roman Catholic Church teaches that the sanctity of the deceased may show itself through the efficacy of their intercession with God

on behalf of the living. This is the basis for the requirement of an attested miracle in the Vatican process of canonisation. Contrary to a common misunderstanding, the belief is not that the saint effects a cure, say, on his or her own account. Everything comes from God, but He may grant a petition raised in eternity on behalf of those living in time and this petition may be for the grace to help them to believe.

That idea allowed, may we not also approach God directly? Of course, Christ instructs us how to do so in the *Our Father*. But this presumes prior belief. What of those for whom the need is to know whether there is a Father which art in Heaven? Here I return to the agnostic and the call to Heaven: "Show yourself."

Understood now as a plea and not as an order, it is not implausible, but it may yet be unreasonable. Hebrew and Christian scripture teach that God's relationship with mankind is primarily one of covenant: a partnership between unequals, and a relationship in which the first question that arises is what would you have us do? The answer is plain: love God and do his will.

Those who seek reason to believe in God, and are looking for something that will show itself in their lives, would do well to enter into a speculative covenant with the God who they are not sure is there. Live as if dependent on the Father in Heaven and follow the commandments, and God will enter the open heart and that fact will become clear. Not every proof takes the form of an argument.

John Haldane is Professor of Philosophy in the University of St Andrews.

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Diane Richardson, who practised while suspended, admitted assaulting patients

## Dentist tried to extract teeth while on drugs

By PETER FOSTER

A DENTIST who attempted to perform tooth extractions while high on drugs was convicted of assaulting six of her patients and fined more than £1,000 yesterday.

Diane Richardson carried on practising even though she had been suspended by the General Dental Council because of her drinking. Nottingham Crown Court was told. Richardson, 47, was arrested after a mother complained that her young son had been terrified by her.

Tracey Saunders told the court how she took her 14-year-old son Justin to Richardson's surgery in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, to have two teeth taken out. She became worried when he did not appear after an hour.

She entered the surgery to find her son lying on a couch looking pale and shocked with Richardson behind him holding his head in her hands. "I thought something might have gone wrong but I told myself she must know best," she said. Five minutes later,



Tracey Saunders with her son Justin, 14, who said Richardson tried and failed to inject him seven times

Richardson came swaying to the doorway and stood supporting herself on the doorframe before walking to reception. "I jumped up and rushed in to see Justin. He had been left all alone under anaesthetic. He was so frightened that he ripped off the bib and threw himself into my arms. He told me she was blind drunk and had fallen all over him," she added.

The boy later told his mother how Richardson had made seven attempts to inject him with anaesthetic and had failed each time. "He had swallowed a lot of the liquid, which meant he was numb down all one side of his body. He couldn't walk properly for two days. He was also off school for 12 weeks," Mrs Saunders said.

"He was supposed to go into hospital on Monday for an operation on his nose, but when the time came he became hysterical."

Police who arrested Richardson described her as having bloodshot eyes, being unsteady on her feet and lacking co-ordination.

The court was told that Richardson had been fighting alcohol and substance addictions for ten years. She was suspended on health grounds by the General Dental Council in 1993, again in 1994 and for a third time in August last year because of her drinking.

Caroline Bradley, in mitigation, said her client was now undergoing psychiatric counselling. Richardson, who admitted six charges of assault, was fined £1,300 and ordered to pay £800 costs.

Judge Keith Mathewman, QC, said: "What you did brings shame on your profession and came about because you were on drugs." After the case, the GDC said it could not comment on individuals but supported prosecution for illegal practice.

## Animal magic, by Roald Dahl

Now with the rich there is a rule. They always build a swimming pool.



Into this pool she put (don't smile) A tame and friendly crocodile...

Previously unpublished lines for Roald Dahl's poem *The Crocodile* feature in the latest instalment of an exclusive summer series of his work. The Sunday Times Magazine, tomorrow

## Jimmy Savile to keep on running after bypass

By PAUL WILKINSON

SIR JIMMY SAVILE vowed to carry on smoking cigars as he recovered from major heart surgery yesterday.

The 71-year-old celebrity also said he would continue running for charity after a three-hour quadruple heart bypass operation at Killingbeck Hospital in Leeds.

Well-wishers flooded the switchboard with calls and a steady stream of flowers arrived at the hospital, where he is expected to stay for two weeks.

As he was moved from

intensive care to a general ward, Janet Cope, his secretary, said: "Smoking cigars has nothing to do with his heart problem. He has a huge cigar burning almost all the time, but he does not inhale. He's got stacks of cigars in his flat and he won't be giving those up, God forbid."

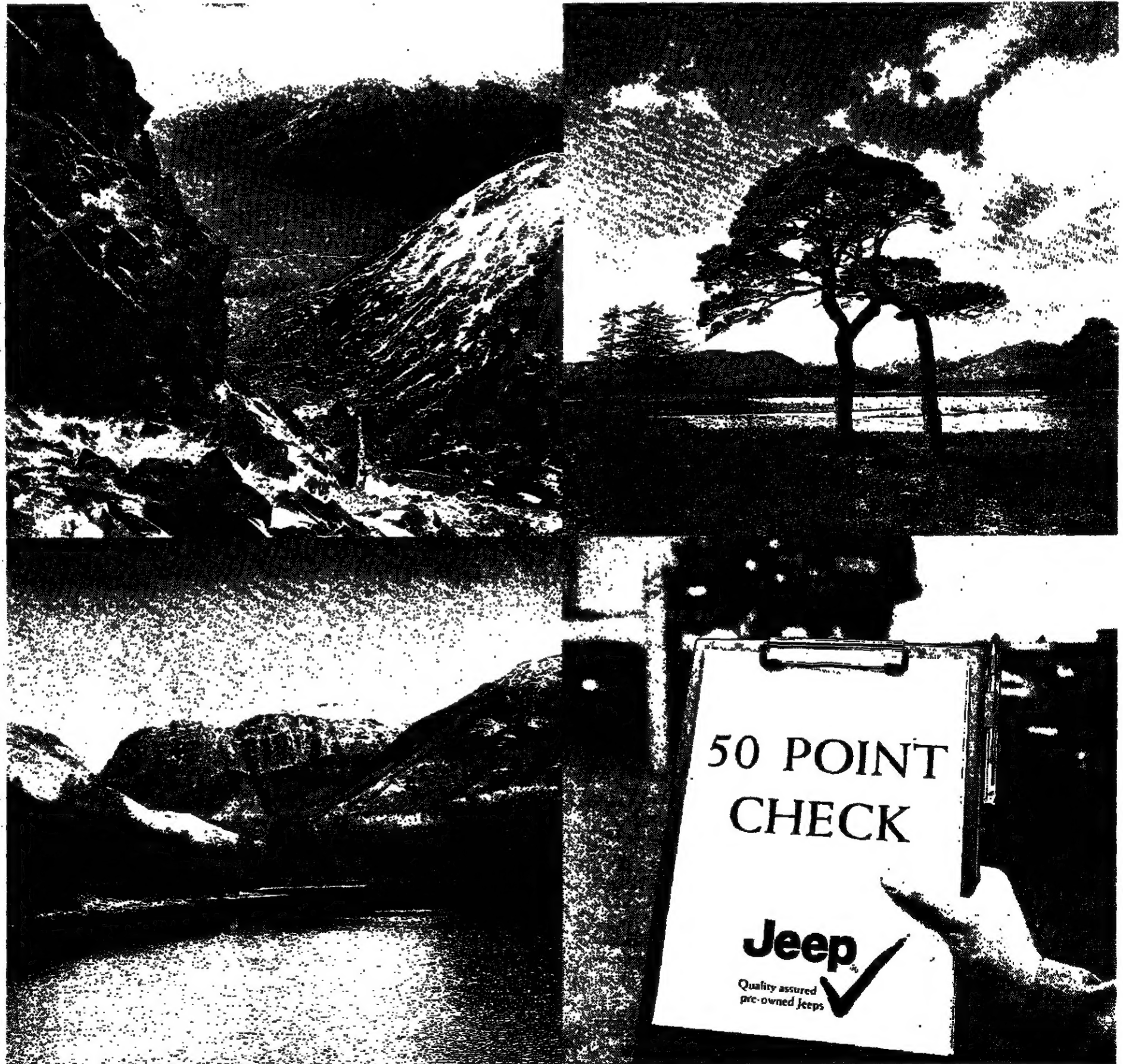
"He won't be able to do any more marathons, as 26 miles is too far, but he will still keep fit and will continue with charity fun runs. Jimmy had noticed he was getting breathless on recent runs and has been careful. He first knew he had to have the operation four years ago but had kept putting it off, although he kept going for check-ups. Then his sister Chrissie died a few weeks ago from a heart attack and I think that made him realise it was time." His mother Agnes died from a heart attack in 1976 when she was in her mid-80s and his other sister, who lived in Australia, died from heart failure.

Kevin Watterson, the surgeon who carried out the operation on Thursday, said yesterday: "He is fully conscious but is weak. He has been able to squeeze my hand and is smiling."



Sir Jimmy: recovering after 3-hour operation

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# Mandelson outburst at BBC overshadows poll anniversary

'News fixer' dislikes being the news himself, reports Andrew Pierce

PETER MANDELSON'S carefully co-ordinated celebrations to mark Labour's 100 days in office were overshadowed yesterday when he became embroiled in a fierce public row over his role. He accused the BBC for focussing on alleged media management and ignoring the Government's achievements.

Appearing on Radio 4's *The World at One*, The Minister without Portfolio had been asked a stream of questions about his declaration in *The*

ment is because you really rather prefer talking about yourselves and your work and your lives in the media, than talking about things that interest the bulk of the population. "I'm talking about their schools and their health service. I'm talking about their fear of crime. I'm talking about unemployment and poverty in this country. This week we've had day in and day out a preoccupation with yourselves. I think it's become very boring and very tedious."

Earlier this week, *The World at One* had carried reports suggesting that Mr Mandelson had manipulated news at the weekend to divert attention from Robin Cook's marriage break-up. BBC officials said that there had been a long-running feud between the programme and Labour's top "spin doctor". Mr Mandelson refused to answer questions as to why, as a non-Cabinet minister, Mr Blair had left him in such an exalted position while he was on holiday in Tuscany.

Times that he "was running the shop" with John Prescott, the Deputy Prime Minister, while Tony Blair was on holiday. Mr Mandelson repeatedly rebuked the reporter, Martha Kearney, who was presenting the programme *World at One* for only the second time. Within hours of the broadcast, the BBC received dozens of complaints about his behaviour.

He said: "I think the reason why media people like you like talking about news manage-

ment is because you really rather prefer talking about yourselves and your work and your lives in the media, than talking about things that interest the bulk of the population. "I'm talking about their schools and their health service. I'm talking about their fear of crime. I'm talking about unemployment and poverty in this country. This week we've had day in and day out a preoccupation with yourselves. I think it's become very boring and very tedious."



Mandelson and Prescott yesterday: trying to focus on the party's achievements and a "flying start"

Nobody could now say that Labour was the same as the Tories, broke promises, was not governing as new Labour, was not up to the job, or was "selling out" on Europe.

But many of the questions again focussed on Mr Mandelson's role as the architect of policy presentation. He again criticised the preoccupation with his wide-ranging duties. He said: "I've never heard such a stream of vain-

glorious, self-indulgent questions from members of the media about how they are allegedly managed by me. I'm sorry if you're not doing your job properly, such as you have to write your scripts and fix your headlines."

The Conservatives, who had focussed their attack on Labour's first 100 days by highlighting the "£300 annual cost" to average household through interest rate rises and

the cut in mortgage tax relief, switched their firepower to Mr Mandelson. Francis Maude, the Shadow Culture Secretary, said: "Peter Mandelson seems to be suffering from midsummer madness verging on megalomania. He has begun to think of himself as Prime Minister-in-waiting. During the BBC interview, he became increasingly hysterical."

A Labour MP criticised the party for over-emphasis on

presentation. Ann Clwyd said: "We're not androids. We're not going to be manipulated and we are going to speak out about things that we disagree with. There are those of us who kept very tight lips up to May 1, and after that said if we have anything critical or anything good to say, we will say it."

Leading article, letters, page 21

## Normal service is resumed after a winning start

By MARK HENDERSON

THINGS could only get better. And within a few days of Tony Blair's victory on May 1, they did. Britain basked in glorious May sunshine. We won the Eurovision song contest for the first time in 15 years and building society windfalls sent the feelgood factor soaring.

The England cricket team trounced Australia in the one-day internationals and the

first Test. Our footballers could do no wrong. England beat Poland at football, then won the Tournoi de France against Italy, France and Brazil. Scotland won matches against Malta and Belarus.

The British Lions triumphed in South Africa. Tim Henman and Greg Rusedski were doing well at Wimbledon: Chris Boardman wore the yellow jersey after his prologue victory in the Tour de France; and Colin

### THE FEELGOOD FACTOR

Montgomery was said to be the only man who could beat Tiger Woods to the Open golf championship. This was to be Britain's summer of sport.

The May weather confounded the forecasters, staying bright, hot and sunny, despite predictions of a wet month. "New Labour, new weather," quipped George Robertson, the new Defence

Secretary, as he strolled down Whitehall on May 2 in blazing sunshine.

"New Labour, new cricket," said John Prescott, celebrating the England team's astonishing early-season form.

Four Tests on, and 100 days into the Blair Government, something approaching normal service has been resumed. Australia have a hand

and a half on the Ashes after England batting collapses at Old Trafford and Headingley. Rusedski and Henman were thrashed in the Wimbledon quarter finals, and Montgomery failed at Troon.

Boardman crashed out of the Tour, and even England's World Cup prospects took a knock with an ankle injury to Alan Shearer.

Building society windfalls for some were offset by inter-

est rate rises for all. And for all our Eurovision success, a single by the American rappers Puff Daddy and Faith Evans, *I'll Be Missing You*, has been the longest-lived summer number one.

And the weather? Labour's historical knack of bringing the rain with election victories turned out to be delayed, not reversed. Britain splashed its way through the wettest June this century, and floods hit the South at the start of August.

### THE VERDICT

Lord Blake, Conservative historian: "The Government has got off to quite a good start, but it is euphoric and arrogant. Pride comes before a fall. Making morality important in foreign policy is a big change."

Madsen Pirie, president of the Adam Smith Institute: "The new Government comes in with an energy and vigour that its predecessor lacked. I don't think it means a permanent new era, but it does mean a fresh approach. It has a tight grip and so far has proved competent. Independence for the Bank of England was such an imaginative and exciting step it boded well for a radical and dynamic approach."

Michael Dobbs, novelist and former Tory official: "It was summed up by Cherie Blair on the morning after the election when she opened her front door to accept some flowers. Her hair was a mess and she looked like she'd had only three hours' sleep. She looked shocked to find the photographers still camped outside. It was a reminder that even at the height of your success, the image-makers don't always get there first."

Jilly Cooper, novelist: "It's exciting. Everything has been changing and everyone seems so happy about it. Even Robin Cook's marriage break-up became his 're-structured marriage'. I'm delighted because it looks like they'll end quarantine for dogs. And they've been so nice to Camilla and Charles. I voted Tory because I just love John and Norma but if there was an election tomorrow I would vote for Blair."



Alan Clark, Tory MP: "Initially, I was impressed. Blair did a lot of things we fumbled or got wheelspin trying to do. But I think he's wrecked it by getting down into the gutter with all these showbusiness people. Of course, people who read the tabloids may like it."

Barry Norman, film critic: "In town that day people had a spring in their step and that hasn't subsided yet. The film industry has been very impressed. You never thought Major or his arts ministers really knew anything."

Robert Harris, novelist and Blair confidante: "It was like going on holiday. The country didn't realise how much it needed the break until it got there. We don't have to listen to Michael Howard any more, which is a great release. The election proved you don't have to be a Tory to do a top job."

Carla Lane, screenwriter and animal welfare campaigner: "It has been like heaven. The concern for animals has multiplied and where we were faced with a brick wall on live animal exports, we now have ministers who listen. I'm disappointed about the block that seems to be put on the fox-hunting ban. The supporters were able to take the day off work, while the majority tended to be quieter."



Steve Norris, former Tory minister: "I give them 4/10 for activity, 4/10 for constructive government and 9/10 for presentation. If I were William Hague, I'd buy Peter Mandelson."

Sir Tim Rice, lyricist and Tory cheerleader: "There was a general feeling of wanting a change without a change of direction, and that's what people have got."

John Gray, Oxford don and ex-Thatcherite: "What's striking is how little the mood of May 2 has changed. This Government is still in a position to embody national consensus, in a way no other Government has done."

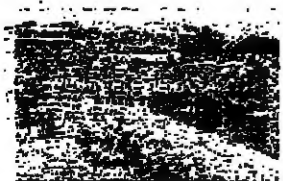
Steve Bell, cartoonist: "The terrible thing is that I've lost John Major for ever, with his underpants. It is a shame as he was a wonderful character to draw."

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BUSINESS EDITOR Patience Wheatcroft

SATURDAY AUGUST 9 1997

## Pitcher in fight to stay on at United

By Christine Buckley and Jason Nisell

SIR Desmond Pitcher was yesterday fighting a rear-guard action to remain as executive chairman of United Utilities after falling out with Sir Peter Middleton, the senior non-executive on the water and electricity group's board.

Sir Peter, who is also chairman of Barclays de Zoete Wedd, has been meeting with institutional investors who are pressing for Sir Desmond's early retirement in the wake of the sacking of Brian Staples, United's chief executive. However, the company said that Sir Peter was operating without a formal mandate, a statement that has angered Sir Peter, who believes he is working within the spirit of this week's Hampel committee report on corporate governance.

United has promised to tell the City of its plans for succession in October. Sir Desmond and Derek Green, the recently appointed chief executive, have said they will stay on until 2000, when Sir Desmond will retire, and this will clarify what happens in the meantime.

However, a leading pension fund said yesterday: "Sir Desmond has brought the matter to a head. It is time to bring in a new non-executive chairman and if there is no one to take the role immediately maybe appoint a senior non-executive in a temporary role."

Getting rid of Sir Desmond now could be an expensive

move. The man, described last year as "king of the fat cats" has a two-year contract paying a basic salary of £30,000 a year.

Sir Desmond has a formidable reputation for loving a fight, and thriving in such matters is critical. The company faces competition in the electricity market and a supply price review next year. Sir Desmond has been closely involved in United's plans for the electricity market.

Sir Peter, who has meetings scheduled with shareholders to the end of next month, has been accused by some of those close to the meetings as whipping up support for Sir Desmond's sidelining.

Sir Peter, some suggest, has aspirations of a bigger role at the company. But one source said: "It is unlikely that that would happen. It would be a case of the one who wields the knife doesn't get to wear the crown."

Sir Desmond is expected to stay out of the action until late October, when Mr Green presents a review of the business to shareholders.

This week, Sir Desmond told The Times that the issue of Mr Staples' departure and unrest about the board would be over by the company's interim results in November.

An emergency board meeting is not planned. The company said the next meeting is scheduled for late August.

Clear view, page 26



Sir Desmond poured cold water on departure talk

## Sea change signalled as sterling takes a dive

By Michael Clark and George Snyell

THE financial markets underwent a sea change yesterday as the pound headed down towards DM2.90, reacting to the Bank of England's attempts to talk down sterling.

Leading stocks suffered a sharp fall and shares in medium-sized companies, many of whom are exporters hurt by the high pound, enjoyed a welcome boost.

Foreign exchange dealers took Thursday's hint from the Bank of England that interest rates have peaked at 7 per cent and marked the pound down by 4.51 pence to DM2.9249 by the close. Sterling has now fallen 12 pence in the past week and 17 pence from the recent eight-year high of DM3.0878.

Analysts said that the sterling bubble had burst and meant that dealers were likely to focus on shares of medium-sized companies that were sensitive to export volumes and the pound. In stark contrast to the 55.5 fall by the FTSE 100 index to 5,031.3 yesterday, the FTSE 250 index of medium-sized companies rose 52.3 points, to close at 4,650.5. Trading was brisk with more than one billion shares changing hands. The FTSE 100 index still ended 131 points up on the week.

The banks and drug companies, which helped the London market to rise by almost 25 per cent this year, came in for profit-taking to end the week on a subdued note.

To add to the mix, Wall Street fell sharply. US bonds had fallen heavily by midday trading in New York. Dealers blamed portfolio liquidations, sales by hedge funds, and rumours of a report of strong

retail sales due to come out next week.

In addition, the rising bond yields brought fears of higher inflation and the possibility once again of higher American interest rates.

This dragged the equity market down. In early afternoon trading the Dow Jones industrial average had fallen 118.92 points to 8,069.00 after

ABBEY NATIONAL has followed the Cheltenham & Gloucester in raising interest rates for its two million borrowers. The bank was reacting to Thursday's base rate rise of 0.25 per cent. The Halifax, Alliance & Leicester and other UK lenders are expected to announce increases at the start of next week. Borrowers with mortgages of up to £59,999 will now pay 8.45 per cent, those with loans of between £60,000 and £100,000 will pay 8.4 per cent, while those with loans of over £100,000 will pay 8.35 per cent. A borrower with a £50,000 interest-only mortgage will pay £320 per month; previously they paid £310.

suffering a 211-point fall earlier in the day.

In London, gilts suffered from the fall in the pound. The September gilt future fell almost £1 lower at £114.55, reversing the rise after Thursday's quarter point rise in base rates to 7 per cent. Bond specialists blamed a fall in US Treasury bonds for the London falls rather than any domestic pressure.

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Special report  
on the best deals  
for freshers

### BUSINESS TODAY

FTSE 100	5031.3	(-56.8)
FTSE 250	4650.5	(+52.3)
FTSE All share	2254.3	(-14.2)
Nikkei	19604.46	(+128.6)
Dow Jones	8069.00	(-118.9)
S&P Composite	935.18	(-18.0)
US 10-year	6.87%	(-0.01%)
US 30-year	7.74%	(-0.01%)
US 1-month	5.50%	(-0.01%)
US 3-month	5.75%	(-0.01%)
US 6-month	6.00%	(-0.01%)
US 9-month	6.25%	(-0.01%)
US 12-month	6.50%	(-0.01%)
US 15-month	6.75%	(-0.01%)
US 18-month	7.00%	(-0.01%)
US 21-month	7.25%	(-0.01%)
US 24-month	7.50%	(-0.01%)
US 27-month	7.75%	(-0.01%)
US 30-month	8.00%	(-0.01%)
US 33-month	8.25%	(-0.01%)
US 36-month	8.50%	(-0.01%)
US 39-month	8.75%	(-0.01%)
US 42-month	9.00%	(-0.01%)
US 45-month	9.25%	(-0.01%)
US 48-month	9.50%	(-0.01%)
US 51-month	9.75%	(-0.01%)
US 54-month	10.00%	(-0.01%)
US 57-month	10.25%	(-0.01%)
US 60-month	10.50%	(-0.01%)
US 63-month	10.75%	(-0.01%)
US 66-month	11.00%	(-0.01%)
US 69-month	11.25%	(-0.01%)
US 72-month	11.50%	(-0.01%)
US 75-month	11.75%	(-0.01%)
US 78-month	12.00%	(-0.01%)
US 81-month	12.25%	(-0.01%)
US 84-month	12.50%	(-0.01%)
US 87-month	12.75%	(-0.01%)
US 90-month	13.00%	(-0.01%)
US 93-month	13.25%	(-0.01%)
US 96-month	13.50%	(-0.01%)
US 99-month	13.75%	(-0.01%)
US 102-month	14.00%	(-0.01%)
US 105-month	14.25%	(-0.01%)
US 108-month	14.50%	(-0.01%)
US 111-month	14.75%	(-0.01%)
US 114-month	15.00%	(-0.01%)
US 117-month	15.25%	(-0.01%)
US 120-month	15.50%	(-0.01%)
US 123-month	15.75%	(-0.01%)
US 126-month	16.00%	(-0.01%)
US 129-month	16.25%	(-0.01%)
US 132-month	16.50%	(-0.01%)
US 135-month	16.75%	(-0.01%)
US 138-month	17.00%	(-0.01%)
US 141-month	17.25%	(-0.01%)
US 144-month	17.50%	(-0.01%)
US 147-month	17.75%	(-0.01%)
US 150-month	18.00%	(-0.01%)
US 153-month	18.25%	(-0.01%)
US 156-month	18.50%	(-0.01%)
US 159-month	18.75%	(-0.01%)
US 162-month	19.00%	(-0.01%)
US 165-month	19.25%	(-0.01%)
US 168-month	19.50%	(-0.01%)
US 171-month	19.75%	(-0.01%)
US 174-month	20.00%	(-0.01%)
US 177-month	20.25%	(-0.01%)
US 180-month	20.50%	(-0.01%)
US 183-month	20.75%	(-0.01%)
US 186-month	21.00%	(-0.01%)
US 189-month	21.25%	(-0.01%)
US 192-month	21.50%	(-0.01%)
US 195-month	21.75%	(-0.01%)
US 198-month	22.00%	(-0.01%)
US 201-month	22.25%	(-0.01%)
US 204-month	22.50%	(-0.01%)
US 207-month	22.75%	(-0.01%)
US 210-month	23.00%	(-0.01%)
US 213-month	23.25%	(-0.01%)
US 216-month	23.50%	(-0.01%)
US 219-month	23.75%	(-0.01%)
US 222-month	24.00%	(-0.01%)
US 225-month	24.25%	(-0.01%)
US 228-month	24.50%	(-0.01%)
US 231-month	24.75%	(-0.01%)
US 234-month	25.00%	(-0.01%)
US 237-month	25.25%	(-0.01%)
US 240-month	25.50%	(-0.01%)
US 243-month	25.75%	(-0.01%)
US 246-month	26.00%	(-0.01%)
US 249-month	26.25%	(-0.01%)
US 252-month	26.50%	(-0.01%)
US 255-month	26.75%	(-0.01%)
US 258-month	27.00%	(-0.01%)
US 261-month	27.25%	(-0.01%)
US 264-month	27.50%	(-0.01%)
US 267-month	27.75%	(-0.01%)
US 270-month	28.00%	(-0.01%)
US 273-month	28.25%	(-0.01%)
US 276-month	28.50%	(-0.01%)
US 279-month	28.75%	(-0.01%)
US 282-month	29.00%	(-0.01%)
US 285-month	29.25%	(-0.01%)
US 288-month	29.50%	(-0.01%)
US 291-month	29.75%	(-0.01%)
US 294-month	30.00%	(-0.01%)
US 297-month	30.25%	(-0.01%)
US 300-month	30.50%	(-0.01%)
US 303-month	30.75%	(-0.01%)
US 306-month	31.00%	(-0.01%)
US 309-month	31.25%	(-0.01%)
US 312-month	31.50%	(-0.01%)
US 315-month	31.75%	(-0.01%)
US 318-month	32.00%	(-0.01%)
US 321-month	32.25%	(-0.01%)
US 324-month	32.50%	(-0.01%)
US 327-month	32.75%	(-0.01%)
US 330-month	33.00%	(-0.01%)
US 333-month	33.25%	(-0.01%)
US 336-month	33.50%	(-0.01%)
US 339-month	33.75%	(-0.01%)
US 342-month	34.00%	(-0.01%)
US 345-month	34.25%	(-0.01%)
US 348-month	34.50%	(-0.01%)
US 351-month	34.75%	(-0.01%)
US 354-month	35.00%	(-0.01%)
US 357-month	35.25%	(-0.01%)
US 360-month	35.50%	(-0.01%)
US 363-month	35.75%	(-0.01%)
US 366-month	36.00%	(-0.01%)
US 369-month	36.25%	(-0.01%)
US 372-month	36.50%	(-0.01%)
US 375-month	36.75%	(-0.01%)
US 378-month	37.00%	(-0.01%)
US 381-month	37.25%	(-0.01%)
US 384-month	37.50%	(-0.01%)
US 387-month	37.75%	(-0.01%)
US 390-month	38.00%	(-0.01%)
US 393-month	38.25%	(-0.01%)
US 396-month	38.50%	(-0.01%)
US 399-month	38.75%	(-0.01%)
US 402-month	39.00%	(-0.01%)
US 405-month	39.25%	(-0.01%)
US 408-month	39.50%	(-0.01%)
US 411-month	39.75%	(-0.01%)
US 414-month	40.00%	(-0.01%)
US 417-month	40.25%	(-0.01%)
US 420-month	40.50%	(-0.01%)
US 423-month	40.75%	(-0.01%)
US 426-month	41.00%	(-0.01%)
US 429-month	41.25%	(-0.01%)
US 432-month	41.50%	(-0.01%)
US 435-month	41.75%	(-0.01%)
US 438-month	42.00%	(-0.01%)
US 441-month	42.25%	(-0.01%)
US 444-month	42.50%	(-0.01%)
US 447-month	42.75%	(-0.01%)
US 450-month	43.00%	(-0.01%)
US 453-month	43.25%	(-0.01%)
US 456-month	43.50%	(-0.01%)
US 459-month	43.75%	(-0.01%)
US 462-month	44.00%	(-0.01%)
US 465-month	44.25%	(-0.01%)
US 468-month	44.50%	(-0.01%)
US 471-month	44.75%	(-0.01%)
US 474-month	45.00%	(-0.01%)
US 477-month	45.25%	(-0.01%)
US 480-month	45.50%	(-0.01%)
US 483-month	45.75%	(-0.01%)
US 486-month	46.00%	(-0.01%)
US 489-month	46.25%	(-0.01%)
US 492-month	46.50%	(-0.01%)
US 495-month	46.75%	(-0.01%)
US 498-month	47.00%	(-0.01%)
US 501-month	47.25%	(-0.01%)
US 504-month	47.50%	(-0.01%)
US 507-month	47.75%	(-0.01%)
US 510-month	48.00%	(-0.01%)
US 513-month	48.25%	(-0.01%)
US 516-month	48.50%	(-0.01%)
US 519-month	48.75%	(-0.01%)
US 522-month	49.00%	(-0.01%)
US 525-month	49.25%	(-0.01%)
US 528-month	49.50%	(-0.01%)
US 531-month	49.75%	(-0.01%)
US 534-month	50.00%	(-0.01%)
US 537-month	50.25%	(-0.01%)
US 540-month	50.50%	(-0.01%)
US 543-month	50.75%	(-0.01%)
US 546-month	51.00%	(-0.01%)
US 549-month	51.25%	(-0.01%)
US 552-month	51.50%	(-0.01%)
US 555-month	51.75%	(-0.01%)
US 558-month	52.00%	(-0.01%)
US 561-month	52.25%	(-0.01%)
US 564-month	52.50%	(-0.01%)
US 567-month	52.75%	(-0.01%)
US 570-month	53.00%	(-0.01%)
US 573-month	53.25%	(-0.01%)
US 576-month	53.50%	(-0.01%)
US 579-month	53.75%	(-0.01%)
US 582-month	54.00%	(-0.01%)
US 585-month	54.25%	(-0.01%)
US 588-month	54.50%	(-0.01%)
US 591-month	54.75%	(-0.01%)
US 594-month	55.00%	(-0.01%)
US 597-month	55.25%	(-0.01%)
US 600-month	55.50%	(-0.01%)
US 603-month	55.75%	(-0.01%)
US 606-month	56.00%	(-0.01%)
US 609-month	56.25%	(-0.01%)
US 612-month	56.50%	(-0.01%)
US 615-month	56.75%	(-0.01%)
US 618-month	57.00%	(-0.01%)
US 621-month	57.25%	(-0.01%)
US 624-month	57.50%	(-0.01%)
US 627-month	57.75%	(-0.01%)
US 630-month	58.00%	(-0.01%)
US 633-month	58.25%	(-0.01%)
US 636-month	58.50%	(-0.01%)
US 639-month	58.75%	(-0.01%)
US 642-month	59.00%	(-0.01%)
US 645-month	59.25%	(-0.01%)
US 648-month	59.50%	(-0.01%)
US 651-month	59.75%	(-0.01%)
US 654-month	60.00%	(-0.01%)
US 657-month	60.25%	(-0.01%)
US 660-month	60.50%	(-0.01%)
US 663-month	60.75%	(-0.01%)
US 666-month	61.00%	(-0.01%)
US 669-month	61.25%	(-0.01%)
US 672-month	61.50%	(-0.01%)
US 675-month	61.75%	(-0.01%)
US 678-month	62.00%	(-0.01%)
US 681-month	62.25%	(-0.01%)
US 684-month	62.50%	(-0.01%)
US 687-month	62.75%	(-0.01%)
US 690-month	63.00%	(-0.01%)
US 693-month	63.25%	(-0.01%)
US 696-month	63.50%	(-0.01%)
US 699-month	63.75%	(-0.01%)







## A WORKING WEEK FOR: PETER OWEN

## Healthcare boss who races away the stress

Martin Waller meets a businessman who has competed on some of the greatest tracks — a far cry from his day job running PPP



AS THE crowds poured out of Silverstone at the end of the British Grand Prix, one man was hurrying round the track, clad in helmet and racing overalls, throwing his high-powered Ford Mustang into the curves. For the thousands of spectators streaming through the exits — or zooming overhead by helicopter — the race was an afterthought; trailing in the twilight of the day's festivities. It might lack the glamour of Formula One, but for Peter Owen, the man behind the wheel, nothing could have been sweeter. He managed third place.

Owen, 50, embraces his hobby with a passion. He has raced on some of the world's great racetracks — a far cry from his day job running PPP Healthcare, one of the biggest names in the fiercely competitive private healthcare market. Based in and around London, with a home near Hampton Court, he regularly clears his desk on a Friday evening, and jets off to a foreign capital, ready for a weekend's racing at Spa or Monza. After a week of meetings, dinners, and all the other strings that go with running a major company, it is the ultimate stress-reliever.

Healthcare experts predict sweeping changes in the provision of medical care in the UK. The idea of a cradle-to-grave health service, funding the treatment of all ailments suffered by rich or poor, will have to go the same way as the notion of a guaranteed standard of living into old age. Companies such as PPP and Bupa, the market leader, are at a disadvantage, says Owen, because the public does not need to buy the product — yet, if there is a perception, at last, that the state pension will not be enough, this motivates people to approach companies providing an alternative.

But if we all expect to rely on the NHS for life's medical crises, albeit after a long wait and in conditions that are far from luxurious, then what impetus is there to pay for medical care oneself? Put it this way and it makes more sense that the head of Britain's second largest private healthcare business is a man with 30 years' experience in marketing and virtually no medical expertise.

Owen spends much of his week as a passenger in a very different type of vehicle — a chauffeur-driven BMW. He travels two or three days a week at PPP's London office, with another day at the office in Tunbridge Wells, and the rest of his time visiting offices around Britain. At his desk by 7.45am, he spends much of his day in meetings, reads a great deal, and typically gives up three evenings a week to work-related functions.

Work inevitably encroaches into weekends — when he is not racing — although Owen is keen to make time for his family. His wife, Ruth, works in human resources for Reed-Elsevier, the Anglo-Dutch publishing group. Owen relates this with evident pride, saying: "She's got the really tough job, managing a career, and managing my career as well."

They have three children: Nicolas, 21,

who is reading politics at Manchester; Laura, 19, who is reading English and history at London University; and Matthew, 10, who — predictably — is still enjoying life at home. Work aside, evenings bring ballet and the opera, and there are wonderful holidays — skiing trips to the Rockies, visits to Switzerland at Christmas, and tennis excursions.

Owen joined PPP in 1994 and decided three things needed to be done — and fast. It is now two down and one to go, the last on schedule to be completed by the end of the year. It is significant that first on the list is the £30 million he and the Saatchi brothers spent rebranding the business, which used to trade under the name of Private Patients Plan. Sounds reasonable, given that it was in the business of providing an insurance plan for private patients, surely?

"The name is quite symbolic," he says, slipping effortlessly into that sub-branch of the English language used by market-leading people. "It shows the different emphasis and it reflects what our customers want from us and the value-added services they want. What the brand is saying is that we're not just an insurance company. When you are in need of support, we are there. There will be a whole range of input mechanisms available, a health line, regular check-ups, dentistry, long-term care."

You have a relationship with us not merely by making a claim. It is easy to poke fun at such linguistic contortions and at the notion that someone in dire need of medical attention is concerned at the nature of his or her relationship with the provider of the same. But further

expansion for PPP is going to come down to persuading large numbers of people that they need its services. If so, the wiles of the marketing man, rather than the skills of the GP, who set the business up as a provident institution after the Second World War, will be needed.

"I don't think any business requires somebody to be the line-expert to run it," he says. "You could argue it's better to have somebody with broad-based skills rather than an enthusiast."

His second job at PPP was to expand the range of medical services available direct to his customers by buying half-stakes in four hospitals for £100 million. To achieve this, and to raise the necessary capital on attractive rates, meant scrapping the original provident structure under which nobody actually owned the business. Instead, PPP became a limited company owned by a trust that has the twin aim of supporting the company and a new medical research and training charity.

The third need is a way of getting PPP's products through to potential customers by improving the distribution base. Again a task more suited to a familiar with a spread-sheet than a stethoscope, this will need a link with a financial services business, or possibly a retailer that will showcase PPP's products. This brings with it dangers. PPP's new structure makes it effectively bid-proof, but the distribution link will require the surrender of some of the equity, although not a majority stake. "We're not for sale," Owen says. "But we need to find a way of



Peter Owen regularly clears his desk on a Friday evening and jets off to a foreign capital, ready for a weekend of racing at Spa or Monza

efficiently getting our products to market.

A straight joint venture might seem the easiest course, his company providing the insurance package and a partner the distribution. But this leaves the risk that the latter, having picked up the skills of underwriting in the insurance market, might one day cast PPP aside. "That's why I'm looking for a more enduring partnership in terms of distribution. We need to look at the actual strength of the relationship we have with that business and devise a structure that allows us to develop strategically if we want to while giving them the confidence to stick with us. What we won't do is to enter into a relationship with somebody that leaves us vulnerable for the future."

A large, imposing figure, sometimes taken to wearing disconcertingly casual dress, he knows he is tipping through a political minefield in putting up an alternative to the NHS. He is also aware that he may not be the most patient or tactful guide through such territory.

He learnt marketing at British Airways, arriving at PPP after a brief spell running Aer Lingus, the Irish airline.

"It would be true to say I'm not a terribly patient person" — this from a man whose way of relaxing is racing sports cars. "The fact is, there isn't a lot of time. You do have to march on," he says. It is not an easy task for someone of this type to walk into an organisation such as PPP, with its own entrenched culture, and shake it up as he has done. Indeed, one of

his first jobs was to engineer the departure, "reasonably painlessly", of 40 per cent of the senior and middle managers. "It's a very difficult tightrope to walk, between getting people to have the satisfaction of performing beyond what they thought was possible and at the same time not allowing change to cause chaos."

Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday

His life, he accepts, is tied up as much as any executive in endless rounds of meetings. "You do need meetings. The important thing is to make them as short as possible. I don't like wandering around on a Grand Tour of

the offices. I prefer to talk to small groups of staff. I can be very frank with them. But nobody in this organisation gets clobbered for saying what they think."

Owen is not complacent about the further changes that will be needed at PPP if the Government does grasp the nettle and introduce some statutory requirement for a personal contribution towards healthcare costs. His best forecast is of a "reverse means test" whereby well-off individuals are gradually required to contribute something.

But there has already been significant change. "In the 1980s, Private Patients Plan (the previous name) followed a very successful strategy, which was to allow Bupa to become the generic in private medical insurance. Given the phenom-

nal growth that occurred in the 1980s, it was a very effective strategy to ride on Bupa's coat-tails.

"Come the recession and a plethora of newcomers to the business, the very low voice of PPP began to be a problem." Bizarrely, a survey of existing customers a few years ago found that one in five had never even heard of the company, having been put in by their employers. Clearly not a state of affairs acceptable to a marketing man. But this went hand-in-hand with a degree of administrative inefficiency, in particular in signing up new customers.

"If you had the stamina to last the course in terms of joining us, you were a pretty good bet," he jokes. "It was worth signing you up on the spot."

## Ashes call

A WOEFUL tale reaches me from the fair metropolises of Perth in Western Australia. Don Inglis, an Englishman who has spent the past decade in exile with James Capel, was in line for the ultimate fortieth birthday present — a ticket to the Test match against Australia at the Oval on August 21.

Keen to make an impact, his friends in England arranged for the ticket to be delivered by a strapping man, dressed as a policeman, who was to see Inglis with false conviction papers, handcuff him, and drag him off. Her lines included: "The Barry Army here with conscripts you to return home to see, for the last time this century, England trashing the Convicts on home soil. Book your passage home and bring The Ashes with you."

Sadly, Kevin Johnson, a fellow Capel director, failed to see the humorous side, and scuppered the whole thing — spoilsport. Inglis got his ticket by more conventional means,

and is now trying to swing a flight home. This is Johnson's chance to make amends.

WESTMINSTER Strategy, long-time adviser to Sir Andrew Large at the Securities and Investments Board, is the first victim of the shift to a new over-arching regime. Its contract is not being renewed at the end of the month.

## Talk, talk

WHAT we've always suspected: directors of UK companies waste more than two hours of their working day as a result of colleague interruptions and other hassles, according to a survey by The Athenaeum Hotel and Apartments, that reputable establishment in Piccadilly. Respondents deemed meetings unprofitable and time-wasting — but perhaps lost has something to do with it. The question — "Where is the strangest place you have ever held a meeting?" — threw up some oddities, with accountants citing a curling rink and a monastery. Someone in advertising referred to an encounter in a car park at Polo in Windsor. Answers from lawyers included: an asylum, my bedroom, driving to a poker game, and attending a rodeo in a market town in Chile. Property folk have held meetings in a caravan park in the Isle of Wight, an Afro-Caribbean club in Moss Side, Manchester, and in Stringfellow's. Where else?

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## Futuristic

WATTS WACKER, billed as one of the world's leading fu-



tourists (those people who predict trends, apparently), has just flown back to America, fresh from promoting his new book, *The 500 Year Delta* (Capstone, £15.99), co-written with Jim Taylor. Wacker specialises in writing 500-year business plans for corporations such as Coca-Cola and Walt Disney. Alarmingly, his UK clients are said to include BP and British Telecom, neither of which has exactly had a brilliant press of late. "The good thing about a 500-year business plan is that you don't have to turn it out right away," he enthuses. Tell that to Sir Peter Bonfield.

## Musical bet

HAT'S off to Tony Pitt, who has just clocked up 40 years as an underwriter at Lloyd's of London, where his speciality is not satellites, or Naomi Campbell's legs, but musical instruments. Pitt, who works for Archer Group's non-marine syndicate 544, has insured instruments used by the Rolling Stones, Emerson Lake & Palmer, and even the Who — with no exclusion on deliberate smashing. One of his most unusual requests came from an Italian count,

eager to insure his daughter's honour during a visit to England.

Probably his most famous "risk", however, was the giant inflatable pig used by Pink Floyd on the cover of its album *Animals*. As older rockers will recall, the beast broke free from its mooring at Battersea Power Station and soared into the heavens. "It caused quite an incident at Heathrow," recalls Pitt, who has been toasting his milestone in champagne. "A pilot radioed in to say he had just passed a pink pig at 10,000 feet. They thought he was drunk." The pig landed in a pig farm in Kent. Pitt had to stump up £220 to repair a puncture. Cheap at the price.

SECURICOR's attempt to be more open with the City appears to have left brokers unimpressed. The company has sent out invites to visit its new prison at Bridgend, Glamorgan, on August 19. Not surprisingly, the brokers do not seem to be in any rush to take up the offer.

JON ASHWORTH



An inflatable pig, insured by Tony Pitt, broke free from Battersea Power Station

## THE TIMES CHALLENGE OF THE MIND

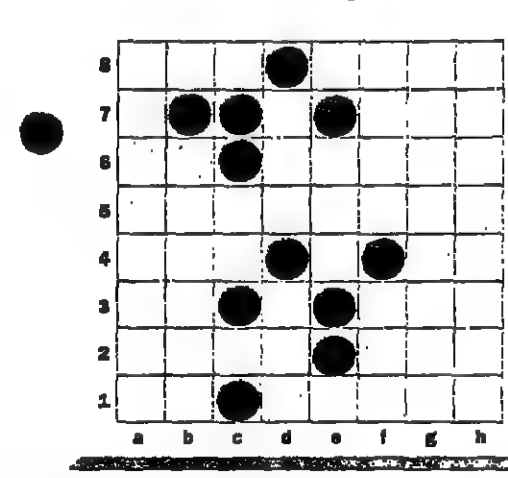
To coincide with the first Mind Sports Olympiad, *The Times* invites you to test your wits with our Challenge of the Mind competition. Every day for two weeks we will be setting a range of puzzles to get you

thinking. And we have £10,000 worth of prizes to be won. For further details of the Mind Sports Olympiad, at the Royal Festival Hall, London, from August 18 to 24, and how to enter, call 0171-703 2828.

## £500 LINES OF ACTION PROBLEM by Paul Lamford

Today's puzzle is based on the two-player game, *Lines of Action*, which is popular in the US where it is often played by correspondence. It is played on an 8x8 board (a draughts board will do). The players are Black and White and each has 12 counters of the appropriate colour. A turn consists of moving a man of one's own colour. All pieces move in a straight line in any direction (like a queen in chess) EXACTLY the number of squares there are pieces of both colours in that line. A piece can move over friendly pieces but not over enemy pieces, although it can land on an enemy piece, thereby capturing it, in which case it is removed from the game. The object is to get all your pieces linked, orthogonally or diagonally, in a single group.

Try your hand at the following problem in which both sides are very close to getting a linked group. Black is to play. One piece has been captured on each side. Black has a move that guarantees winning next turn. What should Black play. Is it?



a) d8-d5, capturing the white checker  
b) e7-c5, capturing the white checker  
c) c1-b2, connecting the stray checker to the bottom black group

Call 0891 102 724 (ex UK 44 990 200 618) before midnight tomorrow with your answer, a, b or c. The winner will get £500 and three runners-up will receive a £50 voucher, donated by Hamleys, for use in its Regent Street or Covent Garden, London, stores. Winners will be chosen at random from all correct entries received and the answer will be published on Wednesday. Normal competition rules apply.

## £10,000 worth of prizes to be won with Challenge of the Mind

**TEN MINUTE MENSA PROBLEM**

Q1. What number is missing from the drawing?

START → 12 15

FINISH → 18 24

Q2. How far has the minute hand on a clock travelled if the hand is 7 centimetres long and 15 minutes 6 seconds has elapsed?

Q3. Whose name is contained in WE ALL MAKE HIS PRAISE (7 & 12)?

There's £100 to be won today with this ten-minute Mensa teaser. The winner will be chosen at random from all correct entries received by midnight tomorrow. Call 0891 102 725 (ex UK 44 990 200 619). 0891 calls cost 50p per minute.

All readers who get two or three of today's Mensa puzzles correct will receive a certificate and a Mensa information pack which includes a home IQ assessment test.

\*Paul Lamford is a former editor of *Games and Puzzles* magazine and is currently commissioning editor of chess and bridge for Batsford Books.



## DAY 4 (THURSDAY) SOLUTIONS.

GO: answer c was correct. Black should play at A. He will then be able to capture the white stones later in the game by surrounding them completely and removing them. At some stage Black will completely surround the five white stones and then play a further black stone on the intersection immediately to the right of the stone he played at A. White can capture these five stones by playing in the bottom left-hand corner, but Black persists by playing another stone at A, and if this is captured, when Black plays again at A he captures all five white stones. Mrs M. Parsons, of Bude, Cornwall, wins £500.

MENSA PROBLEM: 1450 = a clock with no decimal point plus 50 minutes each time. 2 Schoolmaster (anagram). 3 Answer is 1/4 (one quarter). Philip Carter, of London W2, wins £100.

Don't miss the 16-page Mind Sports Olympiad supplement free with Monday's paper

ON MONDAY: PLAY GIN RUMMY FOR THE CHANCE TO WIN MORE PRIZES







## GOING OFFSHORE 32



A sophisticated saver's plans for university

## WEEKEND MONEY

## SWITCH IN TIME 33

Students are now seeking the best financial deals



## THE TIMES: PERSONAL FINANCE NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Caroline Merrell on the future for traditional banks in face of increasing competitive pressure

## High street banks come under threat



Banks are still the focus of a great amount of consumer dissatisfaction. The announcement this week of record profits by the UK's biggest clearing banks is bound to fuel customer resentment even further.

The billions of pounds made by the banks is unlikely to be used to help provide higher savings, lower mortgage rates and better customer service. Banks still pay miserly amounts of interest on their savings accounts, charge a great deal for overdrafts and remain closed at inconvenient times.

Authorised overdrafts carry interest rates of about 15 per cent, while unauthorised overdrafts will rack up interest at between 22 and 30 per cent. Even these rates may be on the increase. After this week's increase in interest rates, all the banks are reviewing their overdraft rates. A survey carried out last year by Which?, the Consumers' Association magazine, found the costs of running a current account £100 into the red on a monthly basis varied widely between the banks.

A customer running a £100 overdraft with NatWest over a five-year period would be charged £513, while a £100 overdraft with the Woolwich over the same five-year period would cost only about £33. The best-buy current accounts recommended by the magazine would not charge anything for running an account into the red over a five-year period.

According to a survey from Moneyfacts, the monthly consumer magazine, a large number of people are still dissatisfied with service given by their banks. The worst level of service, said respondents, is

given by the Abbey National, Barclays, NatWest and the TSB, while the best level of service is given by Lloyds, Bank of Scotland and Co-op. FCB, a London advertising agency, asked the opinions of 3,000 people and found that banks were perceived as being particularly unhelpful.

The survey found that the customers believed that banks were keen to offer products that they wanted to sell rather than ones which suit a particular person's needs. The agency also found that consumers were far more positive about the new breed of banks offered by the supermarkets such as Tesco and Sainsbury's.

6.15 per cent interest rate. This is more than double many of the rates available from traditional banks in the high street. Virgin is still unclear about what its plans are for banking. It has managed to secure £400 million of extra backing from Australian Mutual Provident (AMP), and hopes to launch before the end of the year.

Rowan Gormley, managing director of Virgin Direct, said that the company had not decided whether to offer the bank through a third party, or whether it intended to offer a full range of banking services.

Prudential, which launched its bank ten months ago, now has about £274 million of

monthly savings magazine, the biggest high street names do not offer the best instant-access accounts. It recommends interest-paying cheque accounts from Abbey National, Bank of Scotland, Halifax, Northern Rock and Woolwich.

Abbey National, for instance, offers 24-hour banking and interest if the account is in credit. Authorised overdrafts cost 0.94 per cent a month, which works out at 11.9 per cent a year — one of the cheapest rates on the high street. Unauthorised overdrafts, however, are extraordinarily expensive, carrying rates of 29.5 per cent annually. Interest rates on Abbey National accounts in credit are between 1.34 per cent for balances of £500 and 3.45 per cent on balances of £100,000.

The cost of an overdraft with the Bank of Scotland is negotiable. Two of its accounts offer interest-free overdrafts of up to £100 or £250. This bank has an interest rate of between 4.25 per cent and 5.25 per cent on balances of between £2,500 and £100,000.

Moneyfacts also recommends an account from the Northern Rock, which offers an interest rate of 3.4 per cent on its interest-paying cheque account.

These best buys contrast with the accounts offered by the biggest clearers such as Lloyds. The authorised overdraft rate on an account with Lloyds is about 18.8 per cent. Its classic current account offers interest of between only 0.2 and 0.5 per cent.

Barclays charges 18.8 per cent interest on authorised overdrafts; unauthorised overdrafts attract 29.8 per cent interest.

Woolwich and Peps, page 35

A constant £100 overdraft for five years at NatWest would cost £513. At Woolwich it would be just £33

Competition among the banks, however, is beginning to heat up, with insurance companies, supermarkets and now Virgin attempting to break into the banking sector.

Sainsbury's Bank offers an instant-access account with a high interest rate of 6.15 per cent regardless of the balance. In six months, the bank has taken on 350,000 customers and £60 million of customers' money. Much of it has come from the recently demutualised building societies and the banks. Customers have been attracted by the high rates of interest offered by the supermarket bank.

All deposits will attract the

WEEKEND MONEY is edited by Anne Ashworth

This week two of the UK's biggest life insurance companies announced that they planned to offer victims of pensions mis-selling guarantees that they would suffer no financial loss on retirement.

They would offer these guarantees at the same time as trying to get policyholders reinstated into their occupational scheme. Guarantees will speed up the compensation process, and help appease Helen Liddell, the Economic Secretary to the Treasury who is becoming increasingly impatient with companies for dragging their feet over dealing with the problem.

One insurance company, the Prudential, also went a step further by saying that victims of mis-selling would not have to prove they had been mis-sold a pension. Sir Peter Davis, Prudential chief executive, said that the insurance company had introduced

## Lawyer cautious over pensions mis-selling pledge

the scheme because it wanted to hasten the review. He said: "We just want to get the whole thing sorted out." The move will cost the company a substantial sum of money, as a result it has had to nearly double its provisions against compensation to £450 million. Legal & General, which was the first company to come up with a guarantee scheme, has yet to reveal how much it will cost.

Another 11 companies including Pearl have applied to the Personal Investment Authority (PIA) to get authorisation for similar schemes. However, Robert

Wharton, a partner with Ringrose Wharton, a solicitor acting on behalf of around 600 people who have been mis-sold a personal pension, said that the guarantee schemes could be flawed.

Mr Wharton said: "This should not be seen as a panacea. It could be potentially dangerous." He said that he felt it was far better that pension mis-selling victims should be reinstated as soon as possible rather than relying on a promise that would be fulfilled at retirement.

He said that anyone who was offered the choice of a guaranteed scheme rather

than reinstatement should ensure that they understood what the guarantee meant and what it covered them for. He said: "It gives the insurance companies complete control over pensions."

He also believes that the PIA should ensure that there is some degree of similarity between the guaranteed schemes offered by the different insurance companies.

The PIA claimed that the schemes should not be seen as a method for the companies to escape their responsibilities.

It said that it was looking at each of the schemes on their own merits. A spokeswoman said: "It should not be seen as a soft option."

The Prudential countered criticisms of the scheme by emphasising that the guarantee was a legally binding commitment. It also pointed out that attempts for reinstatement would continue.

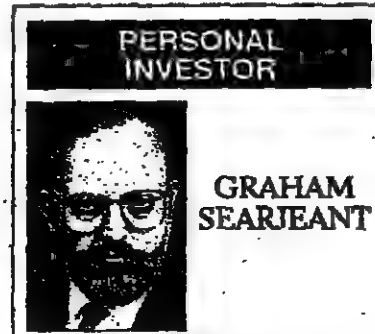
CAROLINE MERRELL

## Playing footsie is dangerous

London's stock market boom is not quite as it seems. The FTSE 100 index of blue chips touched new peaks this week, nearly a quarter higher than it started the year. But many investors checking their portfolios or unit trusts will wonder if this can really be true. Index-tracking funds should have kept up more or less. Most investors, paying experts to choose stock for them, or trusting their own judgment, have probably not.

There is a good reason for this. The index is a size-weighted average but its rise, like that of the economy, has been skewed. Robin Griffiths, trend analyst at HSBC James Capel argues provocatively: "The UK is already in a bear phase, unless your entire portfolio is made up of bank and pharmaceutical shares". Sounds good news for new investors nursing windfall shares in Halifax et al. On Thursday, when the Bank of England's message on interest rates pushed the index up 1.2 per cent, the 11 bank shares now included in the Footsie accounted for half the gain.

Most banks are doing nicely as half-year figures show. And the better the Bank of England's new monetary policy committee manages to maintain stable growth, the less the fear of banks being hit by their usual debt crisis. So far this year, the index of financial shares has risen by 39 per cent. But there is some froth in this. Prices now assume more mergers. Consolidation will doubtless continue, but the takeover of any player bigger than the Woolwich would now surely face severe scrutiny from the competition author-



PERSONAL INVESTOR GRAHAM SEARJEANT

ties. Mr Griffiths's applied his strictures to London's performance relative to other markets since the spring. But many UK share sectors have been stagnating in absolute terms.

General industrials, many hit by the strength of sterling, have only just recovered to January levels after sagging badly from March to mid-July. The services sector includes trendy business areas such as leisure, media and the pub/restaurant trade that should benefit from buoyant discretionary spending, as well as the vast and solid retail groups. Yet on average, the 273 stocks measured in the relevant FTSE Actuaries index have risen by only 4 per cent.

Companies outside the premier league have been badly neglected. Even constituents of the FTSE 250, which includes the biggest, other than the top 100, have only managed to edge up about 2 per cent. Investors in small quoted companies have, on average,

actually seen their shares fall this year. This imbalance reflects the economy, but it is mainly due to the pattern of buying. Domestic investors, whether pension funds or individuals, have not been queuing to buy. The biggest companies, most of which are financials, drug companies or utilities, have been driven ahead by investment from global funds wanting to put more money into London. Of late, continental funds have been most active.

Yesterday showed how dangerous a game playing the Footsie has become in consequence. The rising pound made it attractive to buy London. A suddenly sagging pound, talked down by the Bank's hint that there would be no more rate rises before November, soon had some foreign funds scrambling to take their profits. This is a healthy development. Dangerous tensions are building up in the international currency and financial markets that may well end in tears. Pricking the London bubble early should help later on.

This week's developments are actually most encouraging for domestic investors. They have brought a lower pound and growing confidence that short-term interest rates will not rise above 7.5 per cent. That should underwrite modest economic growth and give much-needed aid to company earnings, which were expected to rise by under 8 per cent this year and less than 7 per cent in 1998. If you are brave enough to invest, though, back the neglected stocks rather than the fickle Footsie.

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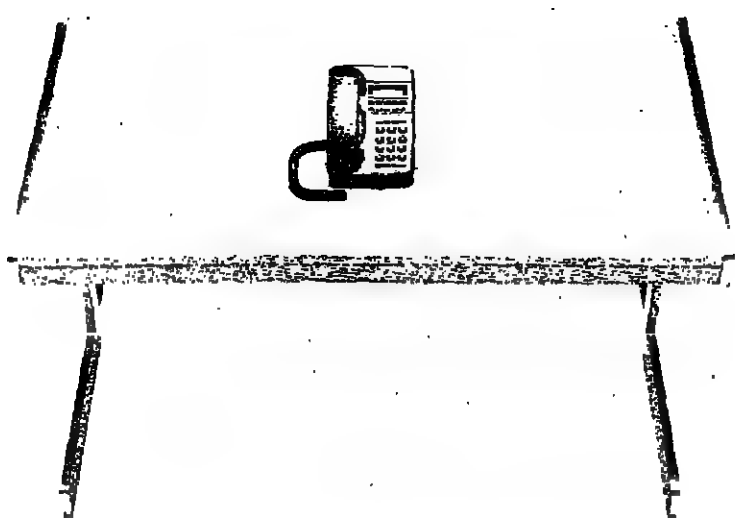


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**Sara McConnell on why partners must be open in loan dealings**

## The society that came back out of the blue

Husbands, wives and partners who fail to question or discuss family and business finance arrangements could leave themselves open to unpleasant demands from creditors if their spouse dies in debt.

Sara Robinson of the Family Law Consortium says women, who often shy away from discussing money with their partners, are most at risk. Women who agree to allow the family home to be remortgaged to finance a husband's or partner's business should insist on their right to independent legal advice and should question the lender closely about the risks if the mortgage is not paid.

Nearly four years ago, the House of Lords ruled that lenders had a duty to explain the risks of remortgaging to fund a business and had to demonstrate they had taken "reasonable steps" to do so.

But the ruling has not helped Kathleen Brown. Her husband died in debt in April 1993 after his wine business collapsed. In a bid to keep the business afloat, Mr Brown persuaded his wife to remortgage their home, more than doubling the original £30,000 loan to £64,000 in August 1989. The loan was in the name of Mrs Brown, for family reasons, with Mr Brown guaranteeing it.

Mr Brown was supposed to



Still paying: Kathleen Brown faced a bill for £18,000

pay the mortgage every month. But unknown to Mrs Brown, he did not. Only when he died did Mrs Brown discover that she was in serious debt. The Bradford & Bingley, her lender, repossessed her home in August 1993 which they sold for enough

to cover the original £30,000 loan. Mrs Brown thought her debt was paid.

But this year, five years later, the Bradford & Bingley wrote demanding £18,000, which it said was the total of nearly three years' arrears, plus interest and

legal costs. As Weekend Money has revealed, growing numbers of lenders are resurfacing after years of silence to demand money as the economy picks up, in the hope that former borrowers may be able to pay.

Mrs Brown is still negotiating to pay off the debt in small instalments from her nurse's salary. But she maintains she never received any of Bradford & Bingley's letters telling her she was in arrears before her husband died. Bradford & Bingley says it sent her a series of letters asking that she clear the arrears. The letters were sent to Mrs Brown as the person legally liable for the loan.

She and the Bradford & Bingley now conclude that her husband was intercepting the letters to hide the true state of his financial difficulties from her. The lender says that although the letters were addressed to Mrs Brown, it was always Mr Brown who made contact promising to clear the arrears by the time he died in 1991.

Mrs Brown said: "He was obviously desperate and didn't talk to me about what he had arranged."

Bradford & Bingley says the mortgage agreement made it clear that Mrs Brown was liable and the risks had been explained to her. "We did everything by the book".

## Loans by phone for buyers in a rush

It is now possible to arrange almost your entire mortgage by telephone, but is it any cheaper? Though mortgages sold by telephone still account for a small proportion of home loans, it is an area that is growing fast. Northern Rock, one of the new entrants to the direct market, launched its service in May. In the first two months it attracted more than £50 million of applications.

Its first direct product is the Promise Mortgage. Its rate (currently 6.49 per cent) is reset at the beginning of each month to ensure it is below the average variable rate of five other big direct lenders. However for borrowers seeking a quick and easy option, the direct route is not necessarily cheaper.

Some banks and building societies such as the Nationwide and Cheltenham & Gloucester, offer the same products in branches as by telephone. Others may offer a range with a lower rate and with different conditions attached such as a larger deposit. Bradford & Bingley Mort-

gages Direct, for example, has a standard variable rate of 6.99 per cent, with a maximum loan to value of 75 per cent. This compares with a variable rate of 7.7 per cent, and a loan to value ratio of 95 per cent at B&B branches.

While branch interest rates may appear higher, it is worth remembering that there may be special offers available such as discounts for first-time buyers. Going direct does cut out having to trail up and down the high street. Initial details can be given by advisers on the telephone. If you decide to follow them up, and can supply information such as income, life insurance and so on, a mortgage adviser can outline an offer in principle at the end of the call.

The direct approach is recommended for experienced housebuyers rather than first-timers who are unfamiliar with what is required and who often prefer to talk to advisers face to face. "The direct approach is mainly for people who know the ropes such as second and third-time

buyers. It is for people who have not got the time or do not want to go into a building society," said James Evans, of Bradford & Bingley Building Society.

Finalising the mortgage package may take several weeks. You need to allow for the time it takes for papers to be sent by post and for all the details to be supplied. Together with the banks and building societies, there are also the lenders such as Direct Line and Sainsbury's Bank, which offer only direct services.

Sainsbury's Bank offers an options mortgage that lets customers vary payments over ten months rather than 12, for example, or to take a payments break. Current variable rates start at 7.45 per cent. Direct Line offers interest-only and repayment mortgages at a 7.32 per cent standard variable rate, up to 90 per cent of property value. It charges no fee, nor insists you buy insurance.

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## Free banking? Well, for the moment

Name one good thing about your bank, urges the advertisement. In spite of the results of the Moneywise survey (see page 29), I can think of lots.

So long as I stay in credit I get free banking. I can arrange overdrafts and loans by telephone. I get a cheque book and monthly statements and there are cash machines on the corner of every high street.

In comparison with other countries, we still have a good banking service. The queues at banks in the United States may be shorter, but you pay handsomely for the privilege. Judging by the limited demand for bank accounts with overdrafts in this country, paying for a current account is still not a popular option among the British.

Banks could improve their image by offering more competitive interest rates on savings, and reducing the penalties on those who become over-



COMMENT

**MARIANNE CURPHEY**  
Personal Finance  
Deputy Editor

drawn. This week banks revealed more handsome gains in their UK retail arms as they reported their half-year results. Much of this has been due to staff cuts and branch closures.

The high street clearers have further to go until they are truly lean, but when cost-cutting is complete they will look for alternative sources of income.

These could include levying charges on current accounts, starting with a modest annual fee and

gradually increasing. Enjoy the free ride while it lasts.

### About time too

CAST-IRON guarantees from Prudential and Legal & General that victims of the pensions mis-selling will not suffer any financial loss on retirement are laudable and long-overdue. But it is still preferable for investors to be reinstated in occupational schemes now, rather than waiting 22 years for payment. There are few

other occasions when a wronged party has to wait almost a quarter of a century for redress. In the interim, victims will have no control over their pension and may be penalised if they take a career break. Regulatory bodies are unlikely to exist in their current form, and life companies may be tempted in the future to test in court the legality of the settlement.

The attraction of a guarantee for pension providers is that the bill is spread across a number of years.

The Personal Investment Authority must establish an industry standard for life company guarantees, so that all are subject to the same rigours. At present life companies propose their own guarantee, which the PIA then approves. Only now, after several years, is the PIA taking a tough stance with the industry. It would be a shame indeed if the issue of guarantees allowed the life companies to hoodwink us a second time.

## Clare Stewart finds the best home for your holiday pounds



Istanbul will have many more joys to offer at this year's advantageous exchange rates

## More Turkish delight all round

If you are heading for Turkey or Thailand for your holidays you are on a winner. Facing that France or Spain lock hot. But it has nothing to do with the quality of the beaches or the strength of the Sun. Instead it is the strength of the pound against foreign currencies.

While sterling's recent ascent had Britain's exporters counting the cost, UK holidaymakers have been cheering all the way to the bureau de change. In general sterling has performed best against European currencies, including several popular holiday destinations while remaining relatively unchanged against other international currencies.

There are exceptions such as Thailand, which has recently seen its currency drop by about one third against the pound, while the South Afri-

can rand has dipped by a fifth. Both, however, owe more to problems within their own countries than to the attraction of the strong pound. Visitors to Thailand, once one of the world's fastest growing economies, will now get about 44 Thai baht to the pound, compared with 36 baht a year ago. The rand is trading at 7.13 to the pound against 6.56 last August.

Comparing current exchange rates quoted by Thomas Cook with those offered a year ago, holidaymakers in Turkey appear the biggest winners. At the present rate of about 251,489 Turkish liras to the pound, Aegean-bound tourists will get £127.40 more for their money on a typical £250 currency order than a year ago. At the same time, Turkey has

seen prices pushed up by rising inflation, but it still represents good value.

Against Portuguese, Spanish, Greek and French currencies, the pound has also made strong progress. On average the rate changes add up to an extra £60 in your pocket again on a £250 currency order. Gains are also to be made on Italian, lire and Cyprus pounds where the currency movements mean an extra £50 on a £250 currency order.

Outside continental Europe, modest gains can be made in Tunisia, where changes in the exchange rate buy £14.20 more dinars than last year. According to Thomas Cook's cost of holiday living index, a three-course set meal will cost about £7.95. A year ago it was £11.65. Similarly in Turkey a set meal priced at £8.60 last year is likely to cost £6.05 now.

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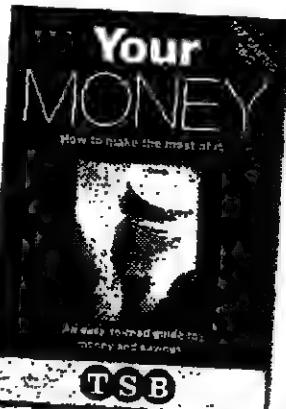
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As thousands of students rush for places, **Lizanne Rose** looks

## Laura takes the offshore option



Laura Bender is a sixth-former at Westminster School, taking A-Levels in 1998. She is already saving, aware that a great deal of the cost of higher education will be passed on to students. She told Weekend Money how she has arranged her financial affairs.

She said: "I have money in my name put aside for me by my grandparents to help to pay for my university education. I have three savings accounts. The first is a Lloyd's 16-19 account, which I use for everyday purposes. I pay in my allowance, and money from babysitting, and use it mainly for entertainment and travel by train and Tube. It is especially useful for me since the bank gave me a cheque guarantee card a year early."

Laura thinks that the big banks try to appeal to student customers by giving away vouchers. However, this is a short-term and sometimes misguided attitude.

She said: "A friend of mine has opened accounts at every bank that offers vouchers and free gifts for young people. She has then either reduced the balance to a nominal

sum, or closed the account." On the attitude of banks to students, she said: "Although I appreciate being offered vouchers, I find the tone of the advertising patronising. A more important consideration for me, apart from interest rates, was the number of cashpoints around London, and the fact that Lloyd's is the bank closest to my home."

"I have considered opening another account with a bank that offers more 'freddie' incentives, but have never really thought it was worth it for the relatively small gain. My other two accounts are high-interest accounts, in which money to pay for university is kept - one offshore Jersey and Guernsey account, and one Sainsbury's Bank."

"Until I discovered Sainsbury's Bank, this money was in a Nationwide 90-day account. However, when I saw that Sainsbury's offered substantially better interest rates, I closed the account. I was particularly irritated to discover that if I had been under 17, Nationwide would have offered me much better rates. I don't think I am unusually financially aware, although having my money for university in my own name has made me more so."

## Rush to beat the fees deadline

News that from October 1998, students will have to pay tuition fees has prompted a rush of applications from students who had planned to postpone taking up their college places for a year. Those who had intended to take a gap year are now scrambling to be admitted this September or October, and university admissions officers have been overwhelmed by calls.

The Universities and Colleges Admissions Service (Ucas) is running a series of urgent investigations to gauge the potential impact on clearing. Around 295,000 places are available and are being chased by 350,000 candidates.

The Government announced that a new unified student loan covering maintenance and tuition costs would be introduced and that the existing system of loans and grants

would be abolished. Means-tested fees of £1,000 each year would be charged from 1998, and the maintenance grant phased out. Students will be obliged to borrow not only to cover much of the cost of their maintenance at university but also to repay £1,000 a year of their teaching fees.

Students from poorer backgrounds will be exempt from paying for their tuition. Critics have suggested that although graduates will not have to start repaying loans until they are earning more than £10,000, they may be under increasing pressure to select degrees or universities which will lead to high-earning jobs.

The Student Loans Company will continue to administer the new loan scheme which will be phased in from October 1998. The current system of

loans, introduced under the Conservatives in 1990, will remain unaffected for this academic year. Repayment of loans from the Student Loans Company must begin in the April of the year after graduation.

The repayments are spread over five or seven years depending upon the number of loans taken out - you can take out one loan for each year you are at university. The rate of interest is set by the Education Secretary but is index-linked to inflation, so the value of the money paid back is equal to the value of the money borrowed. If your annual earnings as a graduate are less than 85 per cent of the national average income, ie less than £16,439 in 1997-98, payments may be deferred.

Additional research by Ifjana Valt

### ALLOWANCES UNDER STUDENT LOAN SCHEME

The Student Loans Scheme is a Government-funded loans scheme introduced under the Education (Students Loans) Act 1990 and the Education (Students Loans) (Northern Ireland) Order 1990. The Act and Order provide for loans to be made towards students' living costs.

LOAN FACILITIES	FULL YEAR 1996/97	FULL YEAR 1997/98	FULL YEAR 1997/98	FULL YEAR 1997/98
Students living away from home:				
- in London	£2,035	£1,485	£2,085	£1,520
- elsewhere	£1,645	£1,200	£1,685	£1,230
Living at home	£1,260	£920	£1,290	£945

### Pick a policy before packing

For most students, the last thing on their minds, but some form is advisable, especially if you own a television, hi-fi or computer. Most banks offer lower rates for students but check that you are not already covered by your parents' contents insurance.

■ **Barclays:** Its student package covers personal belongings and college/landlord's property up to £5,000. Student pays first £30-50 worth of damage. Extras include theft of valuables and bicycles.

■ **Lloyds:** Offers a comprehensive student insurance with cover ranging from £2,000 to £4,000. Student pays first £25. Goods in transit to and from college are covered.

■ **Midland:** Contents and personal belongings - £2,000. Includes high-risk items. Rates depend on location of university and whether living out or in a hall of residence. Goods covered in transit. ■ **Bank of Scotland:** Special package for student belongings. Provides £1,500 for damage to landlord's property, £5,000 for travel accident. Additional cover for valuables.

■ **NatWest:** Student Protector policy has 10 per cent first-year discount on personal belongings.

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## A switch in time for Tabitha

**Tabitha Muner 22** is remaining as a

A black and white portrait of a woman with dark hair, smiling and resting her chin on her hand. She is wearing a dark, textured sleeveless top and a watch on her left wrist. The background is dark and textured.

Although she has never been badly in debt, she did find to her cost how crippling bank charges can be when she temporarily exceeded her £200 overdraft. "I knew I was close last year, but I did not realise how badly I'd get stung. Since then, I've kept a closer watch on my finances and negotiated my overdraft up to £500."

"Converting to student life did not alter my relationship with the bank; I didn't

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RACING: DEFECTION OF KING OF KINGS LEAVES WAY CLEAR FOR GODOLPHIN FILLY

## Asfurah to claim group one prize

BY OUR RACING CORRESPONDENT

THE defection of King Of Kings, the one-time 2000 Guineas favourite, to tomorrow's Heinz 57 Phoenix Stakes at Leopardstown gives Godolphin's Asfurah a clear chance to lead Europe's first group one juvenile event of the season.

The withdrawal of King Of Kings has robbed the race of much of its interest, but Aidan O'Brien still has four of the nine runners in the six-furlong contest. "The decision would have been to run but, in King Of Kings' best interests, we have decided not to. We will think about the Futurity Stakes at the Curragh instead and worry about a group one later."

Stable jockey Christy Roche will now ride the Coventry Stakes winner, Harbour Master, and O'Brien said: "The



O'Brien four-handed

thinkers worked well on Harbour Master at Ascot and he has been working well since. O'Brien will not doubt be encouraged by how well another of his hopefuls, Danyass, ran to finish fourth behind Asfurah in Newmarket's Cherry Hinton Stakes.

but Asfurah showed enough in winning that competitive event by a length from Crazee Mental to suggest that she is capable of re-establishing Britain's hold on the Heinz.

British-trained runners have won this seven times since 1987 and Asfurah's rider, Frankie Dettori, learned the winning formula by collecting on Pips Price in 1992. The indications are that Asfurah could be better than that Richard Hannon-trained colt.

Her Cherry Hinton victory proved Asfurah had progressed from winning the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot last year, but what impressed most was her willingness to dig deep when challenged in the closing stages. That blend of precocity and courage will be a hard combination for tomorrow's opposition, which also includes Princely Heir and Pool Music from Britain.

A winner at Ripon and Beverley, the Mark Johnston-

trained Princely Heir should improve significantly from running third to the subsequent Molecomb Snakes winner. Lady Alexander, and King Of Kings in the Curragh's Anglesey Stakes last month.

However, it is hard to see him winning tomorrow and a bigger danger to Asfurah could be another O'Brien-trained horse, Flame Violet.

Flame Violet was only a

short-head winner of a listed race over the course and distance last month, but her trainer is nevertheless convinced that the filly is substantially better than her bare form might suggest.

There could be another group success for the British raiders in the group three Phoenix Sprint, where David Loder's Abou Zouf may have too much pace for his first strong opposition.

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|---|--|----|---|
| 1 | (1) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11 | 2  | (2) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11  |
| 3 | (3) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11 | 4  | (4) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11  |
| 5 | (5) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11 | 6  | (6) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11  |
| 7 | (7) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11 | 8  | (8) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11  |
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1996 MARLBOROUGH 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11

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## YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

## Salisbury

Going good to soft (good in places)

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## Market Rasen

Going good to soft (good in places)

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## Bosman paying the price for players' freedom

SIMON BARNES



On Saturday

BOSMAN is a footballer's word for freedom. Thanks to the historic victory in a European court case of Jean-Marie Bosman, European footballers now have freedom of contract. This has given them the opportunity to become masters of their own fate and to hold out for wages that make them masters of the universe.

It is thanks to Bosman that, for example, Gianluca Vialli could get a free transfer from Juventus to Chelsea and to earn a guaranteed £20,000 a week for warming the bench. There is scarcely a big name in European football that does not have cause to be grateful, directly or indirectly, to the Bosman ruling. Footballers should drop to their knees every time they hear the name of the Dutchman.

But Bosman has no greater reward than that of martyr's crown. He no longer plays football and lives only on the money he gets for interviews. He was involved in the making of a film about the case, but dropped out when they told him that he wouldn't actually be paid. His marriage collapsed under the stress of the case; he married again next month. The couple say that the players' union has given them nothing, that benefit game he was promised in Spain never happened because the be-grudging Spanish FA opposed it. Carole, soon to be Madame Bosman, said: "No well-known player has bothered to tell him, I'm on your side. That is the most horrible thing of all. He's suffering a lot."

Salary spiral  
Meanwhile, the September edition of *Goal* magazine has come up with some figures about football salaries. Sir Stanley Matthews's annual earnings of £1,040 in 1955 work out in today's terms as £17,992. Geoff Hurst's annual salary in 1966 was £5,200, in today's terms £51,978. Bill Nicholson got £520 a year as a Spurs player in 1950, £9,990 today. Last year Alan Shearer earned £1.58 million.

Underlying trend  
My fax machine, demonstrating an equanimity that mere humans can never match, sent me a fax from Holland in the Cheviot Limited Stakes and pulled out extra to repel the challenge of Rapiere by a length.

On Saturday

man's image, in his characteristic attire of pinstripes and braces. It was the cover of *Bad as I Wanna Dress* — the *Unauthorised Dennis Rodman Paper Doll Book*. Yes, Rodman fans can dress their man as Marilyn, as Bette Davis, as Madonna and in various other outfits including a nun's habit and a prison uniform. There is even, for the sick-in-the-mind tendency, an outfit for Dennis as Chicago Bulls basketball player. From all bad bookshops now.

Brazilian flare-up  
Just to complicate footballing matters, Brazil are going to be thrown out of world football. So says the geriatric Brazilian former water polo player, Joao Havelange, who runs world football. In his latest row with Pelé, he says that the unthinkable expulsion of the world champions will take place if legislation, backed by Pelé, in his capacity as Brazilian Sports Minister, is passed. This would make football club directors accountable, turn all

## Naked truth

This column is always keen on coaching innovations, so I must salute Peter Schiltz, player-coach of the Bungees team in Australian No Rules Football. "I was looking for a bit of inspiration," Schiltz said. "Something needed to be done to lift our spirits. It was a spur-of-the-moment decision." He ordered players to strip naked. They were permitted to keep on boots and socks. They did a lap of the ground and a ten-minute ball drill — in temperatures of 2C — and it went down well. "I actually had to tell them to get their gear back on," Schiltz said. Alas, Bungees lost their next game.

## Striking out

Latest desperate promotion gimmick from minor league baseball: a giant inflatable baseball bat at Cane County Stadium, Michigan. It advertises Wendy's hamburgers and the rubber therein informs readers that batters who hit the bat — a home run of 440ft, a pretty hefty swipe — get \$1 million (about £600,000). Brian DuBoise, from the visiting West Michigan Whitecaps, did just that, having lunched at Wendy's before the game. Visions of fast wealth exploded before his eyes as he rounded the bases. "I was already back home in Jamaica as I reached first base," he said. By second, he and all his team-mates were out for a fabulous meal. By third, his thoughts were in the stratosphere. At home base he was told that the deal only worked for players from the home team. Next day Wendy's presented him with a free cheeseburger and a milk shake; also \$500 in "food" vouchers.

By the Nicolas Feuillatte  
Shane Warne Fitzmaurice at present stands at 16.



## REWARDING TIMES

## FREE Match of the Day magazine for every reader

This week *The Times* offers you the chance to get a FREE copy of the September issue of the BBC's fantastic football magazine, *Match of the Day*, worth £2.50.

You can get it at any newsagent before September 30, 1997. Simply collect four of the six tokens published in *The Times* this week and attach them to the voucher below.

*Match of the Day*, with 148 colour pages, contains expert viewpoints from Britain's leading pundits, great pictures and good writing. The bumper September issue includes:

- a free footballing map of Britain plus a ground-by-ground guide with everything travelling fans need to know
- a 25-page preview covering every club in Britain
- features on Kendall, Souness, Huckerby, Fry, Armstrong and Iversen and a host of cracking features such as *A Day in the Life of a Football Witch Doctor*, *Teddy Sheringham's Unofficial Diary*, and *Ruud Gullit in conversation with Jimmy Hill*

**MATCH OF THE DAY TOKEN 6**

APPLICATION FORM FOR FREE COPY OF MATCH OF THE DAY

To the Reader: To claim your free copy of the September issue of *Match of the Day* magazine, simply attach four tokens from *The Times* to this coupon. Present the completed coupon to your newsagent no later than September 30 and you can claim your FREE September issue of *Match of the Day* magazine.

To the Retailer: Accept this as payment for the September issue of *Match of the Day* magazine. Your news account will be credited accordingly plus the usual handling level. All coupons must be returned to your wholesaler by November 1, 1997.

To the Wholesaler: Please collate these coupons and return them to: BBC Match of the Day/The Times offer, 45-49 Union Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 2XL.

If you would prefer not to receive information and offers from organisations carefully selected by *The Times*, please tick ☐



It's your team going to get its hands on the silverware? Find out in our 25-page preview covering EVERY club in Britain

## French prize lures raiders

MONASSIB, trained by Ed Dunlop and ridden by Daragh O'Donoghue, Dearly Dudley (Richard Hannon-Olivier Peslier) and Kahal (Saeed bin Suroor-Richard Hills) represent Britain in an eight-rider field for the group one £56,117 Prix Maurice de Gheest (6f 110yd) at Deauville tomorrow.

After the withdrawal of Pas de Repose, the best of the home team is likely to be the Jonathan Pease-trained and Cash Amussen-ridden Titus Livius, who finished runner-up to Don't Worry Me in the King's Stand Stakes at Royal Ascot in June.

## LEOPARDSTOWN TOMORROW

3.20 HEINZ 57 PHOENIX STAKES (Group 1, 2-Y-O £38,000 6f) (9 runners)

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| 1 | (1) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11 | 2  | (2) 100 MARLBOROUGH MASTER 54 (B) D J O'Brien (Aidan O'Brien) 5-11  |
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## LINGWOOD

THUNDERER  
5.50 Arzet, 6.20 Cheliff, 6.50 Socieira, 7.20 Phone Alex, 7.50 Bayin, 8.20 Ivory Dawn.

GOING: GOOD TO SOFT (TURF COURSE); STANDARD (AW)

DRAW: 5F-7F, HIGH NUMBERS BEST

## 5.50 LADY EVA SELLING HANDICAP

(All-weather, 11.90s, 1m 2f) (14 runners)

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## 7.20 EBF LADY MARGARET NOVICE

FILLIES STAKES (2-Y-O, £2,624, 6f) (10)

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eyes are smiling  
Nations Cup

# MOTOR RACING

## Hard bargaining leads Coulthard into sales drive

FROM MICHAEL CADVIN IN BUDAPEST

THE job centre reopened for business in the pastoral setting of Mogyorod, on the wooded outskirts of Budapest, yesterday, as preparations for the Hungarian Grand Prix on Sunday were inevitably overshadowed by the seasonal struggle for survival.

Damon Hill's implicit challenge for his job by claiming second place on the provisional grid behind Michael Schumacher, an effective amplification of the Scot's increasingly insistent claims for retention by McLaren.

For Hill, in fifth place after the solitary lap his Arrows mechanic was able to give him in the gravel section of the day, there was compensation in the visible discomfort of Heinz-Harald Frentzen, the man who has conspicuously failed to fill his seat at Williams.

Given the fraught circumstances, emphasised by Jacques Villeneuve's struggle to be eleventh fastest, it was not the most diplomatic of gestures for Frentzen to criticise the team for being unnecessarily diverted by the rule changes that will come into force next season.

Such dissent is frowned upon because of the evidence of the effects of the internal weaknesses exposed by Ferrari's unexpected dominance of both the drivers' and constructors' world championship this year. Coming at the height of Formula One's silly season, where rumours become holy writ in moments, it was merely self-destructive.

Any change at Williams will

inevitably trigger a domino effect down the pit lane, which is presently preoccupied by the employment prospects of Hill, who has a rare chance to excel on the high-downforce, low-speed Hungarian circuit.

Peter Sauber, the owner of the eponymous Swiss team, confirmed yesterday that his attempts to sign Hill for next season, which would have been funded by Petronas, the Malaysian conglomerate, had failed. "We met several times and discussed terms, but we could not resolve our relationship," he said. "It had nothing to do with money."

That, inevitably, lent credence to suggestions that Hill's links with McLaren were strengthened significantly in recent days. The team's managing director, Ron Dennis, has asked Hill to keep him informed of developments, and Mercedes have dropped their insistence on the team featuring a German driver.

The world champion made a clandestine visit to McLaren's headquarters in Woking on Tuesday. Informed sources believe his recruitment on an annual contract worth between £5 million and £7 million, is a possibility. This, given the sudden resurgence in the form of McLaren's former driver, Mika Hakkinen, presents a genuine threat to Coulthard, who is negotiating his own future after instituting legal action against the International Management Group, his previous representatives.

"I don't think there is any danger of Damon being given my place," he said yesterday. "It is a question of whether they see him as the future, or not. I can wait, and I am only 26. I am going to be younger and cheaper."

It is, unarguably, a buyer's market. Typically, Jean Alesi sought out Eddie Jordan, his former employer, in the privacy of his motorhome yesterday morning. Since no one at Benetton seeks to contradict the conventional wisdom that the Frenchman's contract will not be renewed, there was something poignant about his subsequent admission that "it is important for me to get better results."

Intriguingly, Jordan could yet become a significant player in the future of both Hill and Coulthard, although he has had no official contact with the world champion since a meeting at a hotel at East Midlands Airport last autumn, which left him with the impression he had secured Hill for 1997.

He appreciates the logic of Hill being engineered into a drive at McLaren, and understands Coulthard's long-term potential. Before that has any relevance, however, he would have to lose his legal fight to retain the services of Giancarlo Fisichella, who is understood to be going to court in Switzerland on Monday to free himself from a ten-year personal management contract with Flavio Briatore. Briatore's managing director, All this, of course, has nothing to do with the racing. At this time of year, a grand prix merely gets in the way of the manoeuvring.

After a horrible start to the morning, when fog forced the principal race officer of the day, Tony Lovell, to delay proceedings for a couple of hours, Skandia Life Cowes Week finally took on a more familiar hue as the breeze filled in nicely from the west, the sun was the only feature in a cloudless sky and 920 yachts, of all shapes and sizes, were racing for as far as the eye could see.

Along the Isle of Wight shore there were some classic windward battles as successive White Group fleets set off from the Royal Yacht Squadron and tracked their way as close as they

dared along a beach thronged with spectators. Ahead of the Glenfiddich Melges 24s were the International Etchells, the local experts at getting out of the flood tide.

It was Julian Smith, in *Elusive*, who made the best of it, emerging at the Elephant mark 25 seconds ahead of Eddie Warwick's *No 6* and holding on to win with Robert Tywin-Drake's *Desperate* second and Warwick third.

After the Dragons and Darlings had carved their way elegantly up the same shore, it was at last the chance for the biggest and, some would say, the most exciting fleet at Cowes, the X-Boats, to have a go. The X-Boat owners have had a frustrating week, managing just one completed race in the first six days as

successive race officers cancelled them for either a lack of wind or too much of it.

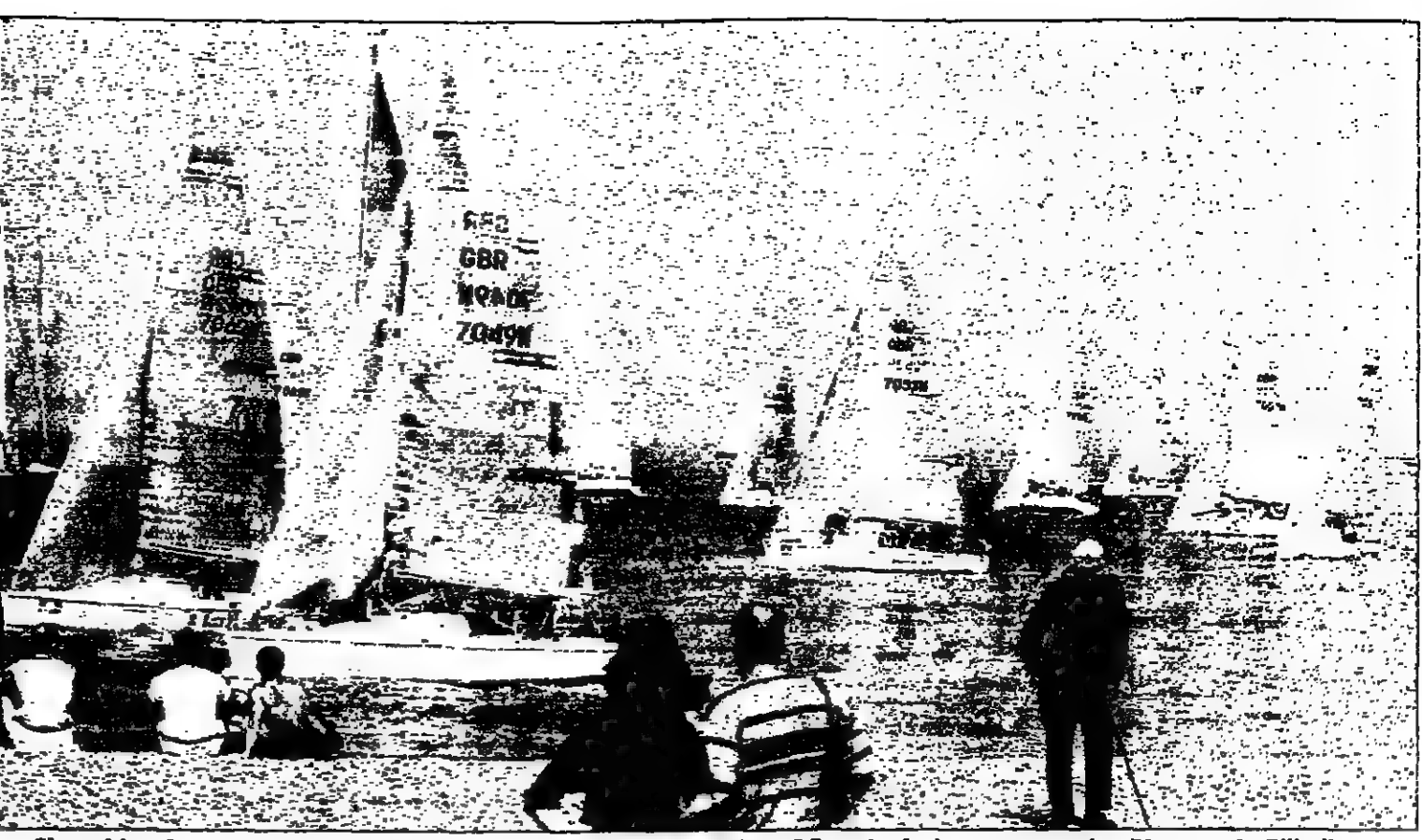
They may have been designed in 1908 but there is nothing remotely sloppy about the X-Boat fleet. Indeed there appear to be few boats sailing this year whose owners had not been to the sailmaker at the beginning of the season. Among the early pacemakers were *X71 Wenda*, skippered by Clare Pimm, and *X171 Charisse*, owned by Ronald Rogers.

It was, though, *X47 Vanity*, helmed by Willy McNeill, that popped out at the top mark at the head of the pack. From there he built a useful lead, and was almost three minutes ahead of the second-placed *X43 Moonfleet*, owned

by Horace Mellory-Pratt, by the first leeward mark. McNeill held on until the finish, with *Moonfleet* second and *X42 Persephone*, owned by Richard and Liz Field, third.

In the Glenfiddich Melges 24s, meanwhile, the prize for the week was settled yesterday when Kevin Sproul, at the helm of *Glenfiddich 1*, finished second in the fifth race of the series, which was enough to take the title. Sproul, a former European champion in 420s, was unlucky to come seventh in the first race, but followed that up with three straight wins in a competitive semi-professional fleet.

He was delighted to win after his second place, behind Giorgio Zucchi, of Italy, at Kiel Week in June.



Shore thing: Spectators at Cowes get close to the heart of the action as the 707 fleet vies for honours yesterday. Photograph: Gill Allen

## McNeill's Vanity fares well at Cowes

BY EDWARD GORMAN SAILING CORRESPONDENT

AFTER a horrible start to the morning, when fog forced the principal race officer of the day, Tony Lovell, to delay proceedings for a couple of hours, Skandia Life Cowes Week finally took on a more familiar hue as the breeze filled in nicely from the west, the sun was the only feature in a cloudless sky and 920 yachts, of all shapes and sizes, were racing for as far as the eye could see.

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## BOWLS

### Hawes flies the flag for youth

BY DAVID RHYS JONES

WHEN Katherine Hawes, who lost to Mary Price in the four-woman singles final last year, won the two-woman championship at Royal Leamington Spa yesterday, she became, at 21, one of the youngest winners of a national women's bowls title.

The City and County of Oxford players were extended only in the first round when Christine Wooler, of Surrey, held her to a modest 14-11 victory, the only time Hawes was required to play 21 ends.

In the final, too, she was

always in control, taking a 14-6 lead over Ann Parker, of Nottinghamshire, after 14 ends, and winning 16-9 after 18 ends — or seven up and three to play.

The pairs final today should be a contrast in styles. Debbie Healey and Sharon Rickman, of Raynes Park, have been serving the jack all week, while Ann Beale and Carol Duckworth, of Braintree, rely heavily on Duckworth's ability to convert adverse situations.

If the pony-tailed Healey,

35, and Rickman, 33, an indoor international for ten years, present the aggressive Duckworth, a former Zambia singles champion, with targets she needs, there should be some fireworks.

Raynes Park beat Marseke's Peggy Madden, a former British Isles singles champion, very well and holding serve the party easy, it's one of those matches where I just got a little bit lucky and hung in there. It could have gone either way."

Jan Siemerink, of Holland,

## TENNIS

### Sampras has to dig deep to oust Rafter

BY DAVID RHYS JONES

PETE SAMPRAS had a tough match against Patrick Rafter, the sixteenth seed from Australia, before securing a 7-6, 6-4 third-round victory at the ATP championship in Mason, Ohio, yesterday.

"It was a little bit of luck," the world No 1 said of his victory. "He was serving very, very well and holding serve the party easy, it's one of those matches where I just got a little bit lucky and hung in there. It could have gone either way."

Jan Siemerink, of Holland,

ranked 36th in the world, put out Goran Ivanisevic, the third seed from Croatia, 6-4, 6-4 in another third-round match between two left-handers.

Monica Seles yesterday played nearly flawless tennis to beat Natasha Zvereva, of Belarus, in 43 minutes and reach the semi-final of the Acura Classic tournament, in Manhattan Beach, California. After her 6-1, 6-1 win, the American said: "Whatever I tried worked well — serve, return, moving well."

## GUIDE TO THE WEEKEND FIXTURES

Today		Tomorrow	
<b>CRICKET</b>		<b>CRICKET</b>	
First Test: England v Australia		First Test: England v Australia	
Trent Bridge, Nottingham		Trent Bridge, Nottingham	
11.00 am start		11.00 am start	
<b>FOOTBALL</b>		<b>FOOTBALL</b>	
Premier League: Arsenal v Manchester United		Premier League: Arsenal v Manchester United	
12.30 pm		12.30 pm	
<b>RUGBY LEAGUE</b>		<b>RUGBY LEAGUE</b>	
Super League: Leeds Rhinos v Wakefield Trinity		Super League: Leeds Rhinos v Wakefield Trinity	
2.00 pm		2.00 pm	
<b>OTHER SPORT</b>		<b>OTHER SPORT</b>	
Boxing: Nigel Benn v Steve Collins		Boxing: Nigel Benn v Steve Collins	
8.00 pm		8.00 pm	







By RICHARD HOBSON

BY JACK BAILEY

**BY ALASTAIR STORIE**

**BY RICHARD COX**

BY IVO TENNANT

ERBURY (Wed day of 3  
second-rounds week)

LAKE, - Pools, to Heaven

## Surrey v D

\*A Flinloff e Vermuelen  
Z C Murre e Erasmus b











## FOOTBALL SATURDAY

## Keane celebrates coming of age

The new Manchester United captain talks about how he plans to shed his bad-boy image for the mantle of responsibility at Old Trafford

The taxis had started arriving an hour earlier. They spilt out their cargoes of refugees from the school holidays in twos and threes outside the gates and wheeled around to head back into the city centre. By midday, the crowd in the car park at The Cliff, the Manchester United training ground, had swelled to about 200.

At the edge of the throng, a woman whose jet-black roots were invading her peroxide blonde hair, kicked a football to and fro with her small son. Everyone else, anaesthetised by the rays of the noon-day sun, clutched their autograph books and gazed at a small knot of players who were talking quietly by their cars.

There was a languor about the young men. Training was over and the heat was slowing them down. David Beckham had eased himself into his new Porsche and sat in it with the driver's door open, playing aimlessly with its gadgets. Ryan Giggs leant on the side of the next car, talking to his team-mate. Occasionally, the watchers could hear them laughing.

Roy Keane did not stop to talk as he marched past. He muttered something playfully derisive to Beckham about his numberplate and forged on towards the gym. The crowd surged towards him, half-heartedly for a moment but he darted past them and through some swing doors. They fell back and resumed the Giggs-watch.

Keane knows that he is not one of the boys any more. He still has his brooding good looks, of course, but he is past the heart-throb stage now, married with two young daughters. Something else marks him out, too. If Giggs and Beckham are obviously revelling in their youth, living fast lives in fast cars, Keane, who will celebrate his 26th birthday tomorrow by leading United out against Tottenham Hotspur at White Hart Lane to open their defence of the championship, is trying hard to grow up.

He has been given little option. Some time in the close season, without any fanfare or official announcement, Alex Ferguson, the United manager, sent the moral majority who like their footballers ano-

## OLIVER HOLT



dyne and unimpeachable into paroxysms of indignation when he appointed Keane the successor to Eric Cantona and made him captain of the most successful club in England. "One wonders this time," one newspaper said, "if the United manager is not stretching credulity a bit too far."

The objections had little to do with Keane's ability. Since United signed him from Nottingham Forest for £3.75 million four years ago, he has been widely recognised as one of their outstanding players, their focus, their driving force, a box-to-box midfielder, whose unrelenting aggression, whose biting tackles and ceaseless running has made him respected by his peers and hated by opposing fans everywhere.

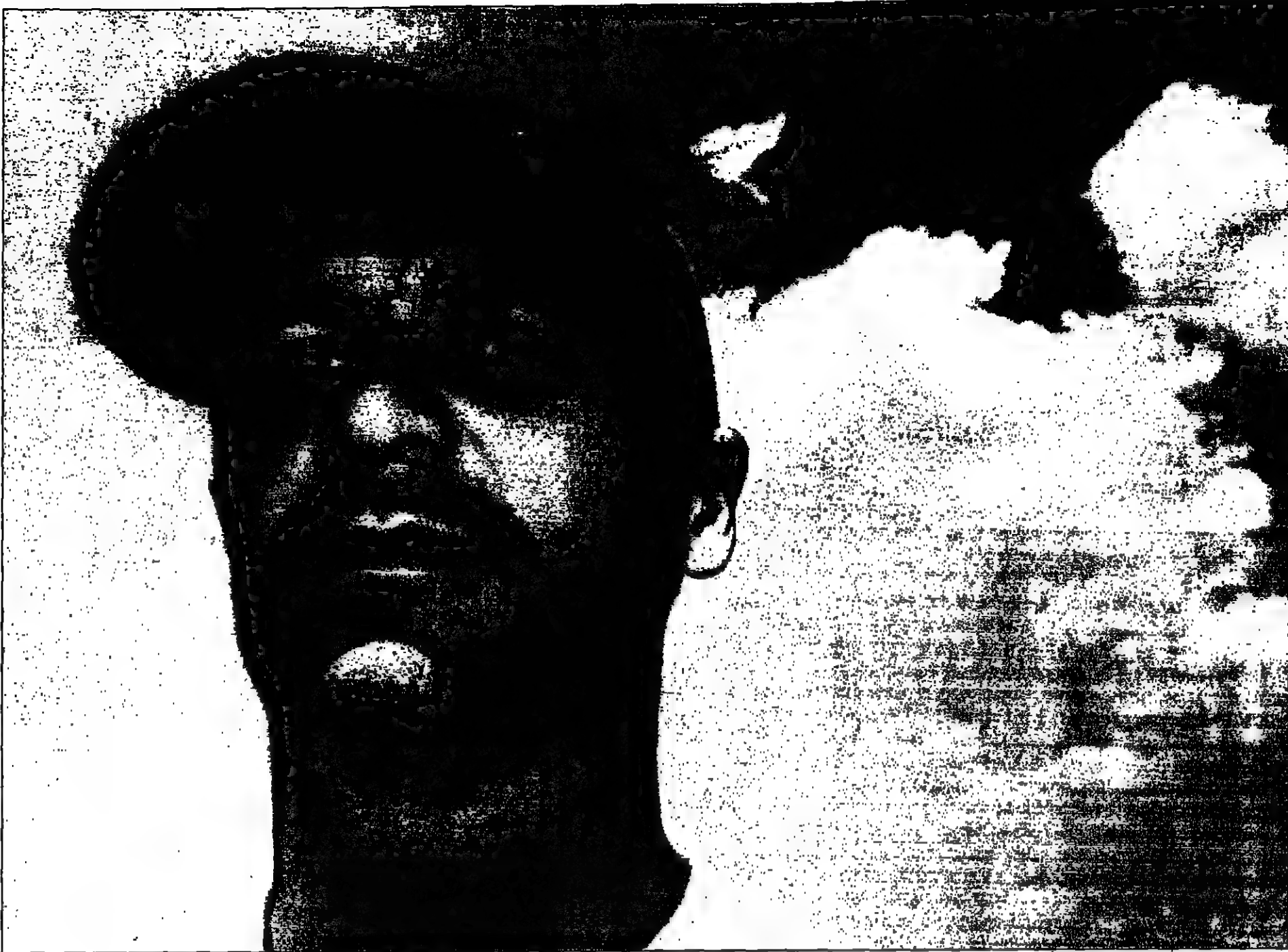
The problem was a disciplinary record and a snarling, snapping attitude that would have made Liam Gallagher wince. Near the top of the list was his sending-off for an atrocious foul on Gareth Southgate, the good son of English football, in the 1994 FA Cup semi-final against Crystal Palace. There have been a handful of minor off-the-field incidents, too.

He has become so unpopular at other grounds that the football magazine, *FourFourTwo*, played on his notoriety by making it one of its central planks of the pre-season preview this month. In a questionnaire sent to every FA Carling Premiership club, it asked fans "what are you going to sing when Roy Keane turns up?". Most said the answer was unprintable, another said "nothing, he'll probably be suspended".

Keane, himself, is largely unperturbed by all the bad-boy stuff and Diadora, the sportswear company with which he has recently signed a £2 million contract, has managed to use it to its advantage. Its latest advertisement, an image of Keane in full flow, his eyes painted red like a demon's, carries the slogan "We sold our soul to the devil".

After that kind of build-up and warnings that the young Irishman from Cork is surly and rude and answers questions in monosyllables, meeting him is like an epiphany, a happy revelation that this man who plays so sublimely and moves with such speed and stealth has a character and a sense of humour that is worth admiring, too.

He speaks not with the rasp or the snarl that his familiar on-pitch scowl might suggest,



The sky is the limit: Keane considers the opportunity afforded him by Ferguson, the United manager, to lead the club to further glory on the European and domestic fronts

but with a bewitching, soft southern Irish lilt, a gentle accent that smooths away his hard edges. His gaze is strong and steady, his eyes flicker with a benevolent sense of mischief and his words are full of candour and free of the bitterness that has crept into the souls of other footballers who have not suffered half the vilification that he has.

"I'm aware that now I'm captain people are waiting for me to get sent off so they can have a go," Keane said. "But that was the case last year anyway. That happens because you play for Manchester United. It will be worse now but I was going to try to change that side of my game anyway. Hopefully, as you get older, you calm down a little bit."

"I am not going to change my game just because I am captain, though. I am sure there will be bookings along the way and there will be people getting on my back for getting booked. I mean, players everywhere mislaid challenges and I will still get booked for that sort of thing but I have been planning to try to cut the silly bookings out for a while now."

"Then again, I have been saying that for the last seven or eight years and it has still not come right. Even when I

was at Forest, Brian Clough used to tell me I had to calm down but it is just part of my game. Hopefully, I won't be sent off as captain, but if I was a betting man, I wouldn't have much money on that."

"I was a bit wary about whether the gaffer would give me the captaincy because everyone was saying maybe I wouldn't be able to handle the responsibility with all the off-field stuff and all the worries about my temperament on the field. I wasn't expecting to be made captain, but then again I wasn't surprised either. I knew Fally (Gary Pallister) and Peter (Schmeichel) would be there or thereabouts but I was delighted when it was me."

Keane knows that his biggest task in a season when he will attempt to lead United to their fifth Premiership title in six seasons will be to try to cure his rank inability to turn the other cheek that extends from the pitch to the pub and



Keane is being marketed by Diadora as the player with the devil in his eyes

the nightclub. He trained as a boxer when he was growing up in Cork and playing his amateur football for Cobh Rangers and he is not afraid to defend himself against those who bait him.

"I have got a reputation for attracting trouble off the pitch," Keane said, "and I think that's fair. When I go out, I could be with 20 other players but someone always seems to have a go at me because they think I am the so-called hard man on the field and they want to see what I can do off it."

"The worst thing is that if people have a go at me, I usually have a go back because I don't want to put up with that. I don't think that's fair. I think I should be entitled to go for a few drinks if I want. If someone has a go at me, then nine times out of ten I'll say 'come on then' and have a go back."

"When I first came to Forest, I was only a young lad, I had

just come over to England. I had a few quid and there were nightclubs about. That is where I would get in trouble, not in pubs but in clubs where everyone has had a bit too much to drink and you are queuing up for taxis at two or three o'clock in the morning."

"I had a few good years of that but in the last year or two I have definitely settled down. I really only go local now, to the pub where people know me and don't give me hassle. People talk about my wild days at Forest but it was only two or three incidents over five years."

Beckham and Giggs, perhaps, have got all that to come but, although Keane refuses to make any promises and laughs at the fact of troubles to come, even he seems to sense that the captaincy could help him to turn the corner. "People give me a bad name," he said, "and I've got one, but things are changing for me now."

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## Gallen hoping to benefit from seasonal variation

By RUSSELL KEMPSON

KEVIN GALLEN, the Queens Park Rangers striker, had been looking forward to the 1996-97 season. It was a chance to enhance his reputation, add to his England honours at youth and under-21 level and perhaps attract the interest of the FA Carling Premiership hawks.

It started well, with three goals in his first two league matches, but suddenly went awry. In the act of scoring his third, in the 2-1 victory against Portsmouth at Fratton Park, Gallen stretched bravely at the near post and was clipped on the right knee. His cruciate ligament tore; end of season.

Almost a year later — a year of pain, frustration and frequent desolation — he is ready to make his comeback, possibly when QPR play Ipswich Town at Loftus Road this afternoon. The Nationwide League first division awaits him with interest.

"If I'm selected, and hopefully I will be, it'll be a big day," Gallen said. "I just hope it all comes back to me when I get out on to the pitch. I hope I haven't forgotten what to do."

"We've got a lot of options up front, with Trevor Sinclair, John Spencer and now Mike Sheron as well as myself, so I know it's not going to be easy to get in the side. If I get picked, I'd obviously like to stay in the whole time."

"Things have gone well in pre-season. I'm getting stronger with every match and I'm delighted with the way it's gone. I just need that first

competitive game to see how it goes."

Gallen, 21, has scored six goals during QPR's build-up and Stewart Houston, the manager, is cautiously optimistic that one of the league's brightest young talents is fully rehabilitated. "He's done well but the next step is a big one," he said. "We'll have to wait and see what happens."

QPR should mount a challenge for the first division title — in the Football League's



99th season — but have been strangely ignored by most pundits. Not surprisingly, Middlesbrough, Manchester City, Nottingham Forest and Wolverhampton Wanderers have attracted most of the attention.

Mark McGhee, the Wolves manager, strengthened his hand yesterday by completing the signing of Mikko Paatelainen, the Bolton Wanderers striker, for £200,000. If he recovers from flu, Paatelainen, 30, the Finland international, will be included in the squad to play Norwich City at Carrow Road.

Gallen said: "Nobody's tipped us at all, which could work in our favour. I can see why everyone's going for

Boro, because of the money they've spent and the good players they've got, but they might find this division a lot harder than they think — a bit like when we came down last season. They could be in for a shock."

Middlesbrough, minus Juninho yet still with Fabrizio "I never wanted to leave" Ravanelli, open their campaign against Charlton Athletic at the Riverside Stadium. Paul Merson, a £5 million purchase from Arsenal, will make his debut, but David Platt, his former Highbury team-mate, will not be alongside him.

Bryan Robson, the Middlesbrough player-manager, spoke with Platt again yesterday about a possible £2 million move and has told the former England captain to think it over. "Nothing will happen until next week," Robson said. "I've not yet discussed personal terms with David. He has a few things to sort out and we decided not to rush it. We felt it would be better to get the weekend over and then talk."

Sammy McIlroy, the Macclesfield Town manager, is unlikely to vie with Robson — the Cheshire club's budget would barely stretch to Platt's pocket money — but the Moss Rose should be filled to near capacity today when the league's newest members take on Torquay United in the third division. At 14-1 for the title, they look a tempting each-way bet.

## FA imposes heavy fine for poor behaviour

By RICHARD HOBSON

MIDDLESBROUGH have been fined £25,000 by the Football Association for their poor disciplinary record last season, when they were relegated from the FA Carling Premiership. The suspended fine was activated yesterday after Middlesbrough failed to improve their behaviour.

Middlesbrough also has another suspended fine of £50,000 hanging over it, which will be reviewed at the end of the new season. Middlesbrough had three men sent off and 77 cautions.

Gillingham, the second division club, have had a £10,000 suspended fine activated and face paying another £20,000 while Norwich City has received a £30,000 suspended fine. Portsmouth have had half of their £10,000 suspended fine activated after their record last season improved.

Niall Quinn, Keith Brannigan, Alan Moore, Keith O'Neill, Denis Irwin and Phil Babb have been recalled to the Ireland squad for the World Cup group eight qualifying game against Lithuania in Dublin on August 20. Jason McAteer, the Liverpool defender, is suspended.

IRELAND SQUAD: S. O'Brien (Manchester United), K. Brannigan (Bolton Wanderers), J. Quinn (Blackburn Rovers), D. Irwin (Manchester United), S. O'Brien (Aston Villa), K. O'Neill (Sheff. Wed.), K. Brannigan (Wolverhampton), J. McAteer (Liverpool), D. Breen (Coventry City), C. Fleming (Middlesbrough), T. Haden (Swindon), P. Babb (Liverpool), A. Houghton (Reading), A. Moore (Manchester United), A. Turner (Aston Villa), A. McLaughlin (Portsmouth), M. Kennedy (Liverpool), A. Moore (Blackburn), D. Connolly (Preston), K. O'Neill (Sheff. Wed.), A. Carrivick (Preston), N. Quinn (Sunderland), D. Kelly (Tranmere Rovers).

## Stone rolls back to centre stage

By RICHARD HOBSON

THE freak accident suffered by Alan Shearer last month served to demonstrate just how fragile is the human body. Steve Stone required no reminder. Almost a year has passed since he underwent surgery on a ruptured patella tendon, but the manner of the injury that threatened his career remains as maddeningly bizarre even today.

Stone was playing for Nottingham Forest against Leicester City in September when he moved to accept a routine pass on the right flank in his own half. His heel slipped, his bodyweight turned over the knee and left him in a heap by the touchline. "A lot of people in the stand and even some of the players thought I was fooling around," Stone recalled.

Laughter dissipated quickly. Stone is an effervescent character by nature, an easy-going, down-to-earth soul, but the ensuing months have tested his inclination to laugh. He is smiling again now, his recovery almost complete, and the City Ground is a cheerier place for it.

Setting a date for his return in a league fixture was always precarious. A second operation in January to remove the wire that held together his reconstructed knee was delayed by three weeks and, as recently as April, after minor complications, he wondered whether he would be able to play before October.

It is a fear now long forgotten. He joined Forest on a pre-

season tour in Finland and played for the final half-hour in a game against Leeds United last Saturday. Three days later, he lasted 55 minutes of the Nottinghamshire County Cup final against Notts County. He remains a short of match practice, but could feature at some stage when Forest begin their attempt to return to the FA Carling Premiership against Port Vale today.

He would also like to figure in the World Cup finals next year, should England qualify. His international career began so promisingly in an otherwise dull goalless draw against Norway in Oslo, where he came on as a substitute, and he scored on each of his first two starting appearances, but he knows it will be hard for him to recover his place while he is playing outside the Premiership. A three-year extension to his present contract remains unsigned, although he says that he has no desire to leave Forest.

The club's decline last season made his absence even more frustrating. Embroiled in a protracted takeover that alienated supporters, they were unable to sign the players they clearly required to ensure survival until their miserable fate had been effectively decided.

Yet Stone remains optimistic with good reason. After all, he broke his leg three times as a teenager when even a debut seemed light years away. He has not done too badly since.



The sun is shining on Barnsley. Liam Gallagher's familiar brick dust and glue white leotards from a record shop, Young Girls - 14 and a cousin - gather at the entrance to the market. In Peel Square, the Tommy Wallecks pub has a loose assembly of lunch-time drinkers resting against its portal.

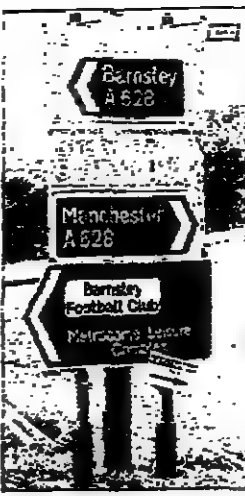
"This heat. It is all they talk about. 'But it's too humid, isn't it? Not like you get abroad,'" says one old boy to another, his canvas shopping bag by his feet as he sits on a bench outside Marks & Spencer. The world ambles by; all loose-limbed and languid.

At first, the crowd of shoppers is a blur. There is then a trickle of recognition, like a familiar face spotted in a group of strangers. One red shirt passes, then, a few seconds later, another. On each is the white rose of Yorkshire and the unusual word, *Ora*. These are the shirts of Barnsley FC (*Ora* is the club's main sponsor, and it could be a trick of the imagination, but the wearers seem to have a spring in their step, a smile on their face).

By 11.30, the FC, after 110 years, have finally reached the highest strata of English football. At 3pm today they will play West Ham United at their Oakwell ground in the FA Carling Premiership. It will

be an all-singing, all-dancing occasion with more than an hour's worth of pre-match entertainment: plenty of time for the *Match of the Day* cameras to linger on a tear wiped, a face painted. When a club has waited this long — precisely 5,714 weeks — it is clearly not going to be one of those restrained, nervy affairs where no one dares start the first dance.

Overstatement is a journalist's accomplice, but we are fast running out of words to relate the x their achievement. A storm is a white he crash horrific; so the response to Barnsley's triumph is a actually beyond this cold bucket of water on stand-by stage.



**Signs of the times: all roads lead to Oakwell. Photographs: John Angerson**

At the beginning of last season, Barnsley had 2,500 season-ticket holders. It now has 16,500. The club sold eight times as many replica shirts during the first weekend they went on sale than in the whole of last season. Some fans even camped overnight outside the club shop (sorry, Reds Superstore).

so they could be the first on Barnsley's streets in the new shirts. Cynics have predicted that the fervour will be shortlived. Such a suggestion is an anathema in the town, a load of Tommy Wallucks, so to speak.

The media interest is phenomenal. It sees a parable. David and

Goliath, and romance, and a certain sentimentality. Danny Wilson, Bernsley's manager, has tried to remain stable amid the clamour. This is a man who, as a player, turned out for eight different clubs in nearly 500 league matches. He wants to hear the crunch of shiracade, see shirts drenched in

UK. It has dual carriageways and industrial estates, car parks and Kwik-Fits. Beyond the housing estates there is magnificent open countryside stretching to Leeds, Sheffield and Manchester.

during the summer of 1907. It was the last summer for the actor, Brian Glover, an ex-pupil of Barnsley Grammar School, and also for Stan Bradder, a 74-year-old former miner. Stan died in a chair at his home and before his body was discovered, thieves broke in and stole some of his possessions. The following night, as Stan remained slumped, they repeated the robbery, ripping open his mattress looking for money. There is evil in every Anytown U.K. sometimes to the power of two.

The news pages of *The Barnsley Chronicle* have also related the absurd. In June, the town was swamped by the smell of rotten eggs. Environmental Health staff found high levels of sulphur dioxide in the air and averred that it had blown over from Doncaster. Yorkshire towns are fond of the odd spat, be it over sport or effluvia.

Cameras, microphones, and notebooks will today sweep through Oakwell but by Monday, the weekend's newspapers will have faded in the sun and Barnsley, a nation's beloved underdog, will start to feel like sepia-tinted news. Thereafter, the poetry will give way to the mud, blood, sweat and slog of a season in professional football. Danny Wilson is ready. Barnsley is ready, a season awaits.

**M**ake sense of the market — if you can. Liverpool sell the struggling Stan Collymore for £7 million, and pick up Karlheinz Riedle, one of the game's great strikers, for £6 million, a deal that jeopardises the chances of one of the finest young prospects England has had for years: Michael Owen, the 17-year-old Liverpool-born striker. Doomed, perhaps, to become a prophet without honour in his own city.

Juventus, last summer, having just won the European Cup, transferred to their Swedish rivals, the strikers to England, Fabrizio Ravanelli goes and stays down with the ship at Middlesbrough, largely because no one is prepared to pay £7 million for

equivalent of the one which hung on the walls of pre-war Hollywood studios: "It is not enough to be a Hungarian, you must have talent."

**Too many foreigners?**  
Cesare Maldini, Italy's manager father of Paolo, thinks so. He is worried by the lack of opportunity for rising Italian midfield players. In England, Gordon Taylor of the Professional Footballers' Association has expressed the same fears.

Howard Wilkinson, the new supreme of English coaching, went to Malaysia for the recent world under-20 tournament, deplored our alleged deficiencies in technique, and has imposed a system of centres of alleged excellence, run by our clubs.

But who says that they are excellent? And who says that we are really falling so far behind the rest? A fine young Ireland team, almost wholly made up of players with English clubs, took third place in the Malaysian tournament.

**Wilkinson arrived at Lancaster Gate after disastrous days at Leeds United, whom he left with a legacy of disappointing players. Surely he knows that good youth coaches are thin on the ground. Why should he assume that any club has got them? As for the idea of coaching five-year-olds, leave them alone! Give them at least a few years to enjoy their football.**

This week, Roud Gullit, a great player and a successful Chelsea manager, talked of foreign footballers and the related problems. English players, he insisted, as many do, were simply too expensive — he gave Le Saux at £7.5 million as a salient example.

Now, he has signed him for £5 million when he already has two younger left backs in Babayaro, the 18-year-old Nigerian, and

Granville, an excellent prospect who he signed from Cambridge United. English players could become attractive propositions again when those over 24 acquire freedom of contract. But why, when asked, had he signed the Holland goalkeeper De Goey for

**£2.5 million? De Goey, after all, has scarcely, so far, looked inspiring. It was, Gullit said, a great opportunity.**

**T**hen there is Tore Andre Flo who scored a first-half hat-trick in a pre-season game against

Stevenage Borough last Monday, all of them with those clever feet, despite his size. What happens to him, given the presence of Zola, Hughes and Viali? Acquiring the Uruguay mid-field player Poyet has so far meant pushing Di Matteo

"I'm happy to have quality players," Gullit said. "Everybody says, now you

will have a headache, but I'm happy to have the headaches. How many coaches would like to have the headaches?" Sometime, somewhere, our clubs must strike a balance. But who knows when?

him. As for that colossus of the Italian game, Gianluca Vialli, no one is prepared to take him, either, given his £20,000-a-week salary. So one of football's heroes, dear to his fellow players, will again be obliged to warm the Chelsea bench.

The Bosman verdict is behind it all; and Jean-Marc Bosman himself is emphatically behind the eight ball. Impoverished, inactive, ignored by the players he made rich, he evokes the famous words of the boxer, Brian London: "I'm just a pawn in their hands."

Used to gain not only freedom of contract for European Union players moving from one country to another but — something

quite alien to his own predicament -- to ensure that any EU club can not only sign but deploy as many EU players as it likes.

The late Artemio Franchi, Italy's resilient UEFA president, fought such developments for years, with no real weapon. EU rules were plain. EU workers, footballers among them, could work — or play — wherever they liked.

AC Milan, this season, will have room in their team for only three or four Italians. And to think that, in the fifties, people worried

that the three great Swedes, Gren, Nordahl and Liedhulm, were keeping out Italian players at Milan. Now Arsenal might well hang up the notice, "*Ici on parle français*". And in the dressing room, the French



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# SPORT

SATURDAY AUGUST 9 1997

## CRICKET 42-43

Warne spins wheel of fortune back towards Australia



Le Saux lured back to Stamford Bridge on eve of big kick-off

## Chelsea have the last word as the time for talk passes

By OLIVER HOLT  
FOOTBALL CORRESPONDENT

CHelsea yesterday beat out one final warning to the rest of the FA Carling Premiership when they emphasised their dramatic change in fortunes by breaking their transfer record on the eve of the new season to buy back a player who was once so desperate to leave the club that he said he would have "parachuted out of a snuke's backside" to get away.

Four years ago, when Graeme Le Saux got his wish and left Stamford Bridge for Blackburn Rovers for £60,000, Chelsea seemed to be marooned in no-man's land. Yesterday, though, the England defender was back at the club's training ground on the edge of west London, marvelling at how much things had changed and enthusing at the prospect of working with Ruud Gullit and his foreign legion.

A player who makes no secret of his fierce ambition, Le Saux said he had joined Chelsea because he felt Gullit had built a squad capable of challenging for the championship this season and the £5 million that the club spent to prise him away from Ewood Park was a clear statement of intent to the rest of England's top clubs.

As Gianfranco Zola peeped impudently through the glass doors where Le Saux was being presented to the media, patently delighted that another top-class player had arrived to augment a burgeoning squad, the Channel Islander, 28, who has become a fixture on the left side of England's midfield, said he had only had to "dust off the cobwebs in my

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mind" to find his way back to the training ground.

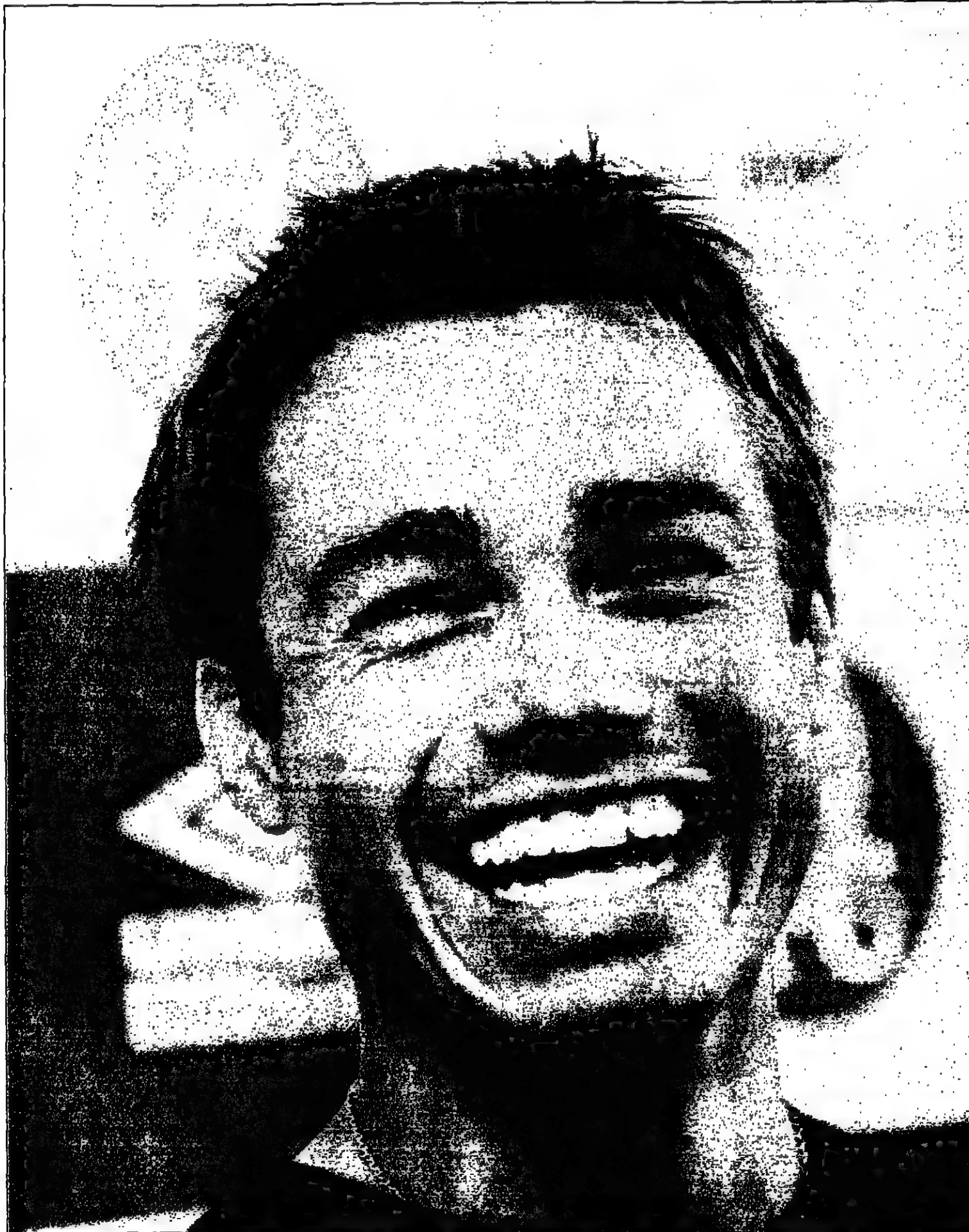
"It has all happened very quickly," Le Saux, who spent five and a half years at Chelsea in his first spell, said. "In the time I have been away from Chelsea, so much has changed and I have changed for the better, too. I am a better player now."

"I don't regret saying the thing about the parachute. Time changes things and circumstances change. I have got ambitions and I feel the move to Chelsea fulfils those ambitions. When I was here before, that was not the case."

Le Saux was so besieged by camera crews, photographers and journalists that he was given an ironic but good-humoured round of applause by his new teammates when he finally dashed out on to the training pitch to begin preparations for the match against Coventry City at Highfield Road in which he may begin to add to his record of 90 appearances in Chelsea colours.

That likelihood increased later yesterday when it was revealed that Celestine Babayaro, the Nigerian left wing-back signed for £2.5 million from Anderlecht during the summer, had suffered a stress fracture of the tibia when he executed a celebratory somersault during Chelsea reserves' 3-0 win against Stevenage earlier this week. He is likely to be out of action for at least six weeks.

"It is not true that Le Saux and Babayaro play in the same position anyway," Gullit, the coach, said. "Babayaro can play on the left side of midfield, which would give us another option. There are no players who will play all the games because



London calling: Le Saux is all smiles as he meets the media after agreeing to return to Chelsea in a £5 million move from Blackburn

there are bound to be injuries and we have such a talented squad."

"Le Saux's experience will be very useful for us. It is crucial that we keep our momentum going after winning the FA Cup last season and if the standard goes up with the arrival of players like him, it will keep the rest of them on their toes."

Gullit said that the path to the transfer had been smoothed because the £7 million price Blackburn

placed on Le Saux had frightened off potential rivals. Arsenal included. Colin Hutchinson, the Chelsea managing director, who admitted that Chelsea had made an expensive mistake when they sold Le Saux in March 1993, said the deal had been a true product of the high-tech age.

Negotiations had begun on Wednesday but Le Saux was only informed that agreement over a fee had been reached when he got home

from training on Thursday evening. He then began the drive to London, talking to Hutchinson and Gullit about personal terms on his mobile phone as he went.

By the time he arrived in west London at 11.30pm, the deal had been done and the contract was ready to sign. He drove into Hammersmith for a medical at Charing Cross Hospital, where particular attention was paid to the ankle he broke two

years ago, then back out to a hotel near Heathrow Airport where he signed the four-year deal in the early hours of yesterday morning.

"You have not even seen some of my new signings like Babayaro and Lambourde yet," Gullit said as the press conference ended yesterday. "Things are only going to get better here." His words will be ringing in the ears of the rest of the Premiership as they prepare for the big kick-off.

## Edwards fails to replenish gold reserves

FROM DAVID POWELL  
ATHLETICS CORRESPONDENT  
IN ATHENS

UNLESS there is a huge surprise over the weekend, Great Britain will complete the world championships here without a gold medal after Jonathan Edwards failed to retain his triple jump title yesterday. Edwards had to settle for silver as had Denise Lewis, in the heptathlon. Steve Backley, in the javelin and Colin Jackson, in the 100 metres hurdles.

Edwards's performance at the last world championships, in Gothenburg in 1995, made him the International Amateur Athletics Federation male athlete of the year. On that occasion he set two world records on his way to victory but here he was unable to recapture his best form, just as he had at the Atlanta Olympic games last year, when he was second to Kenny Harrison, of the United States.

This time Harrison failed to qualify for the final three of six jumps but a new champion emerged. Yoelvis Quesada, from Cuba, Quesada produced his winning leap of 17.85 metres, 44 centimetres short of Edwards's world record. In the second round, Edwards leapt 17.69 metres with his final jump.

"I have no idea really what went wrong," Edwards said. "I was aware of the expectation but that is not extra pressure, it is greater motivation. I realised the importance for British athletics as a whole. It [the pressure] was in no way negative."

Edwards had not jumped in competition for six weeks as he nursed a heel injury, but did not offer this as an excuse. "The heel was fine," Edwards said. "It did not stop me jumping at all. I guess if I knew what I was doing differently, I would put it right."

Britain has now won 19 silver medals in global championships since its last gold. If there is even a small chance of a victory this weekend, it must be in the men's 4 x 400 metres relay. However, the United States, with Michael Johnson, begin as firm favourites.

It was, perhaps, asking too much to expect Edwards to come here and win without any competitive preparation. Prior to Gothenburg, he had exceeded 18 metres four times.

## THE FOOTBALL SEASON STARTS HERE



ROY KEANE AND THE RED DEVILS  
Oliver Holt meets Manchester United's new captain

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MATCH BY MATCH GUIDE TO THE TOP GAMES

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## Why I'm in a lather over Teddy's new role

Actors are not permitted to swap soaps, so why should footballers be allowed to change clubs?

I blame the chemistry of the brain, myself. Somehow, the male brain has generally evolved to remember everything that ever happened in sport, while the female brain remembers everything that ever happened in EastEnders. But I'm sure the brain bits are the same. Men and women think they are worlds apart, but we're not really. It's just that sports fans remember who did what, and when (which is boring). Soap followers remember who did what, and why (which is interesting).

Yet, in terms of audience appeal, sport and soap actually have much in common. Character is supremely important in both. For example, if football were a real soap opera, Gianfranco Zola would be the lovable, talented one who never gets a girlfriend, while Andy Cole's scary nightclub would employ David Batty with knuckle-dusters on the door. You see?

Alan Shearer would be Unlucky Al (always injuring himself, heart-on-sleeve Martin

O'Neill would be crossed in love (jubilation and tears, by turns). Meanwhile, at the sight of Nasty Mister Ferguson prowling in his overcoat, children would squeal and run indoors (No change there).

This soap opera model is what (for me, anyway) makes Teddy Sheringham's transfer to Manchester United a cause of serious vertigo — as if someone from Brookside had turned up in The Archers. How can we accept Sheringham in his new role? It's absurd. It blows the world apart. Because it's worse than just a turncoat change of allegiance. Last Sunday, at the Charity Shield, not only was Sheringham wearing an alien shirt, but it was quite clear his character had been radically rewritten.

"OK, so you are now a dynamic player, permanently in the thick of things," they told him. "You run a lot, sometimes with the ball." Well, what a bombshell. No one had mentioned this when Sheringham signed the deal. "But I am Steady Teddy," he objected.



with his hair sticking up all wail-like, and the veins standing proud on his neck. "Slow, but intelligent. Stealthy. My great trick is to score goals just when everyone thinks I've gone home."

But they looked unimpressed, so Teddy went on. "I am the sort of chap who, to borrow a line from Dr Johnson, possesses no minute-

hand, but strikes the hour very correctly." "Well, not any more, cuckoo-clock-boy," they said. "Get tick-tick-ticking." And so that was that. Teddy turned, and wordlessly left the room. "But keep the Ferrari," they called after him. "Nice touch."

Will Teddy forget his former training and become a crowd-pleaser? He needn't worry about filling Cantona's shoes because it turns out that in football (just like soap opera) written-out characters are simply never heard of again.

Red No 7 shirt with "DIEU" spelt on them already look silly, and will soon be cut up for dusters. When children turn up their collars, Eric-fashions, they'll be asked "What on earth are you doing that for?" No, Sheringham won't be on nerve tablets about filling Cantona's place. After all, at Tottenham he replaced the sainted Gary. If no one likes him, he doesn't care.

But on the other hand, if Alex Ferguson lives to regret his choice, a lot of people will be awfully cheered up. Ha ha ha. Ferguson always looks like a man who's lost a stilling and found a French one with a hole in it — now he's lost Eric Cantona and found Teddy Sheringham! Tee hee. If this were a real telly soap opera, the audience would be gleefully rubbing its hands already.

Johnnie Walker





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☒ Paw Paw - Mr Singh, Bradford



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## Mir captain faces bumpy return to Earth

FROM RICHARD BEESTON IN MOSCOW

VASILY TSIBLIYEV, the outgoing commander of the crippled Russian space station Mir, faces heavy criticism when he returns home next week amid charges that he twice nearly destroyed Russia's space station.

While the 43-year-old space veteran's six months of gruelling service should be coming to an end, many predict his ordeal may only be starting.

Mr Tsibliyev took command of Mir in February, just after it suffered the worst fire in space history. Over the next weeks Mir suffered a leaking cooling system, falling oxygen generators, and the breakdown of the carbon dioxide removal system.

Nevertheless, the setbacks were nothing compared with the accident on June 25 when Mr Tsibliyev attempted the manual docking of a Progress supply ship, which crashed into Mir's Spektr module, causing the loss of half the station's power.

When it was decided to go ahead with a risky operation to repair the damage and reconnect the energy supply, the luckless cosmonaut developed a "stress-related heart condition" which forced mission control to send up a replacement crew to carry out the work.

While no one could deny his run of bad luck, his superiors at the Korolyov control centre



Tsibliyev: Mir plagued by series of disasters

in Moscow are clearly running out of patience.

"We have been hearing complaints of the workload being too heavy ever since his first day in flight," complained Viktor Blagov, the deputy mission chief. "Maybe it is just personal and he can't work as fast as we urge him to... Maybe we just want too much from him."

There is still debate about a second incident on July 17. However, the Russian press is convinced that the unidentified "crew member", who accidentally unplugged the computer cable which left the spacecraft adrift for a day, was again the accident-prone commander. This time, however, there have been few public

recriminations and the Russian space agency has gone out of its way not to apportion blame, possibly out of concern that the commander could suffer a serious heart seizure in space.

Aleksandr Koretsky, the space correspondent for the daily *Sovodnya* newspaper, predicted that Mr Tsibliyev's real problems will begin after his return to earth on Thursday.

"He is going to get the toughest treatment of any cosmonaut in the history of the Russian space programme, or for that matter the Soviet space programme," he said.

Under the conditions of cosmonauts' contracts, the Russian space agency can deduct pay if it believes that work was not completed properly. For instance, in June 1995 two cosmonauts, Vladimir Dezhnev and Gennadi Strekalov, refused to conduct a space walk. They were fined on their return to Earth and only won their flight bonuses after a court action.

In Mr Tsibliyev's case the issue is more complex, since he has been subjected to far greater stress than any other commander in Russian space history because of the series of incidents on Mir. He could well argue that any attempt to put the blame on his command is a move by Russian space officials to avoid criticism that Mir is too old and too dangerous to remain operational for another two years.

The issue could become very heated and emotional, particularly after reports that his wife, Larisa, is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The family lives in a small apartment in Star City, the cosmonaut training centre outside Moscow, where Mr Tsibliyev's son has been engaged in a series of angry rows with neighbours over his father's performance.

The family's troubles have been compounded by the recent death of Mr Tsibliyev's stepfather, whose death has been kept from the cosmonaut. During his last mission to Mir in 1993, his sister died.



Mary Kay LeTourneau holding the daughter fathered by a 14-year-old she once taught. She has lost custody of her four other children and faces a jail sentence

## Teacher admits rape of boy

FROM ASSOCIATED PRESS IN KENT, WASHINGTON

AN elementary school teacher who had a baby by one of her former pupils has pleaded guilty to rape of a child.

Mary Kay LeTourneau, a 35-year-old mother of four other children, could get up to 7½ years in prison when she is sentenced on August 29. She entered her plea on Thursday. Mrs LeTourneau said she still has feelings for the boy — who turned 14 a month after their daughter was born in May — and wants to raise the girl he fathered.

The two met when she taught him in a class of seven-to-eight year-olds in this Seattle suburb. "There was a respect, an insight, a spirit, an understanding between us that grew over time," she told *The Seattle Times*.

By the time he was in her class again, in his last year, she said, "he was my best friend. We just walked together in the same rhythm."

Mrs LeTourneau and the boy began having sex last summer. After she got preg-

nant, her husband told relatives, one of whom contacted school officials and social workers.

Mrs LeTourneau has since lost custody of her four other children — ages three to 12 — and her husband has filed for divorce.

The boy is receiving counselling. "He's doing fine as long as he's away from the situation and people don't harass him," said his mother, adding that he still loves the teacher.

## Drunken neo-Nazis prey on campsites in eastern Germany

FROM ROGER BOYES IN BONN

DRUNKEN youths brandishing baseball bats and yelling Nazi slogans are making life a misery for campers on the eastern German coast.

More than 160 violent incidents have been reported by the local press since the beginning of the summer and 250 extra police have been drafted to guard the tents and caravans of nervous tourists.

The assailants, usually drunk, shout slogans such as "Foreigners go home" during their frenzied night-time attacks. The assaults have been concentrated on the Baltic coast of Mecklenburg and the lakes of Brandenburg.

The targets — despite the anti-foreigner rhetoric — have been chiefly west Germans or Berliners rather than foreigners. In the second half of July alone, more than 30 people were assaulted. One group of campers was attacked with a chainsaw.

A typical incident occurred on June 28. Two drunks — one a 19-year-old who sold pickled herring on the seafloor — stumbled at midnight on to a tent pitched near a Mecklenburg village. As a joke, they woke up the sleeping family and demanded to see their identity cards.

Their target, however, turned out to be a holidaying policeman who sent them

packing. The youths gathered reinforcements and weapons. They returned within the hour and laid into the policeman and his wife, seven months pregnant, shouting right-wing slogans.

"If somebody shouts 'Heil Hitler' in this situation it is more likely to express the level of alcohol in his blood than his political viewpoint," says Professor Frieder Dunkel, who has been analysing youth violence for the police.

In southern Germany yesterday, a gang of about a dozen young skinheads went on the rampage at a campsite on the shore of Lake Constance and injured two people with baseball bats. One of the victims, a Turkish man, was taken to hospital with head injuries. The second victim was an 18-year-old German man who was later released from hospital. The youths had earlier been thrown off the campsite near Friedrichshafen for rowdiness.

□ Lübeck: A neo-Nazi, 25, who confessed to killing a police officer told a northern German court yesterday he had acted in self-defence. Kay Diesner, from Berlin, said at the opening of his trial that the "racist-imperialist state" had declared war against him, and he had "no regrets" over the killing. (AP)

## Korea 'black boxes' point to pilot error

FROM IAN BRODIE IN WASHINGTON

PILOT error was suspected in the Korean Air 747 crash on Guam after an initial analysis of tapes from the aircraft's final moments yesterday.

Both the flight data and cockpit voice recorder indicated there were no engine, mechanical, electrical or system failures before the jet plunged into a hill three miles short of the airport on Wednesday, killing all but 29 of the 254 on board.

The crew said nothing to suggest they knew of any problems as they approached the airport in a heavy rainstorm. "It was a very silent cockpit," one analyst said.

In Seoul, Korean Air said it was too soon to apportion blame. "We are not yet ruling out the possibility of a sudden change in altitude caused by torrential rains, the breakdown of the glide slope or other elements which, combined, could have caused the accident," the airline said.

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CHANGING TIMES



# Riots and bulldozers return to townships

## Councils get tough over bill payment boycott

FROM R.W. JOHNSON  
IN JOHANNESBURG

IN scenes reminiscent of South Africa's anti-apartheid riots, armoured cars have been in action in Kwa Thema township near Johannesburg this week after black youths attacked council officials and stoned vehicles.

The riots are a response to municipal authorities enforcing rent and service payments to the Gauteng (Johannesburg, Pretoria) region.

There have been warnings that the Kwa Thema rioting could be the prelude to an explosion of vastly greater proportions. The scenes on television of bulldozers facing



A Telkom van burns during riots in Kwa Thema township as the utilities try to enforce payment of their bills. The authorities fear there may be more violence to come

furiously township crowds as they rip electricity cables out of the ground have caused anxiety here, stirring memories of the bulldozers sent in to squatter settlements by the apartheid Government to destroy illegal shack dwellings.

The present crisis has its roots in the culture of non-payment of rates, taxes, electricity charges and every other kind of service payment in black settlements in the 1970s and 1980s. Non-payment began as part of the anti-

apartheid struggle and was encouraged by the ANC under the slogan of making South Africa ungovernable. It was naturally embraced by poor black residents eager to escape payment on any terms.

The apartheid authorities quailed at the thought of the mass cut-offs of water, electricity and other services that non-payment implied, and so the habit became entrenched. Township dwellers became masters in the art of service piracy, splicing electricity ca-

bles to make thousands of illegal connections, siphoning water illegally from pipes, and hacking into telephone cables. With the ending of apartheid, the payment boycotts continued, but were now explained by the ANC as a pro-

test against illegitimate local government structures. Once there was local democracy with the ANC in power, all would be different. This all duly came to pass, and non-payments continued.

Now the state-owned electricity company, Eskom, faced by arrears of about £400 million from the Gauteng municipalities alone, has said it will cut off services unless payment is made. Local government is frantically trying to enforce payment.

One result is the rash of attacks on the houses of ANC councillors. Another is a radical improvement in payments: in Kwa Thema payments have multiplied nearly sevenfold since the measure began and are expected to double again in the next few days.

A trial of strength is under way, but with community organisations up in arms against the bulldozers it is by no means certain that the Government's nerve will hold.

□ Fugitive held: Archbishop Desmond Tutu's son, Trevor, was arrested by police on charges of contempt of court after he refused to heed his father's advice and hand himself over to the authorities. Police said Mr Tutu, 41, seized at his house in Johannesburg, will be taken to East London. He was arrested nearly four years after skipping bail of 10,000 rands in connection with a 3½-year prison sentence he was to serve for a bomb threat at East London's airport in 1989. (Reuters)

## Opposition mob kills policeman in Nairobi riot

BY INIGO GILMORE

A GENERAL strike called by protesters campaigning for political reforms in Kenya turned violent yesterday as a Nairobi mob kicked to death a man believed to be an undercover policeman and rampaged through the city.

Witnesses said the man was beaten by a mob soon after a rally began in Uhuru Park. Two people narrowly escaped being lynched.

It was the first violent flare-up in the capital since early last month when 13 people were killed and millions of shillings worth of property was looted and destroyed. In two suburbs, demonstrators blocked roads and hurled stones at passing cars.

Shops in many Kenyan towns were closed, but this may have had more to do with fears of looting than support for the strike. It was called by the National Convention Executive Council, an umbrella group of opposition politicians, religious leaders and human rights activists, after Daniel arap Moi, the President, refused to heed demands for constitutional reforms before elections scheduled for this year.

However, the strike was declared illegal by the Government and support was not as

high as anticipated. In Mombasa, Kenya's second city, public transport ran as usual. In Nakuru, which in the past has seen some of the worst riots, shops were open as usual.

The poor turnout indicated divisions in an already divided opposition. The independent Daily Nation newspaper had argued that the strike was the wrong way to advance the four-month campaign by the Opposition.

Mr Moi has helped to foment the divisions by offering cosmetic changes before the elections and a constitutional review afterwards.

However, the strike compounded worries in the stock market, which has seen the Kenyan shilling sink to a record low of 70.26 against the dollar this week.

This followed close on the heels of the withdrawal by the IMF of an aid package for Kenya because of its unhappiness with government corruption. Analysts said investors were concerned because President Moi had played down the IMF decision and urged Kenyans to become more self-reliant.

Mr Moi, 73, who has been in power for 19 years, has yet to name a date for the election.

## 'Miracle' escape from synagogue rocket

BY OUR FOREIGN STAFF

RESIDENTS of the northern Galilee town of Kiryat Shmona had a lucky escape yesterday when the cement roof of a security room in the synagogue was shattered by a Katyusha rocket fired from southern Lebanon minutes after worshippers had left the building.

Ehud Barak, the Labour Opposition leader, who visited the town following the attack said: "It really was a miracle."

Three people in the town were lightly injured, one by flying glass. It is the first such attack since a ceasefire agreement more than a year ago.

Residents of south Lebanon were bracing themselves yesterday for Israeli reprisals. The attack came at the end of south Lebanon's bloodiest week for a year after an Israeli roadside bomb attack on Hezbollah guerrillas sparked a series of incidents that left 13 Lebanese dead, seven of them civilians.

□ Brussels: The European Union, which has a key mediating role in the Middle East peace process, said yesterday it was concerned about what it termed counter-productive measures introduced by Israel after last month's Jerusalem bombings.

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# Emerald coast loses its lustre for Aga Khan

FROM RICHARD OWEN  
IN ROME

THE Aga Khan, who turned the Costa Smeralda in Sardinia into a playground for the rich and famous, is withdrawing his multimillion-pound investment in the area because local planning authorities are blocking his expansion plans, Italian newspapers reported yesterday.

The move is a body blow to Sardinia's image as an exclusive resort. Prince Karim Aga Khan is credited with discovering and developing what was then a rugged six-mile stretch of coast 40 years ago.

Sardinia, once described by D.H. Lawrence as "lost between Europe and Africa and belonging to nowhere", was largely known for its shepherds, its mountain bandits and its wild landscape until the Aga Khan's yacht took



Aga Khan: developed unknown coastline

refuge from a storm in a cove along the coast between Olbia and Porto Cervo in 1958.

The Prince was said to have been "stunned by the clarity of the crystal blue waters".

Within four years he and a

consortium of international businessmen had bought up much of the coastal land from peasants, allegedly at rock-bottom prices, and transformed it into an oasis of villas, pools and yacht clubs.

Residents and visitors to the Costa Smeralda (Emerald Coast) over the past four decades have included Princess Margaret — who allegedly first took refuge there to get over her love affair with Group Captain Peter Townsend — the Princess of Wales, King Juan Carlos of Spain and the Khashoggiis. Silvio Berlusconi, the Italian media tycoon and former Prime Minister, also owns properties on the island.

But the Costa Smeralda development is controlled jointly by the Aga Khan's company, Fimpar, and the American hotel chain ITT Sheraton, grouped together as



Porto Cervo, near the spot where the Aga Khan anchored in 1958 when the Sardinian coast was largely known for shepherds and bandits

Ciga Immobiliare Sardinia. According to island gossip, the Aga Khan's real motive for withdrawing is that he overextended himself, buying up too many hotels and villas at a time when he was making

losses in the tourism business and paying for a divorce from his wife, the Begum Salimah, the former model Sarah Crocker Poole.

According to *Corriere della Sera*, ITT Sheraton have

bought up shares in Ciga Sardinia, threatening to "reduce the Aga Khan to a marginal role in the empire he created".

The Aga Khan's version, however, is that he is fed up

with stonewalling by the Sardinian authorities over his "master plan" for new development, first outlined 18 years ago.

"I will still come to Porto Cervo, but from now on only

for holidays, as a visitor," he said yesterday. The Aga Khan's yacht, *Shergar*, which makes words like opulent seem inadequate, is expected to remain a regular star turn at the Porto Cervo Yacht Club.

## THE SUNDAY TIMES



### STYLE

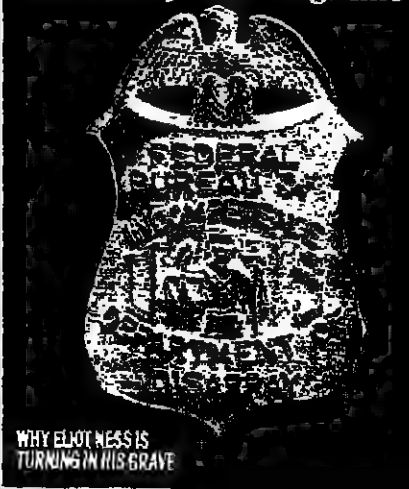
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THE SUNDAY TIMES IS THE SUNDAY PAPERS

## Chimps turn on the girl power

By Nigel Hawkes, Science Editor

FEMALE chimpanzees are not as docile and egalitarian as they appear. Behind the net curtains of chimp society, they are as interested in social status as any housewife on an exclusive housing estate.

They have a clearly defined hierarchy, and those at the top produce more babies, and healthier ones, than those at the bottom.

The findings, from a study in *Science* by Jane Goodall and colleagues in Gombe National Park in Tanzania, indicate that female chimps are less dependent on males as a source of status, and compete subtly for dominance without acts of overt aggression.

So subtle is this competition that it has gone undetected for 37 years, the time that Dr Goodall and colleagues have been observing the chimpanzees. But the females do not beat their chests, declare war on other females, or engage in any of the other blatant and aggressive male behaviour.

The only way the hierarchy could be detected was by the occasional "pant-grunt", a sign of subservience. For 22

years the team, which also included Drs Anne Pusey and Jennifer Williams, recorded the direction of each of the pant-grunts — that is, which female was admitting her social inferiority to which rival. This enabled them to sort them into high, middle and low-ranking groups.

They then compared the ranking with the number of babies the chimpanzees had, their survival, and the age at which the females infants reached sexual maturity.

This showed that females at the top had more infants, and those they did live longer than those lower down. One reason for this is that infants of low-ranking females are sometimes snatched and killed by the higher-ranking ones.

The research changes the picture of chimpanzee society, says Dr Williams. "Before, it looked like chimpanzee communities were a male construct and females were stuck in a bad position... now it looks like they have a lot more control than we thought."

Leading article, page 21

### WORLD SUMMARY

## Holbrooke settles row over Bosnian envoys

Britain yesterday gave a cautious welcome to the announcement in Sarajevo that new Bosnian ambassadors will be selected to represent all ethnic groups (Michael Binyon writes). But the ban imposed this week on dealing with the current Bosnian chargé d'affaires in London is not to be lifted immediately. Britain will hold consultations with allies and international negotiators in Bosnia. News that the three members of Bosnia's collective presidency had ended their quarrel over envoys was given by Richard Holbrooke, the American negotiator.

## Slave-ring arrest in Mexico

Mexico City: Police have arrested the suspected ringleader of a group that trafficked in deaf Mexicans and forced them to work in America for slave wages, a federal spokesman said. More than 60 deaf Mexican immigrants were found in New York, Chicago and Detroit last month. (Reuters)

## Elvis statue 'starts to weep'

Duane, Netherlands: A professional Elvis Presley impersonator claims his statue of "the King" has started to weep. Toon Nieuwenhuis, 46, takes visitors to a dimly-lit bedroom to see a white plaster bust of Elvis, right, who died 20 years ago this month, with tears seemingly running down its cheeks. He says they are "tears of joy. He is crying for all his fans around the world." (Reuters)



## No more waiting for Godot

Hanover: A mother won a year-long fight to name her son Godot when a court ruled that a city official was wrong to refuse to add it to his other names, Max and Geronimo, on the birth certificate. It overturned a lower court ruling that Godot was not a first name but "a fantastical literary name". (AFP)

## OJ Simpson to keep piano

Santa Monica: O.J. Simpson won a preliminary court ruling to keep a baby grand piano seized as part of a \$33.5 million (\$22 million) wrongful death judgment as it belonged to his mother. He will continue to use a \$40,000 Ford Expedition car she claims to have leased until its ownership is resolved. (AP)

## Comoros separatists protest

Mutsamudu, Comoros: Separatists on the breakaway Comoros island of Anjouan set fire to the house of a government minister and chased politicians and soldiers. In Fomboni, Moheli island's main town, secessionists declared a general strike and marched through the streets to demand "total independence". (AFP)



[illegible]



There was a time when the very words "Edinburgh Festival" were enough to quicken the sluggish pulse and plant a glint in the rheumiest eye. They evoked a wondrous three weeks during which an entire city — and not just any city, but the most sober-sided metropolis on Planet Celt — transmogrified into a giant playground, a gargantuan prep-school dorm, a colossal booze-up, a non-stop cabaret and (so it was reputed) a frenetic love-in, all at the same time — though I always seemed to miss out on the last bit.

When I first covered the festival, 20 years ago, people really did rush up and shout: "Get down to Venue 82, man; there's an Estonian *Troilus* that will blow your mind." It was like a parody of Sixties campus life multiplied a thousandfold: a celebration of wit, anarchy, art, sex, snuff, poseurs and pseudo; and a total rejection of the Three Cursed Cs: common-sense, capitalism, conformity. True, on the stroke of September 1 the participants all turned back into pumpkins of respectability —

## Edinburgh's spirit is now just a ghost

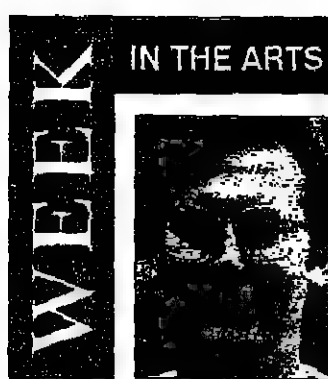
junior doctors, trainee accountants, apprentice solicitors. But in August, hey, we were free spirits. The question is: have I grown old and grey, or has the Edinburgh Festival? Perhaps, among the 9,644 performers said to be trekking to the Scottish capital for the three-week culture blitz that starts tomorrow, there may be some wide-eyed newcomers who will be as mesmerised as I was, two decades ago. Good luck to them. But the sad fact is that nobody old enough to have observed the changes in this megajamboree will greet a new instalment with anything approaching glee.

Why's that? Well, as that Edinburgh resident Robert Louis Stevenson noted: "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive." The trouble with the festival is that it stopped travelling hopefully years ago. The names on the

handbills may change, but the shows, the formats, the drearily-engineered fake-scandals and synthetic bust-ups seem eternally fixed, like a set of particularly dull deities that require annual homage. The real "buzz", particularly about ground-breaking new work, long ago moved elsewhere.

You can't ignore Edinburgh, because it is so big; possibly five times the size of its nearest international competitors. But you can predict exactly how it will unwind each year, from the grand Usher Hall concerts to the strenuously zany Fringe revues. And in the arts, predictability is death.

Last year George Steiner mischievously suggested that, to celebrate its 50th birthday, the festival should abolish itself. Now that would be novel. I don't go that far. But I do think that "bulk is beautiful" isn't the best motto for any cultural organisation.



RICHARD MORRISON

Perhaps change will come with Scottish devolution. Many Scots already resent so much media attention, funding and sponsorship being sucked into one three-week event populated mostly by English and American punters

and performers, particularly when such fundamental national assets as Scottish Opera and Scottish Ballet totter along so precariously. The problem about reform, though, is that the festival has become a bit like Hal, the wilful computer in 2001: A Space Odyssey. Man has lost control of its destiny. Of course, there have been valiant efforts by talented individuals at the helm. In many ways Brian McMaster has been an exemplary director of the "official" programme, even if his pet thespians (Peter Stein, Mark Morris for the sixth successive year) are starting to seem over-familiar.

But the official programme is just a tiny part of the Edinburgh Experience. It is the overwhelming feeling of drowning in some soulless, shapeless custard ocean of culture that makes the festival so unappealing. Where is the sense of mutual purpose linking film festi-

val, book festival, television festival, the crassly self-important comedy venues, the sprawl of minimally-attended amateur theatre on the Fringe, and the "high art" of the festival proper? The answer is, there is none. Just a lot of coterie doing their own thing.

And who benefits from this cultural overkill? Journalists, mostly. An incredible 1,400 hacks will be accredited by the Fringe this year. Good grief, the First World War was covered by fewer reporters. I wonder how many will be brave enough to tell their readers (and their editors) that the festival is overblown, over-hyped and, yes, quite farcically over-reported.

Oh yes, and the Scottish tourist trade allegedly benefits. Yet Edinburgh surely cannot be proud of the face it shows the world in August. Its handsome streets are abominably overcrowded, its hotels disgracefully overpriced.

But what of the audience? Fifty years ago, when the festival was launched in a glow of postwar ideals, Edinburgh's Lord Provost spoke of it aspiring to "refresh souls and reaffirm belief in things other than the material". Naive words? Perhaps. Even 20 years ago, however, I remember finding a spiritual refreshment and intellectual stimulation in Edinburgh that could be found nowhere else.

Today, virtually all the main festival and fringe attractions also tour elsewhere. Other than offering a bigger package than anything else, Edinburgh has lost all its uniqueness. So what is its point? Is it like one or two other "renewed" British cultural institutions, there because it's there? Or will our critics be reporting events of such profound significance over the next few days that, in three weeks' time, we will gasp: "Gosh, how diminished life would be without the Edinburgh Festival?" I long for such a miracle, but harbour no great expectations.

**THEATRE:** Classic political sleaze with a gay subtext; England swings like a dead weight; doing Shakespeare proud

## Wilde suggestion of a family outing

Peter Hall's long-lasting production, in and out of the West End on several occasions since 1992 and just back from a Broadway triumph, returns for a seriously we-meat-it-this-time final time, and is well worth seeing a second time, and certainly a first.

The play was written in the months before Wilde was destroyed by Victorian English morality, and its plot reflects his immediate circumstances. As shameless Mrs Cheveley blackmails Sir Robert Chiltern, so blackmailers were hounding Wilde. Chiltern's offence is to have sold a Cabinet secret to an international financier, £100,000 being his reward, making him the equivalent of a multi-millionaire today.

The revelation of sleaze in high places gives the play its tart contemporary relevance, but what Hall has also perceived is the play's long-neglected subtext, one of the most convincing and astonishing re-evaluations I can remember. It allows the play to arrive at a relatively happy ending — something hard to justify otherwise, except by the conventions of

**An Ideal Husband**  
Theatre Royal, Haymarket

melodrama — by sorting out what is going on underneath.

Simon Ward, new to the role of Chiltern, may be called a tower of ivory by his priggish ignoramus of a wife (ie, she thinks him a model of all the virtues, only loving him because of this) but his screwed-up face, tormented even before the past overwhelms him, shows the physical cost of deception. Self-deception in his case, because his social eminence rests on a double lie.

When we hear the reverberating thrill in his voice as he speaks of the dead financier, we know that his real self approves of his crime. But he cannot even speak of his other secret, any more than Wilde was able to write of his similar one. Transparently, Chiltern and affable Lord Goring want or wanted to be lovers, and once our attention has been turned to this, the script supports it all the way, from the

Chiltern's childless marriage to Goring's eventual betrothal to Chiltern's sister, the closest he can get to his actual love.

Martin Shaw's plump and plummy Goring takes a while to get used to, in fact until one realises that this is not a mere wheeze to put Wilde on stage. His lips that purse, the cheeks that puff, the eyebrows that comment, oh so quizzically, on the double-entendre: it is a subtle, highly entertaining portrayal of an increasingly likeable person, even if, like several other cast members, Shaw can inexplicably turn from addressing a fellow actor to addressing us. Even Kate O'Mara, the new Mrs Cheveley, relishing success with triumphantly wide smiles, allows herself this old-fashioned trick.

Perhaps the long run has coarsened some of the acting. Details are over-emphasised, but Michael Denison, superbly got up to look the elder statesman, never overdoes the emphasis, his every scene a lesson in how to generate laughter by the throwaway line.

JEREMY KINGSTON

## Hey Jude, what happened?

Carnaby Street is a tacky, depressing place these days. When I last walked down it, tourists were photographing chest-wear plastered with "I May Be Fat but You're Ugly" and similarly uplifting slogans. There were also a lot of baseball caps, postcards of London buses and Union Jacks. Where had all the glamour gone? The same place as Pete Seeger's flowers, I guess.

But the not-altogether-intentional message of James Hall's show is that Carnaby Street was a pretty gruesome alley even in its fashionable heyday. "I wish I was there, back in the Sixties," sing the cast, wiggling and hopping while coloured lights pulse and rock music throbs. But what actually emerges from a series of "grooves", as the programme calls the songs, is a banal, semi-demi-comprehensible tale of a would-be McCartney

or Jagger called Jude. When Kevin Curtin, who plays the role, first comes to London from the North in search of fame, fortune and other such incidentals, he cuts a pretty unappetising figure. But that only excites Michelle Connolly's Lady Jane, a lanky aristocrat in a shimmering silver sheath. They land up half-starving in a squat on Carnaby Street itself. He gets a "day job", I never twigged what, and hits her. She overdoses on heroin and dies. Their child is taken into care.

How, then, does Jude transmogrify into a superstar and eventually into a showbiz knight with clipped hair and a tie? Ask me another. Narrative clarity is not at all Hall's thing. Perhaps the lad had a hit with a song called *Transistor Radio*; perhaps not. At any rate, he ends up in the 1990s wrapped sexily around a member of a group called the

**Carnaby Street**  
Arts

Rock Bottoms. Only to discover that she is his long-lost daughter. Delicacy of taste is not Hall's thing, either.

So what is his strength? Verve and brio, I suppose. The audience, which appeared to consist largely of paunchy and/or morosely survivors from the Sixties themselves, hooted and clapped along with his breath, energetic toots. It is difficult to judge the lyrics, for only occasionally does a line or half-line emerge intact from the heavily milked blur. I did understand that "love is gravity", "Clapton is gone" and even "this is a land of hope and glory, heavenly angels hear our story"; but the reason why a transvestite called Lily the Pink was moved to play lubricious games with an in-

flatable rubber guitar utterly eluded me.

At another point several members of Terry John Bates's admirably hard-working, hard-singing cast don Ruritanian uniforms and line up behind a drum inscribed with the Sergeant Pepper logo. Meanwhile, other performers parade with placards bearing photos of Einstein, Marilyn Monroe, Laurel and Hardy and Brando. Does this successfully evoke Carnaby Street and the rock scene of 30 years ago? No. Nor does anything else except, perhaps, the programme.

Among other things, this describes how Mars Bars briefly came to be thought of as aphrodisiacs, and tells you what a fuzz box is. I devoured it avidly. I wish I could say as much for the show itself.

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE



Martin Shaw and Kate O'Mara in the latest incarnation of Peter Hall's production

## Packed with good things

DAN CRAWFORD, the maverick artistic director of the King's Head in Islington, has produced yet another miracle of pocket engineering. A staggering cast of 22 dons lavish Restoration costumes for a full-blooded production of *Romeo and Juliet* on a stage barely six feet deep and not a lot wider.

It's the casting that gives his production its seductive charm. Old hands such as Thelma Ruby as Juliet's garrulous Nurse and Oliver Bradshaw as an elderly, drooling Capulet give thrusting youths Stash Kirkbride (Mercutio) and Andy Laycock (Tybalt) a believable framework for saucy, impatient youth and its fickle obsessions. Not least because the foolishness and prejudice of age is etched into their performances.

Despite the fact that he does not have a single stage credit to his name, teenage icon Sean Maguire, a star of TV's *Dangerfield*, makes a dreamy fist of Romeo. This hero bewitches himself, and by proxy Juliet, with his lush poetry. It's

a thoroughly self-conscious experiment. You can almost reach out and touch the irony when Maguire turns on his heel, spies Juliet on her balcony three feet away, and launches into "But soft! What light through yonder window breaks..."

Kirkbride's Mercutio, armed with perfect Bristol Old Vic enunciation and a pair of leather trousers, provides a sonorous antidote to Romeo's "dribbling love".

Katey Crawford Kastin's Juliet is the awkward, peevish and feisty object of Romeo's desire. She is cast almost to age, but Kastin hurdles the poetry with deceptive ease. As with Maguire there is a perceptible and deliciously ambiguous distance between what she speaks and what she might feel. Maguire fills the gap with irony; Kastin fills it with sentiment.

Despite the expediency of Crawford's production and these performances the second half of the play slips inexorably towards melodrama. This is as much Shakespeare's fault as the director's, and it does

not detract from what must be one of the most impressive and entertaining traffic jams on the London stage.

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Birth of a classic: Leonard Bernstein rehearses the original Broadway production's "bunch of amateurs" in 1957, with his lyricist Stephen Sondheim at the piano

## Give our regards to Broadway

Forty years after *West Side Story* exploded into New York, a former *Shark* is staging a faithful British revival. Christopher Bowen reports

In today's youth-dominated music industry, where slick, high-powered videos are pumped out like so much visual fast food, the notion of a musical entertainment set against a backdrop of urban violence hardly seems out of the ordinary. Dress a bunch of kids in Levi 501s and baseball jackets, play out the action on the steamy streets of the Bronx or South Central LA, and the scene could be set for another Michael Jackson vehicle.

But what many viewers may not realise when Jackson grabs his crotch in that irritating manner and pirouettes in a basement garage, or the boy/girl band of the moment strut their stuff down an alleyway, is that the choreographers of these MTV extravaganzas are all paying tribute to — or, depending on your point of view, ripping off — a Broadway show first performed in 1957.

It is almost exactly 40 years since *West Side Story* exploded on to the stage of New York's Winter Garden theatre with what Walter Kerr, critic of the *Herald Tribune*, described as "a catastrophic roar". With *My Fair Lady* and *The Most Happy Fella* packing them in at neighbouring houses, Broadway audiences must have been ill-prepared for the uncompromising grittiness of *West Side Story*.

A modern-day version of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* it may be, but the musical is not merely a decorative paraphrase of the Elizabethan account; rather, it uses the play as a framework for a tragic love story told within an environment of racial prejudice, gang warfare and America's emerging teen culture.

In less assured hands the weight of social comment might have sunk such a project, but with Jerome Robbins as director/choreographer, music by Leonard Bernstein, a script by Arthur

Laurents and lyrics by the young Stephen Sondheim, *West Side Story* represents the collaborative product of some of Broadway's most outstanding theatrical talents.

By all accounts the show was a jolting work, not only for its theme but for its advanced use of dance within the framework of a musical play. Until *West Side Story* dancers had to be content with providing chorus line back-up

for embarking on an extensive UK tour. "It is always a little difficult," says Johnson during a break in rehearsals. "What you want are people who are very well trained but who don't show it when they dance. They have to have a certain relaxed street quality to their movement. Jerry Robbins always said, he never wanted to see the steps, he wanted to see the intention."

Johnson's respect and affection for the show is clear — this is his only re-staging; everything else he does is original work. As he directs the young cast through rehearsals in a Plymouth church hall, the sense of a Broadway heritage being passed on is palpable.

"You're not just snapping your fingers in time to the music," he tells one group, in reference to one of the signature motifs in Robbins's choreography. "You've got to feel it. It's an expression of joy, it's better than food, it's better than sex."

Sometimes it seems as much a teaching as a directing job," he says later. "This generation of performers has grown up on television and the close-up, they don't know too much about the performance energy you need to communicate to an audience. But they'll get it."

Will 1990s audiences? Or will *West Side Story* be viewed today as just another period revival? "Obviously it is a period show," says Johnson. "My *Fair Lady* is a period show. But this show is a classic, and 40 years on people are still being moved by it."

Teenage love, inner-city violence, kids on the block: has anything really changed in the interval?

West Side Story is at the Theatre Royal Plymouth (01752 267222) until Aug 30, then on tour

Johnson joined the first Broadway production as one of the Sharks in 1958, graduating to the role of A-Rab and the show's "dance captain" with the international touring company which came to Europe two years later. Now established as one of America's most successful choreographers and directors, Johnson has been responsible for staging "at least 20" carbon-copy revivals of Robbins's production.

"Originally there were five of us approved to recreate Jerry's work," he says, "including Howard Jeffrey, the first assistant on the show, and Lee Becker Theodore, who played

for a star soloist, suddenly an entire company was required to dance, sing and act its way through a piece.

In 1957 that meant casting unknowns and inexperienced performers — or, as the original producer, Harold Prince, put it, "a bunch of amateurs". And the show is still a tricky project, but with Jerome Robbins as director/choreographer, music by Leonard Bernstein, a script by Arthur

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Anybody. The others are all gone now. I guess I get it by default 'cos I'm still here."

Why would a Tony and Emmy award-winning choreographer, who has worked in Hollywood with Mel Brooks began with the *Springtime for Hitler* routine in *The Producers* and on Broadway with stellar leading ladies like Shirley MacLaine, Chita Rivera and Bernadette Peters, choose to recreate someone else's work?

"First of all, because I think it's better for the show. Directing is always fun, but every time I go back to *West Side Story* I marvel at what Jerry accomplished, particularly in the way so much of the story is told through movement. I could never do that better."

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## A voice to die for

BBCSO/Brabbins  
Albert Hall/Radio 3

THERE are occasions — one in ten years, if you are very lucky — when a voice sings out of the silence, and you know that it will take its place in the history of song itself. And even if fortune should not continue to smile on the singer, the single performance will linger on, having revealed to the listener something unique in the work itself.

Such a voice is the lyric coloratura soprano of Inger Dam-Jensen, 1943's Cardiff Singer of the World, and now surpassing all expectations. In a program of Richard Strauss and Mahler, she incarnated the season's theme of the natural voice of folk song metamorphosing into the sophistication of art song. The poet Clemens Brentano was the link: he helped to compile the *Das Knaben Wunderhorn* collection which Mahler rilled for his Fourth Symphony, and he wrote the fanciful verse which Strauss set in four orchestral songs.

Dam-Jensen is already proving herself a Straussian to die for: her technical assurance, rose-silver timbre and fine-tuned sensibility enable her to flesh out Strauss's music as if she had been living deep inside the composer's own imagination. There was an entire lullaby within the single word "Schlaf" in *Süsse, liebe Myrthe*, and the very quintessence of song in the final cry

of "Dein Lied!" in *Als mir dein Lied erklang*.

Each word is scented out and tasted in its musical setting, with the voice recreating thrillingly the kinetic art Strauss fashioned from words — such as fountain, cloud, moon. This sensitivity came into its own in *Das himmlische Leben*, which lights the end of Mahler's Fourth Symphony.

The presence of Dam-Jensen was, indeed, the salvation of the performance. Despite the fact that the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra is in fine form, and that Martyn Brabbins, its associate principal conductor, was trying very hard indeed, the symphony was never quite at ease with itself. Some disastrous miscalculations of tempo and balance made the "unearthly joy" of the first movement elusive. And in the second movement's bittersweet dance of death, tension substituted for intensity. Until he has penetrated deeper under the composer's skin, Brabbins should approach Mahler with great caution.

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## Bollywood, batsmen and bowlers

Tunku Varadarajan on modern India's debt to cinema and cricket

All the world, it seems, has had its say on India these last few days, so why shouldn't I, India-born, a child of independence, fling down my four-annas' worth of scrutiny onto the mound of analysis, some of which has been banal, much of which is nostalgic, almost all of which has been far too earnest.

There has been so much talk of the Mahatma and that man Nehru, of the ghostly Mrs G and her trite son Rajiv, of middle-class booms and poverty, of casteism, Hinduism, secularism, Gandhism. Enough of that, I say. It's time to talk of matters that have really shaped modern India and forged the identity of its people. It's time to talk of Indian cricket, and of the country's cinema.

If someone comes up to you and says "Look, modern India is held together by regular elections", don't believe him. If another writes that India is really a unit because everyone has a statue of the elephant-god Ganesha at home, or of the cowherd-god Krishna, react a little sceptically. Those gods are important, of course, but they divide people as much as unite them. No, modern India owes less to its politicians and gods than to its cricketers and film-stars. I will focus on two specific examples.

Why has India, so demonically "fissiparous" (a word beloved of the sub-continent's political scientists), held together for so long? Why have Indians — who speak so many languages, dress so differently and look so different from each other, and who were only brought together by the British — stayed together, their bonds in fact stronger today than they were at independence?

Here is my answer: modern India has been held together largely by Kapil Dev and Amitabh Bachchan, the first a swashbuckling, moustache-wielding Punjabi cricketer who took more wickets than anyone in Test cricket and played with an abandon not seen since the age of sepias, the second a long-limbed hero of the Bollywood screen, whose voice boomed while his fists flailed at the scum who would abduct his sister, assault his wife, destroy India's economy by smuggling drugs, or poison her youth by peddling drugs. Both great men, as you can see, and both makers of modern India. I grew up with, and worshipped, both of them, for they gave millions of men, women and children their most vital political lesson in what it meant to be "an Indian".

Each time Kapil — he was known only as Kapil in that curious Indian way in which over-familiarity is the twin of reverence — went out to bat, people expected a *chhaka*, or six. And each time he hit a six, he cemented Madras to Chandigarh, Mysore to Calcutta. He came to be, as all India's cricketers are, a metaphor for the country. He was the face India showed to the world, his flailing with bat were his country's chosen form of expression. His inability to speak idiomatic English, too, helped to define an Indian counter-culture, one where Hindi-wallahs, Punjabi-speakers, Tamilians or Marathis could consign post-colonial India's Anglocentric cultural cringe firmly to the dustbin.

But Kapil, now retired, had a fragility that Indians loved, one which reflected their own tenuous grasp on success and well-being. A duck was often as likely as a six, just as he could be carted freely for runs as a bowler as often as he ran through sides.

Amitabh — that first name again — was different. He appealed to that part of the Indian imagination which craves indestructible heroes, the modern equivalents of the Pandavas from the *Mahabharata*, or of Lord Rama, who slew the demon Ravana. Most importantly, from the point of view of India's unity, Amitabh belonged to a "movement" more powerful than any political party: his filmic current ran across the length of the country, wedding people to a shared source of wonderment, to a shared idiom of make-believe, to a common body of Manichean discourse that transcended regional affiliation and, often, linguistic barriers. "We're all the same, *yaar*," was the message.

Cricket's role has been more subtle. Whereas Bollywood's films and message reached even the most remote of India's villages, cricket is a game played mainly in the cities. Yet its impact has been no less significant: in quickening the country's metropolitan pulse, Kapil and his merry band of men have fused India's cultural "city-states" so effectively that they will not now be easily disentangled. And cities, through history, have always led the countryside.

India's cricketers are gladiators now for a vast, expectant urban population, whose sense of self rests squarely on those who wear whites for the country. India's film-stars bear the weight of the sub-continent's long mythological tradition. Distanced from religion, however, they do not tear the country's people apart as the figures from older myths have tended to do. Kapil and Amitabh, what would India have done without them?

Clive Aslet says the Government is heaping gaffe upon gaffe in its dealings with the countryside

New Labour has done an astonishing job in antagonising rural Britain in the short time it has been in office. Uncongenial though the slow-moving complexities of the shires may be to eager new politicians, anxious to make their mark, the Government would do well to turn its mind to the countryside. It is in danger of becoming a well in which the Government will accidentally let drop the golden opinions of the public.

Last month the rural population turned out in force for the Countryside Rally in Hyde Park, and may have gone home believing they had made their point. If anything could have been calculated to infuriate them, it was a review to limit the availability of shotguns and rifles. We now hear that that is exactly what the Government has launched.

Like Labour's amendment to the Firearms Act, rushed through on its taking office, which has all but destroyed the sport of pistol shooting, further restrictions to shotgun licences will do little to prevent the use of guns in crime. With so many handier and more devastating firearms at the villager's disposal, the era of sawn-off shotguns now seems almost quaint. But a review would penalise the rural community, for whom shooting is part of life.

Not only do country people think that the Government knows less about the countryside than they do about inner-city housing estates, but they fear the

## Beware smoke signals from the rural bonfire

difference in mentality that they perceive between them and Westminster. They see politicians as dangerously susceptible to theories. Country people tend to be pragmatists, used to ordering their lives according to the experience of generations. Theoretically, it might seem sensible to prevent youngsters from shooting until they reach the age of consent. Presumably those who hold this view envisage a teenager with a shotgun as a more lethal equivalent of a two-year-old with a garden hose. The reality, though, is exactly the opposite. Shooting people enforce the rules of etiquette which govern their sport with a fearlessness that David Blunkett and his team could learn from. The child — or indeed adult — who transgresses them is treated to a dose of humiliation that he or she is never likely to forget. As a result, the British safety record is far better than that of continental countries, regulated by age limits and compulsory examinations.

To initiate the gun review so soon after

the Countryside Rally was probably just a gaffe — but it is stacking up with other gaffes. Perhaps it did not occur to Gordon Brown that his budgetary measures to raise the cost of motoring — through petrol, vehicle licence, and insurance — would discriminate against rural areas. But they will. Large parts of rural Britain are devoid of adequate public transport. Even the poorest people there will struggle to keep a car going, because they have no other means of reaching shops, schools, and work places. I am the first to agree with the growing consensus that, as a nation, we use our cars too much. But the Chancellor should have targeted commuters and other drivers for whom the car is a matter of choice, not necessity. Equally, it may delight the green lobby that half the roads programme has been cancelled, but it will not wear so well in many country areas.

Then there is BSE. Last month Jack Cunningham persuaded his colleagues in Europe that their standards in

slaughtering should match ours, given that BSE does exist, probably at greatly undeclared levels, in partner countries. But it will be of no practical benefit to beef and dairy farmers, who now find — despite Labour's clamour for even greater cuts when it was in Opposition — that the Government may not meet the full costs of compensation for the slaughter programme.

Largesse may appear to be on offer from John Prescott's regional development agencies, but they are a gift horse which country dwellers should look carefully in the mouth. "Regional" sounds good — but you can be sure that the money distributed will be to monolithic projects in big regional cities, not small-scale grants to help the village shop. As for the building of two million new homes on green-field sites in southern England, Nicholas Raynsford's ideas have caused such a furore that the Department of the Environment has been distancing itself from his

proposals, emphasising that they have yet to obtain Cabinet approval. But once that approval has been obtained, what point will there be in remonstrating?

Nor will the hunting issue go away. There is too much naivety among new Labour members, childishly open to persuasion by animal rights campaigns, for that. It is said that "the bull must be lanced", and from his verandah in Tuscany, Tony Blair must think how that can be done. The smoke already coming from the rural bonfire suggests the last thing it needs is more paraffin. A Royal Commission is his obvious escape route — though the blood of the hunting lobby is now up, and he might have difficulty (following Professor Patrick Bateson's report on stag hunting for the National Trust), in convincing them it would give their side a fair hearing.

To some country people, there was an irony about Mr Blair's recent initiatives in Northern Ireland. Just as he was struggling to tie the recalcitrant tendrils of sectarian opinion into the trellys of the peace process, new Labour boots were tramping over rural Britain's tender stems. No one would expect the Government to have an instinctive sympathy for country opinion, often coloured by the traditionalism and political incorrectness that they would like to eradicate, but if Mr Blair is to succeed as a one-nation Prime Minister he will have to turn opponents into friends.

Clive Aslet is Editor of Country Life

## No better recipe for conflict

Labour is in too much of a hurry to reform the constitution, says Max Beloff

Labour has been in power for a hundred days. One might have thought that an incoming government with a large majority would have taken such issues as employment, the environment, social security, education or health care — to name only the most obvious — as its priority for action. Instead, the bulk of legislative time is being devoted to a series of constitutional "reforms", ill-digested and undebated and carried out at a pace that is impossible to justify and has no parallel in our long constitutional history.

For the more than 300 years that have elapsed since the "Glorious Revolution", the defining moment of the modern British state, there has been a constant evolution of the system towards what we know today: in the 18th century the development of the responsibility of the executive to the House of Commons; in the 19th and 20th centuries, the vast extensions of the franchise and the subordination of the Upper to the Lower House; in our own time the wide extensions of the role of central government in every aspect of the nation's life.

What is striking is both the flexibility of the institutions, some dating back to the Middle Ages, and the fact that all the major changes brought about by them were the subject of prolonged public debate among the political class of the day, and at times even among those excluded from the political process. Some of the country's best minds were devoted to the detailed consideration of proposals for change. None of this applies to the current proposals, whether for "devolution" to Scotland and Wales, for changes in the electoral system and the government of London, for changes in the composition of the House of Lords or for the incorporation into British law of a set of abstract principles originally enunciated for quite different purposes.

The support for including such measures in the Government's programme and in Parliament's timetable springs in part from intellectual fashions in certain influential quarters, in part from minority aspirations, and in part from their apparent lack of impact on national finances. When one asks for an explanation of how the whole thing hangs together one gets from the Lord Chancellor the reply that there is no need to worry since he chairs all the relevant Cabinet committees, and can be trusted to see that co-ordination is maintained. (see the article by Lord Irvine of Lairg in *The Times*, July 2).

One can of course see one obvious outcome were all these measures to be enacted. We would have abandoned the flexibility conferred by the sovereignty of the Crown in Parliament to the rigidity of a "written constitution". It is sometimes said that we have never had a

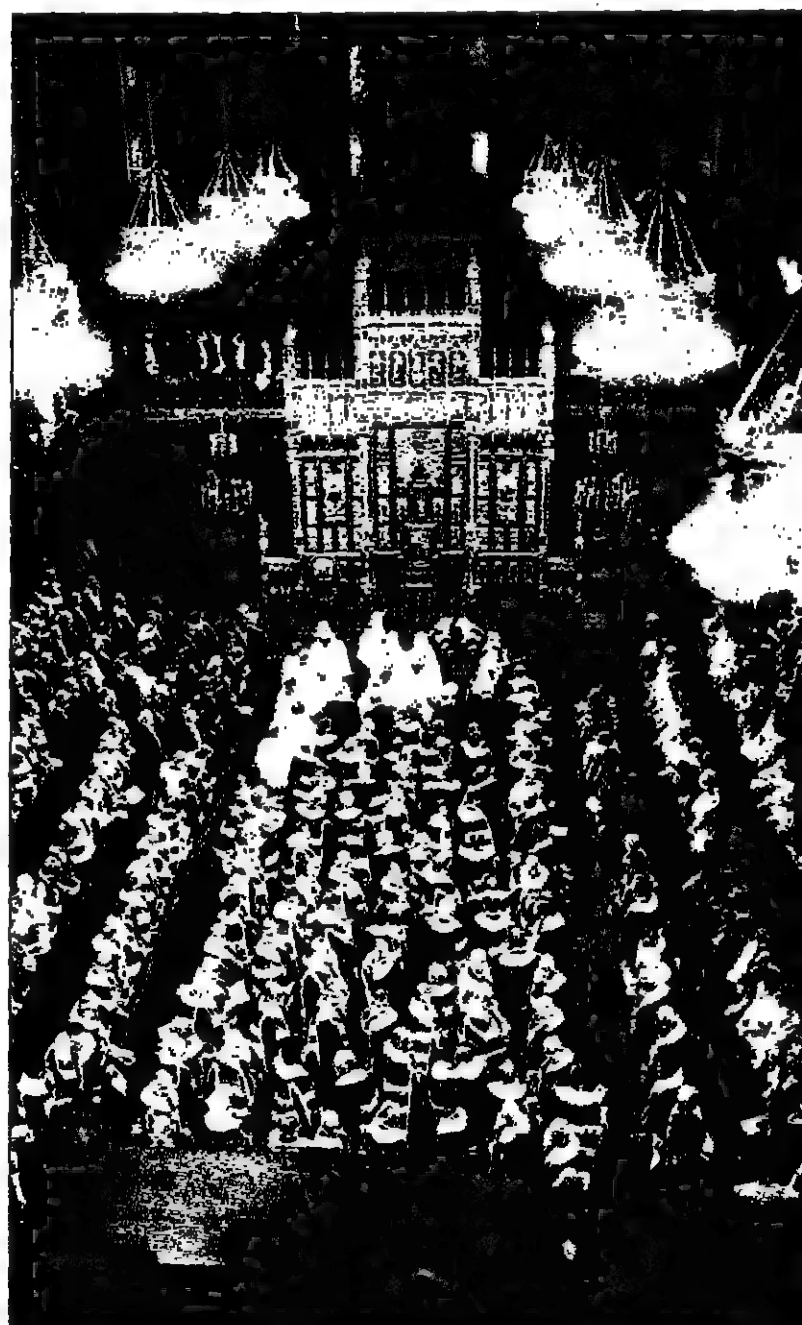
written constitution, but that betrays the widespread ignorance of English history, which is not the least disturbing outcome of our educational system. We have, in fact, had two: the Instrument of Government of 1653 and the Humble Petition and Advice of 1657. Neither worked to general satisfaction and England ended up subject to virtual military government, which only ended with the welcome restoration of Charles II. Without wishing to draw an exact parallel between the present holders of power and Cromwell and his major generals, it is a period in the country's history best not forgotten.

None of this is to suggest that all constitutional change is to be deprecated. Some constitutional questions are unavoidable, though possibly insoluble. Northern Ireland comes to mind. But the only sound basis for meaningful change is a consideration of what is actually happening. If one considers recent decades, two obvious changes in the constitutional position are evident.

The most obvious, in the sense of its being easier to define, has been the passing of the law-making power of the UK Parliament to the institutions of the European Union and the transfer of the power to interpret our laws from our independent judiciary to courts at Strasbourg and Luxembourg. Since the impact of both these developments has implications for our domestic well-being as well as for our relations with other countries, a wise government would begin by seeing to what extent Parliament's powers and those of our judges can be restored.

Why this inquiry has not been embarked upon by any of the governments that have held office since the Treaty of Rome leads one to the second development that should cause concern. The contemporary House of Commons is suited neither in its procedures or its personnel to discharge its classical responsibilities — the serious consideration of legislation, and the supervision of the executive. Decreasing numbers of MPs have either the experience or the range of skills to perform such duties with confidence, and would appear to be regarded by the voters principally as local "ombudsmen". Moreover, they seem to show an unwillingness to submit their proposals to scrutiny or amendment in the House of Lords, where both experience and expertise are found to a much greater degree.

The argument for haste is buttressed by the claim that devolution cannot be postponed in view of the national demands of the Scots and the Welsh. Again the argument is hard to sustain. Wales has been part of a common policy since the time of the Tudors, Scotland



Ill-debated reforms of ancient institutions are being rushed through at a pace that is impossible to justify and has no parallel in our long constitutional history

gave up its separate parliament nearly 300 years ago. Would it not be a good idea to allow some time to get the new dispensation on the right lines? The advocates of devolution thrive on a confusion between the widely accepted principle of national self-determination and the concrete suggestions for devolution. If a nation truly aspires to run its own affairs, the general consensus today is that its independence should be accepted — though examples across Europe (including Ireland) and elsewhere show that when a sizeable majority rejects the new regime for whatever reason, even independence may not be the solution. In some cases, however, a federal rather than a unitary

form of government may provide the due to success.

Federalism is a respectable idea with a long history. It has developed accepted norms of procedure and has produced an impressive body of literature. But the reasons for rejecting federalism for the United Kingdom, or "Home rule all round" as it used to be styled, are familiar and persuasive. So instead the Scots are held to desire devolution: that is to say that Englishmen should have no say in the affairs of Scotland while Scotsmen in the Westminster Parliament should continue to have a voice in English affairs. It is hard to think of a better recipe for conflict.

To this one must add the much

canvassed question of financial relations and the less often raised issue of the strains on the role of the monarch, and the integrity of the Civil Service. But whatever one's view of these and other matters, one thing is clear. While Scottish independence would not massively affect the governance of the rest of the United Kingdom, devolution involves the recasting of the entire constitution. It is thus of as much importance to residents in England as to those who inhabit Scotland or Wales — the denial of a vote to the English in the referendum shows the extent to which the whole implications of their proposals are unappreciated by the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues.

It is also the case that devolution fits into the process by which British self-rule has been undermined by EU institutions. Some advocates of devolution have no qualms about admitting their expectation that what they are seeking is not so much more self-rule for the Scots as more power for "Europe" over Scotland and the other regions of Britain. Indeed the co-chairman of the Scottish Convention, Baroness Ramsay of Carrville, has made it clear that she sees no contradiction between her championing of devolution and her commitment to further European integration. Her braveheart is not William Wallace but Jacques Santer.

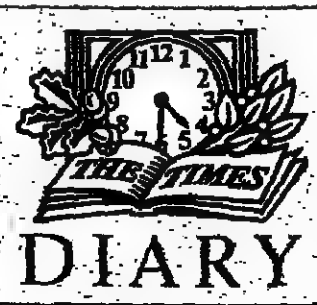
Compared with the threatened destruction of the unity of the kingdom, playing around with the composition of the House of Lords might be seen as a minor folly. But it illustrates the shallowness of the whole current approach to constitutional reform. How can the composition of a legislative chamber be decided without a clear notion of its proposed powers and functions? And how can this be known when the powers and scope of the House of Commons itself remain to be decided? All we have been told so far is that the Government is committed to removing the rights of hereditary peers. For a government that claims to be "pragmatic" this is an interesting example of its innate dogmatism. The reason given is that the hereditary principle is wrong. We sometimes get the additional claim that it is undemocratic, which should mean that it is a principle rejected by the population at large. In fact, a survey of many human societies at all levels of sophistication suggests that hereditary social roles, including leadership, are not infallible. Looking down from the gallery at the new House of Commons one might feel that selecting citizens for public duties by lot would give as good results and more cheaply. This is no more outrageous a notion than most of those now peddled as constitutional "reforms".

Lord Beloff is a former Gladstone Professor of Government and Public Administration at Oxford

## Making a mess

FILMING the new movie version of *The Avengers* began at the Royal Naval College in Greenwich on Wednesday in chaos. A storm of simulated snowflakes — consisting of polystyrene chips and raw potato — was released upon the cast, including Uma Thurman and Sean Connery, outside the building. Unfortunately, a flurry of flakes was sucked into the banqueting room, the Painted Hall, through the ventilation system.

There they stuck to the great baroque ceiling, painted by the 18th-century artist, Sir John Thornhill, to the Tuscan columns and to the giant pilasters separating the lower hall and upper galleries. Further devastation was wrought when two miniature cranes brought in by the film company to transport props went trundling over the 16th-century flagstones, leaving the authorities clutching their stomachs in pain.



"There's a frightful mess," says a college inhabitant who witnessed the fiasco. "The potato bits are particularly hard to scrape off the walls and ceilings. We may need to employ an official picture restorer to deal with the Thornhill ceiling, but the flagstones are irreplaceable." The film company was unavailable for comment but will be expected to make good their mess.

### Gummed up

ANGLO-ITALIAN relations in London are being strained by chewing-gum deposits. The gum has been piling up on the pavement outside the Italian Consulate in

### Car trouble

MECHANICAL failure is spreading down from the Mir space station to infect even the highest echelons of Russian life. Yesterday

Belgravia, left by the long queues of schoolchildren and tourists waiting to get in to the understaffed office. The local dowagers and Euro-millionaires are furious at endlessly finding gum on the soles of their soft leather shoes.

Despite repeated complaints, however, neither Westminster Council nor the consulate will accept responsibility for the mess. "Chewing gum is categorised as an antisocial deposit," says a spokesman at Westminster Council, "and we have special cleansing equipment to deal with it, but it is too expensive to mobilise it on such a small area. Can't the consulate pick it off themselves?" It would appear not.

"I regularly inspect the deposits," says Dr Lucio Savola, the genial Italian Consular-General, "and I find them most un-sympatico. But I can't possibly ask my cleaning staff to deal with the problem. It would be too demeaning."

morning, the usual cavalcade of limousines, security guards and motorcycle outriders, carrying President Yeltsin to work at the Kremlin was accompanied by the sound of a hideous screeching. The front wing of Yeltsin's own stretched Mercedes limousine was hanging off and scraping along the ground as the car raced along. To

the visible embarrassment of Yeltsin's poons, on the pavements all round, Moscowites were doubled up laughing at this display of presidential power and, worst of all, a sniggering band of American tourists.

●Dodi Fayed, "De Man for Diana" as my tabloid colleagues describe him, has at least got a playboy's name. Dodi, a pet name for Emad, is commonly pronounced "Doodi" and is a favourite of mummy's boys and rascals.

### Hard act

LONDON'S more sensitive literati are to receive a shot in the arm with the arrival in October of Hunter S. Thompson. He is making a rare sortie from his home in Woody Creek, Colorado, to promote his new book *The Proud Highway: The Fear and Loathing Letters*. Unfortunately for those who are having to handle him, he is feeling prickly — not a desert cactus.

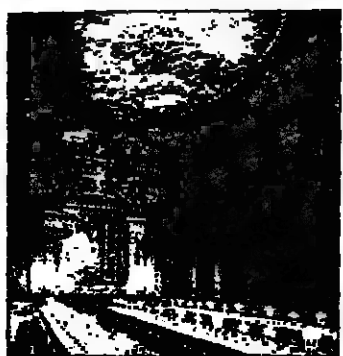
In a fax to his publisher, David Reynolds, of Bloomsbury, Thompson reveals a Queen Mother-ish taste in hotels and says he is prepared to come but only on certain



Thompson: pinched nerve

conditions: "Assuming we can work out suitably comfortable accommodations [sic]," he writes, "travel and professional medical attention for the pinched sciatic nerve in my back. It tends to act up when I travel. No doubt Claridge's will have a chiropractor on call at all hours in case of problems." One more condition: "I cannot be forced to stand naked five or six hours at a time in Scottish drinking contests."

P.H.S



The Painted Hall and Uma Thurman: covered in flakes









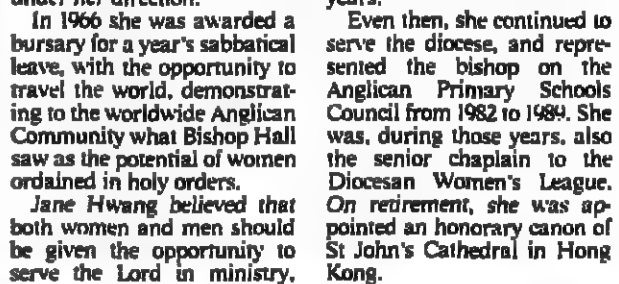


# PETER ASHMORE

of Britain *Three Sisters*, with Ralph Richardson, Sheila Johnson, Margaret Leighton, Renee Asherson and Diana Churchill leading a superb cast that never quite became a team.

But there can be no doubts about the subtlety and power of the 1964 revival of *Hedda Gabler*, this time with Peggy Ashcroft, this time every member of the cast. Alan Badel in full rhetorical flight as the ruined Ejler Løvborg, George Devine cherubically unaware as Tesman, and Michael Kaufmann coaxed from Dublin to create a jagged Brack of satanic punctiliousness (on his first entrance, he shot his cuffs across the swift turn of his head, so that a diplomat's politesse was tinged with schoolboy insolence).

She was confirmed at 14. She went to Canton for her senior secondary course and attended the Union Theological Seminary there. The Japanese advance in 1939 interrupted her studies, but she was able to join Hwa Chung University, a refugee university then situated in southwest China. She graduated in theology and education, which she followed, after the war, with a master's degree at Columbia University.



her debut at the Wigmore Hall in 1930. Solo engagements followed and in 1937 she formed the Kamanan Trio with Marjorie Hayward and Kathleen Markwell. Her colleague and friend the violinist Maria Lidka, described her playing as having "above all great vigour, as well as deep tenderness, rock-solid rhythm, impeccable phrasing and absolute dedication to the composers wishes".

She married the pianist and composer Benjamin Greenwood in 1941. He was called up the day after their wedding, but on his return from service the two gave many recitals together, often broadcast by the BBC. During the war Butler was also one of the many

artists who played at Myra Hess's National Gallery Concerts. On one memorable occasion in 1941 she and others entertained a Prom audience through the night until the "all clear" signal was given, hours after her own concert had finished. She continued to keep up her close contacts in Europe; one close friend was Arthur Honegger, whose Sonata she performed in Paris with his wife at the piano.

After her husband died in 1962 she continued to be active as teaching activities took over, at the Yehudi Menuhin School, the Birmingham School of Music and as a professor at the Royal College of Music, and it is as a teacher that she will be remembered.



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*Before vaunting the pleasures of gypsy travel, the author launched a scathing attack on wayside pubs and hotels.*

a few acrid pickles and followed by a plateful of stringy rhubarb, is the substance of your lunch; the relentless chop, which defies the blandishments of Worcester sauce and the assaults of mortal cutlery at dinner; the rank hacon and impenetrable egg that await your descent from the stuffy pomposity of your bedroom; the amazing bill that saddens your departure . . .

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# THE TIMES weekend

The Royals and the art of being a godparent  
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SATURDAY AUGUST 9 1997

For a blue-collar syndicate, shooting grouse is about love, not money. Walter Ellis celebrates the Glorious Twelfth



## Not just for big shots

Lords, or at least tenants, of all they survey, the lads of the Dartmouth Syndicate stride purposefully over the moors, their dogs at their heels, eyes peeled for vermin. They have work to do: grit to lay down, traps to check, butts to repair. Steve Hirst, the gamekeeper, bends to examine the heather, rubbing the young shoots between finger and thumb, testing it for freshness, and assesses the much coarser third-year growth for its suitability as cover.

Overall, he is satisfied with progress. The season is shaping up nicely, without any of the heightened sense of urgency usually associated with the run-up to the Glorious Twelfth. On grouse moors elsewhere, the gentry in their tweeds and the corporate guns in their Barbour will have itchy trigger fingers, desperate for the honour next Tuesday of bringing down the first bird. But here, in Cupwith Moor (pronounced Cypith), about 1,300ft above the mill villages of West Yorkshire, August 12 is just

another day. September is when the Dartmouth shoot can hope for its harvest and, if they are lucky, the total bag will come to about 15 brace, 30 birds, each destined for the pot. This is a blue-collar syndicate, not afraid to get its hands dirty. Howard Copley, a somewhat stern-faced 25-year-old, is shoot captain, charged with coordinating the guns and organising the annual sport. During the week, he works as a butcher at a nearby supermarket where, he says — almost surprised by the question — there's not much call for grouse. Howard is a man with a mission, proud of what he has become. One quickly senses that it is here, on the open heath, that he feels most himself and most at home.

By Howard's side, Steve, looking like a shorter version of

Bruce Grobbelaar minus the pony tail, is the man who taught him everything he knows. Steve works for a Huddersfield engineering firm, making valves, but races home every evening so that he can change into his gamekeeper's gear and head for the hills.

Like Howard, he stresses the conservation role of the shoot. He reels off the names of the moorland birds for which they provide a habitat: meadow pipits, skylarks, curlews, redshanks, golden plover. He is particularly proud of a pair of short-eared owls that has taken up residence, and of the arrival, so far unconfirmed, of a peregrine falcon. "They'll take a few of us chicks," he adds cheerfully in the familiar *Last of the Summer Wine* dialect of the region. "But that's nature, isn't it? There's enough up here for

all on us." Steve's son, Matthew, aged eight, is obviously delighted to be out on the moor with his dog. He and young Scott Lawton, whose dad, Martin, works as a sparky in the local power station, represent the next generation and already know every inch of the shoot.

The group secretary is Steve "Bronco" Holden, a genial, thickset man in his thirties, fond of a hamburger in the pub, who doubles as a plumber and general builder in nearby Slaithwaite. Born and raised over the county border in Cheshire, he came into shooting via fishing with his dad and now (whisper it) lists deerstalking among his more audacious pursuits.

Each man is keenly aware of the revolution that has taken

place in the syndicate over the past 20 years. "I can remember when I was a kid, it was the doctor, the solicitor, the village professionals, who kept the shoot going," says Glen Dolan, a meat-trade worker. "The gamekeeper was one of the tenant farmers. It was a totally different carry-on to what it is now. The best thing about it now is the chat."

Not all traditions have been jettisoned. Strict decorum is maintained when the guns are out. Anyone who shoots across the line, endangering the lives of others, is ordered off the moor. What is missing is any sense of class superiority. Members concentrate on the business in hand, targeting wild birds that can weave towards them at speeds of more than 50mph. "Some get away and some don't," says Bronco,

squinting down the length of his arm. "Depends if you've got your eye in. We don't go in for champagne or wine or anything fancy like that. We shoot till dinner time [shortly after midday] and break for a sandwich before carrying on till three. Then we go to the pub for a pint and a bowl of stew."

Shoots are days out for the entire community. Friends and family, some still employed in the one functioning mill, turn up to assist as beaters and flankers, driving the grouse towards the guns. At the end of the day, everyone is given £5 and a meal for their trouble. Any spare grouse are handed over to local farmers for their indulgence over the year.

"Aren't the guns rather expensive?" I ask, thinking of the small fortunes some people pay for a Purdey or a Holland &

Holland. "About £150 to £1,000 is as much as any of us ever paid," Howard says. "It isn't the gun as counts, it's the man behind it," Steve smiles.

Years ago, as Glen remembered, the present Dartmouth Syndicate would have been the sort of people who Lord Dartmouth's grandfather would have employed as beaters, driving his grouse towards the guns. The idea that they might have joined the shoot — as equals, by God — would have struck the earl as an offence against nature. Even today, grouse shooting is lodged in the public mind much as a gamekeeper is lodged within the gates of a stately home — as a traditional component of aristocratic privilege.

The president of the Game Conservancy Trust is Gerald Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster, who numbers 22,500 acres of grouse moor in Lancashire among his assets. Chairing the same body is Earl Peel, who is also on the board of the Countryside Alliance and the

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There's nothing like a young woman with a grouse moor behind her to set a man's heart a flutter, Joanna Pitman discovers

## The pull of the Grouse Babes

The Glorious Twelfth, that fixed high point of the British summer for the rich and landed and those who mingle among them, seems to be thriving despite the scent of anti-blood sports militancy in the air. But this year's Twelfth is going to be a little bit less glorious than usual for the nation's unattached guns. They are going to be one babe short.

With the marriage and retirement as self-styled "grouse babe" last month of 30-year-old Rosie Nickerson, a crackshot whose inheritance includes a highly desirable grouse moor at Swaledale in North Yorkshire, the tally of most eligible "Daughters Of" — young women whose daddies own thousands of acres of windy, rainswept grouse moors — is reduced to just 29.

For most people, free access to a grouse moor would be a well, nice for picnics, kite-flying, breezy walks, that sort of thing. But then, most of us were probably not brought up on the top of a moor, snuffling around as a toddler among gamekeepers and dead birds, or wielding a 28-bore shotgun at the age of eight or nine.

For those who were, the mention of grouse and moors brings a strange, faraway gleam to the eye. For young men who have had a go at rabbits and pheasants, the call of the grouse is by far the greatest challenge, and the prospect of "marrying a moor" can turn an otherwise sensible chap into a glutinous, fawning fool.

Daughters Of, who can give access to — or even occasionally ownership of — a moor, are highly sought after. The love lives of such young misses as Elizabeth Anne Nicholson-Fletcher, Iona Stuart Forthingham, Lady Iona Peel, Lady Tamara Grosvenor, the Hon Rosie Sutherland and the Roberts sisters, whose daddies all own grouse moors, can be known to come to full flower quicker than for those whose daddies don't.

When Rosie was 17, for example, she was proposed to by a shooting man who fell into a state of thrilled obeisance as soon as he discovered that she came with moors attached. She turned him down.

Elizabeth Anne, 19 years old and cooking for a living, has a healthy attitude towards her heathery assets. "Most of my boyfriends know the shooting form: actually, most of them have known how to shoot



Lucinda Roberts (left), "Daughter Of" the Conistone shoot in North Yorkshire, and the changing look of the grouse moor fashions of casual 1997 (centre) and formal 1952.



The prospect of 'marrying a moor' can turn a sensible chap into a glutinous, fawning fool

pretty well. I've probably met all of them through shooting parties or through friends of my brothers, all of whom shoot. It's easier if they know the form, because I'm a keen shot and I would like my boyfriends to be able to enjoy it too.

"What happens is, you meet someone and you start going out with them, and then much later on when you mention it, their eyes light up, and they say, 'Oh, so you've got a grouse moor, have you?' Although it's quite nice that we have one, I don't tend to shout about it. I don't say, 'Oh, Daddy's got a grouse moor' or anything like that. I let them find out later and, when they do discover, they usually want to come and stay."

Elizabeth Anne's father owns 7,500 acres of grouse moor in Inverness-shire, and the four children have been brought up to consider shooting grouse to be as natural a pastime as swimming or playing ping-pong. "I started when I was nine," she says. "All my brothers were shooting and it was the most natural thing for me to do, too. I shot rabbits

first, then pheasant, but it took me a while to get my eye in. I had a 4.10, a single-barrelled gun, to start on, and I remember my brothers teasing me all the time.

"There was one really good day when my brothers stood on either side of me and behind, assuming I would miss all the birds. The first one came over and I got it. Then two more came over and I got a right and a left. The boys were shouting that it was a fluke, but the third came over very high and somehow I got that one, too. So that was when I proved myself.

"I was 14 when I shot my first grouse and I've never missed a Glorious Twelfth since. I'm usually the only girl in the line so I get lots of attention. When my brothers come up with their girlfriends, most of whom can't shoot, I can go out with the boys and have them all to myself. That's great fun. With four brothers I've always counted myself as one of the boys."

Ever ready to stomp miles across moors in all weathers, equipped with the sort of megaphonic voice that can cut through force-ten gales, and a crackshot

herself, Elizabeth Anne is unlikely to end up marrying a cardigan-clad stamp collector. For this is the time of year when the heathery, feathery plumage of Elizabeth Anne and her 28 fellow babes becomes most attractive and they find themselves intensely fêted and grovelled to.

Despite being gussied up in the all-weather kit, a distinctly unromantic costume of scratchy tweed plus-twins, thick woollen stockings, heavy leather-lined boots and layers of thick jumpers, they end up having to fight off the attentions of dapper male suitors with guns.

Iona Stuart Forthingham, 27, and a Daughter Of a Perthshire shooting family, rather enjoys the courting rituals and has had plenty of opportunities to get cosy in the butts with the boys. "I've been going out all my life on the family moor with the guns, but I used to help carry a game bag or just be a hanger-on. It never occurred to me to shoot, because girls just didn't do it, really. I used to meet plenty of nice guys in the butts, though, and we always had lots of time to get to know each other, although we weren't meant to talk too loudly because that disturbs the birds."

Devotees of the codes and conventions of moorland love affairs will have noticed the use of the phrase "girls just didn't do it, really". Quite a lot of Daughters Of don't actually shoot, either because (understandably) they can't stand the blood, they don't like the painful recoil of the gun on the shoulder, it's too cold and wet, or they have simply been discouraged from picking up a gun by an old-fashioned father.

Lucinda Roberts, a twenty-some-

thing Daughter Of the Conistone shoot in North Yorkshire, and described in society magazines as a "bubbly extrovert blonde who works in marketing in London", told *The Field*: "It's a fairy-tale idea, standing with a gorgeous Heathcliffe type in a butt while he's slaying grouse."

But don't try bandying grouse-babe niceties with Lucinda or inquiring about her gorgeous boyfriends this week: she's not playing. "Oh, I don't want to talk about that any more. You've caught me in Greece, actually. I'm on holiday and anyway I don't shoot grouse."

Beth Peel, who shoots every year on the Peel family moors north of Skipton in Yorkshire, says that women ought to be encouraged to have a go if they want to — and if they learn properly.

"Women are often better at it than men, because they have better hand-to-eye co-ordination. Women used to shoot as much as men during the Victorian period; it's only in the past 100 years or so that women guns have been frowned

on by men. Perhaps it's the competition that worries them." Nevertheless, Iona's sister doesn't do it and Iona herself was never encouraged, even though her father, a keen shot, declared for years that whoever she married would have to be able to shoot and reel.

Eventually, Iona taught herself how to shoot. "I was about 18 and I just decided that I wanted to have a go myself. A boyfriend at the time who has a moor in Peebleshire helped me to get a gun and got me going. Now I shoot regularly at home. I didn't find it difficult at all at the beginning. I'm told I have a good eye. It was rather satisfying, really, going out with all the men and standing up for myself for the first time."

"I mostly shoot at home on Strathbraan and I really enjoy it, although I'm not particularly good. I need someone standing beside me, and, of course, being a girl, I don't get as much practice as the boys. I'm not brilliant, but I am keen. I've been out shooting on the Twelfth every year since 1990, and I get a little bit better each time. I'm quite keen to be as good as a man."

Iona, tactically sharp in the use of her moorland assets, is due to shrug off the grouse-babe label next May when she marries Christopher Boyle. "We met at the Caledonian Ball at the Grosvenor House Hotel, and he is a keen shot. I hope he's not marrying me for my moor. I don't think he is."

Robert Miller, the Hong Kong-based duty-free tycoon who bought Gunnerside — 35,000 acres of grouse moor in North Yorkshire — for close to £10 million in 1995, has seen his daughters married off most satisfactorily, although, judging by their spouses, the thrill of the duty-free assets may have exceeded the thrill of the moors. Pia has married Christopher Getty, Marie-Chantal has married Crown Prince Pavlos of Greece and Alexandra has married Prince Alexander von Fürstberg.

None of the daughters shoots and it is doubtful that any of their husbands do either, but perhaps Miller should begin to insist they do. After all, the last thing any grouse father wants is to hand his precious heathery moors to non-shooting heirs, who might just sell off all the woodland for timber and level the moors for a new international airport.

## 'There's a solidarity. Nothing will make us give up the life we love'

Continued from page 1

British Field Sports Society, where his colleagues include the Earl of Stockton, Lord "Beano" Mancroft and Lord Steel, a wine connoisseur and former Liberal Democrat leader. Viscount Whitelaw, like many old-school Conservatives, is a keen shot. His accidental wounding of Sir Joseph Nickerson during a shoot in 1984 has not dampened his enthusiasm.

Ronnie Capel Cure, an Old Etonian of Blake Hall, in Essex, is one of the latest men on the circuit. Once, when shooting with the Duke of Buccleuch, he snatched a passing grouse out of the air, prompting the duke's keeper to remark the following year: "Will ye be shooting them or catching them this year, sir?"

For generations the upper classes have thought of grouse moors as their particular domain, reserved to them as of right. Yet shooting has become, an almost prohibitively expensive business, so much so that even Earl Peel — "a big shooting man," say friends — felt



The grouse: target of a sporting desire

obliged two years ago to sell his 32,000 acres at Gunnerside, North Yorkshire, to Robert Miller, the retailing tycoon, for close to £10 million.

A day's sport on a high-profile moor, such as Gunnerside, can command more than £1,000, restricting shooting in the main to landowners, stockbrokers, super-market tycoons and ageing rock stars.

Not so in Cupwith. Here, where the main title on display

is the *Angling Times* in someone's back pocket, cash disposed of is more modest. A full gun membership of the Dartmouth Syndicate costs £400, entitling the holder to a likely six days shooting a year — just two for grouse, the others for pheasant and duck.

The money raised is used to maintain the 1,500 acres that are the syndicate's sole responsibility under the terms of the lease. Grit has to be put down at regular intervals so that the grouse have the grounds in which to break down the heather and bilberries that comprise their sole adult diet. On occasions, medicated grit, treated to guard against digestive infections, has to be employed, but, at £72 a bag, it can be used only sparingly.

Heather is the prime concern. Without its conservation a grouse moor will degenerate within a few years. Bracken takes over and turns the landscape into a knee-deep jungle, alive with ticks. Game birds vanish, along with the curlews and redshanks, the foxes and hares. The alternative, turning the moor over to sheep, ensures only a bleak expanse of bare peat on which nothing grows.

"People imagine moorlands happen naturally," Steve Hirst says. "They don't realise they have to be managed."

He is scornful of a decision by Bradford Metropolitan Council to halt grouse shooting on Ilkley Moor, about 30 miles to the north. "They don't approve of us shooting grouse. What they want is conservation, they say. But you watch. The rot will start off with mountain-biking and rambling. Next, the kids'll move in with motorbikes, churning it up. Then the bracken and the predators will start to appear. Before you know it, there'll be nowt worth conserving."

Over the brow of the hill, about half a mile distant, Cupwith descends gently to a peat-rich stream, beyond which lie meadows (known locally as "intake") grazed by sheep and cattle. Part of the moor adjacent to the syndicate land was fenced off last year to provide further intake and is already changing its character. The shoot captain and his lads do not complain about this, but they are not happy either. The moor to them is part of their heritage, to be enjoyed by young and old, and the idea that the farming industry, which already over-



Four members of the Dartmouth Syndicate on Cupwith Moor — plenty of grit and not a tweed suit among them

the last word puzzles them. The working class of Yorkshire's West Riding have had it hard for centuries. In the hollows of the hills, mill chimneys jut into the skies, flanked by serried rows of stone halls in which the worst wealth of England was made. They can be picturesque but, at their peak in the late-Victorian age, these were Blake's satanic mills, employing thousands of workers for a pittance while creating fortunes for the mill owners.

It is ironic that the Labour Party, for which West Yorkshire voted overwhelmingly, should now pose the greatest threat to these working men in their expanded leisure time. Syndicate members are deeply concerned about the Government's support for an anti-hunting Bill and find themselves in alliance with the Conservative-dominated British Field Sports Society in defence of their interests.

It was the employer class, acquiring land and titles, who first built up the grouse moors. But as the mills have closed and the big houses have one by one been turned into hotels and conference centres, working men (very few women) and landowners have discovered a common cause. Today, several



The way it was: the "guns" of 1911 and their bag after a good day's shoot in Yorkshire

workers' syndicates thrive in Yorkshire, with others in Lancashire and Wales, and all must work in harmony with their landlords. This being Britain, where money talks at least as loudly as class, there are, so far, no mixed-class shoots, but if there were a competition for best shoot there is no certainty the toffs and their nouveau riche friends would win.

In the Rose and Crown, up the hill from Slithwaite, the lads sup their pints after a Sunday morning on the moor. Over and over they stress the

role of the community in what they do. A deal has been done with the National Trust, which cuts their heather for them and distributes the seeds across its own, more barren land. The local Colne Valley Beagles, hunting on foot, are invited on to the moor from time to time to keep down the foxes. And the two groups and the local farmers muck in to tackle heathland fires.

"It's not like it's us and them," says Mark Ward, a security guard from nearby Marsden. "It doesn't matter who you are or what you do; round

ere everyone's the same." "Aye," says Martin Lawton, an electrician, who joined the syndicate only last year. "The day we watched Princess Anne up at game fairs in Castle Ashby, were as close as we came to ruling class."

What, though, of the alleged cruelty and the destruction of wild creatures? The question hangs in the air, refracted uneasily through several pints of Ward's Sheffield ale.

"I tell you," says Chris Foulds, who moved to the area from Bradford 15 years ago and now runs a local garage,

### FACT FILE

BRITAIN has 459 grouse moors. The season begins on August 12 and ends on December 10 (November 30 in Northern Ireland).

The outlook this year is good. In England, more than 70 per cent of moors show an increase in grouse density compared with last year. On some Scottish moors there is a small decrease, but on others north of the Border there are substantially more grouse than last year. In Wales, small increases are apparent, but grouse numbers are depressed, because of low stocks and chick survival.

To shoot driven grouse will cost up to £70 a brace, and up to £30 a brace for walked grouse. Last year, the direct expenditure generated by driven grouse shooting was £14.7 million.

The average annual bag in Scotland is 250,000; 450,000 for Britain as a whole, although the number of grouse shot on managed moors has fallen by an average of 40 per cent over the past 40 years.

Vintage years for red grouse were 1912, 1934, 1963, 1965 and 1974, although there were regional variations. The worst year was 1917, after the parasitic gutworm *Trichostrongylus tenuis*, poor weather and disease took their toll.

PORTIA COLWELL  
Information supplied by the Game Conservancy Trust.

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# Putting on the glitz

Designers are setting the high street alight with the latest sequinned and shiny fabrics.

Heath Brown joins the glitter band

Adding a bit of sparkle to your life could not be easier this autumn: the clothes rails of designer boutiques and high-street chains are positively glowing with Lurex-shot fabrics, iridescent suiting and glittering, shimmering, sequinned delights.

And it's not just evening-wear that gets to shine. Cozy cardigans are enlivened with metallic threads, simple T-shirts are coated and burnished to reflect and dazzle, and sequin and diamanté details give a touch of glamour to basic skirt shapes. There is also a touch of the unexpected: wet-look materials in evening gowns, Lurex threadwoven into new-age disco outfits and more subtle shot stripes added to knits. Everything, it seems, has that added wrinkle in an attempt to brighten up the onset of autumn.

"The exciting thing is that Lurex has been incorporated into the everyday wardrobe," says Gail Casimir, the chief designer at Etam. "The Nineties is about adding a bit of sparkle to life."

Technological innovations have made the look more possible for day and night, as the threads have become more comfortable to wear. Gone are the days of scratchy, heavy dust-printed fabrics and gold threads that were so popular with Seventies glam rockers and disco divas; today's new softened sparkly synthetics are now mixed with natural fibres for a more skin-friendly feel.

"You don't have to suffer to shine out in fashion today," says Lucille Lewin of Whistles, which stocks a wide selection of metallic looks, subtle sequinned tops and Lurex-shot knits. "Shiny fabrics are now more comfortable, easier to wear and can therefore be worn all day long." The look, she explains, is an extension of the shiny nylon fashions so popular last year, but with a touch of glamour, emphasising subtle sheens over over-glam glitz.

Because of its subtlety, she says, the look is one that will last well into autumn, to spice up a plain outfit or add glamour for evening. Yarns that were once used for evening wear — especially at Christmas — are now being mixed and matched for day-



time use. They are also an ideal foil to a dull suit, hinting at glamour, but not proving too glitzy. When mixed with this season's slushy colours, its effect is even more subtle: a series of Lurex stripes within a dark olive or brown knit is hardly disco fever, but will lift an otherwise dull ensemble.

The trick, as all the buyers point out, is to go for subtlety; don't overdo it and you will truly shine.

**ABOVE:** Gold line-knit cardigan, from a selection, £35 Warehouse (0171-278 3491); Long charcoal metallic satin dress, £450, Pein Sud, Whistles, 12 St Christopher's Place, W1, and selected branches nationwide (0171-487 4484); Shoes, £66, Red or Dead, branches nationwide (0114-273 7827).

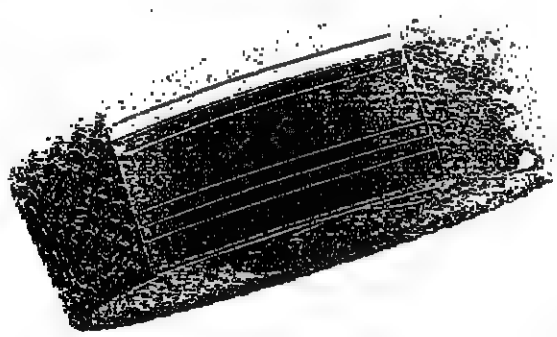


**ABOVE:** Pupa's their butterfly-knit £10, deep blue metallic cardigan, £27 Warehouse as above.

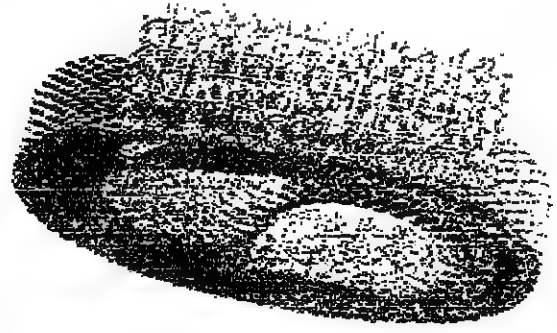
Mannequins by Richard Burns, Edinburgh; Martin Bedall, Manchester; Sarah Gottschalk, London; Gail Casimir, Etam; and Amandip Uppal.

## THREE OF A KIND

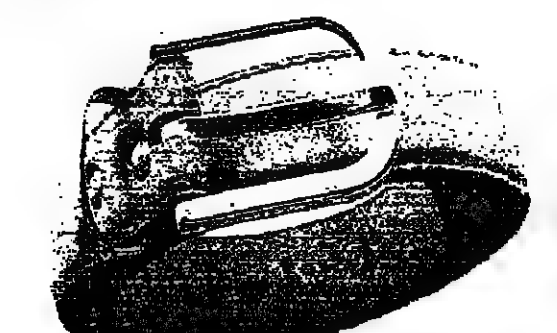
What better way to emphasise hipsters and bronzed midriffs than the glitz of a golden belt? Here are three of the best. H.B.



Gold scale belt, £24.95, Otto Glarc, Fenwicks (0181-365 1711)



Fine gold mesh belt, £79.95, Harrods (0171-730 1234)



Gold leather belt, £24.95, Fenwicks (as above)



**LEFT:** Black and silver halterneck top, £29.99, pale grey PVC skirt, £49.99, both at 123 Kensington High Street, W8 (0171-907 4411); **RIGHT:** Gold line-knit vest, £16, Etam branches nationwide (0171-484 7739); Red or Dead trousers, £110, Whistles, as above; Black patent ankle boots, £275, Gina, 169 Sicca Street, SW1 (0171-235 2332).



## Animal LOVERS?



Hungry and frightened, crying pitifully for so much, four-year-old Tim was barely able to walk. He was brought to The Blue Cross, but he didn't get a home. Our dedicated staff fed the little kitten every two hours with his pulled through.

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**THE BLUE CROSS**

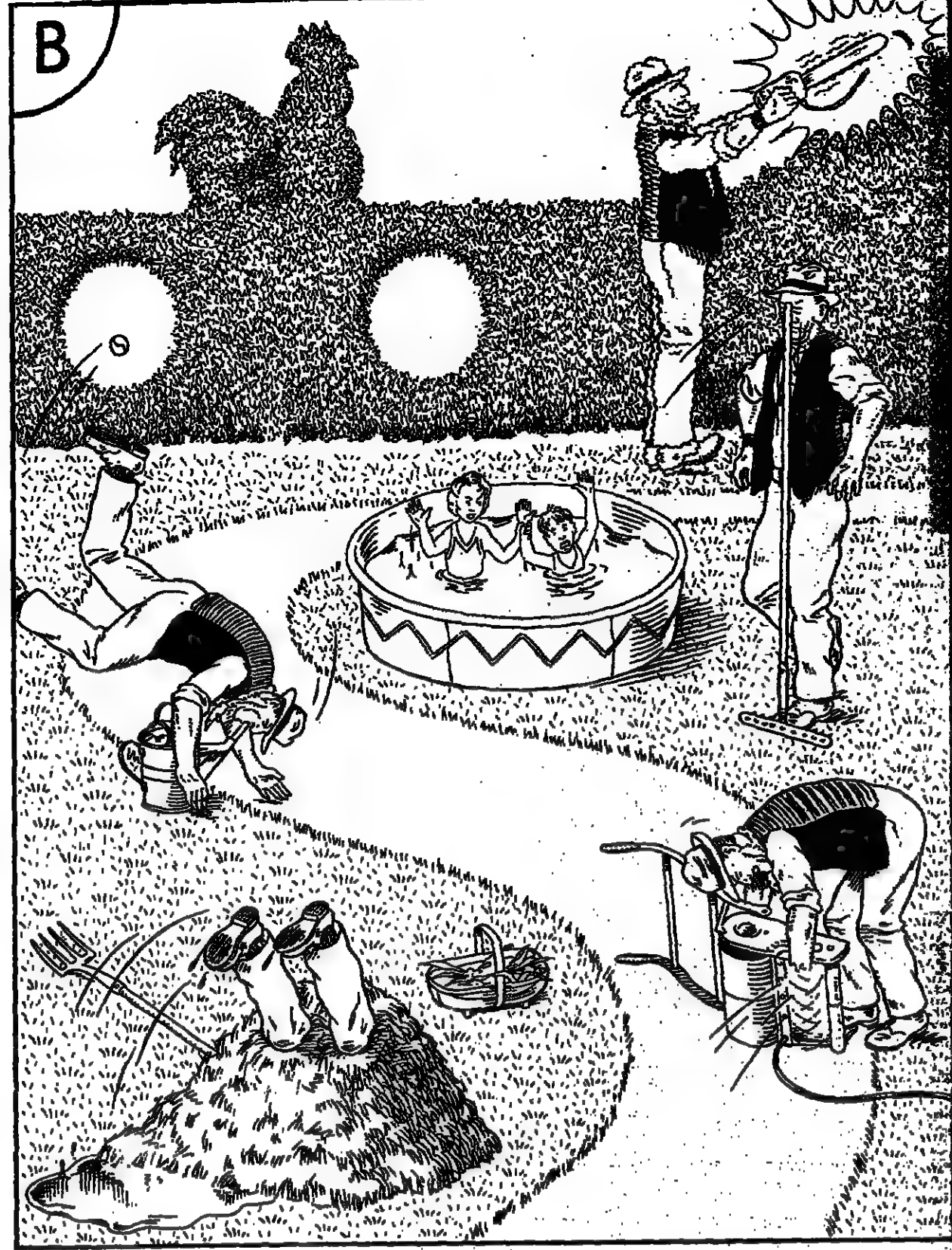
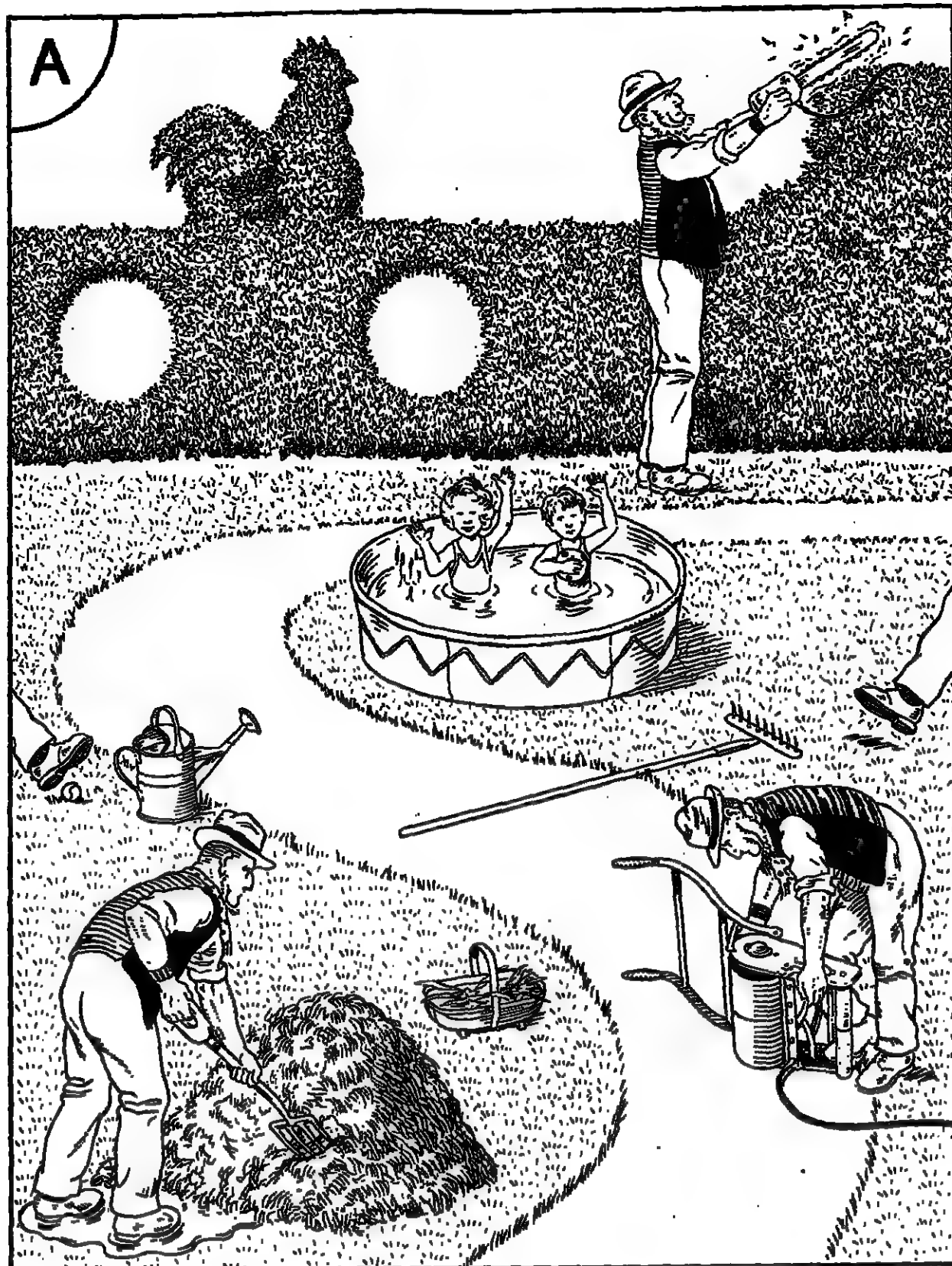












Gardens are full of hidden dangers, but by following a few simple rules you can make them safer, says Jane Owen

## Take care – it's a jungle out there

A designer friend who knows the value of urine as a compost accelerator was once stung on a delicate part of his anatomy. Gardening, like life, can be a dangerous pastime. His injury, which involved a trip to hospital, would have come under the heading "compost heap" in the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents' list of "selected garden articles causing injury".

Tantalisingly, the society does not stipulate what other injuries can be inflicted by a compost heap. In 1992, "compost heap" accounted for 0.5 per cent of 51,000 serious garden accidents. At the top of the

chart came "wood, sticks and branches", which accounted for 15.2 per cent. Latest estimates suggest there are 350,000 garden accidents every year, 25,000 of which involve tools, mostly the lawn mower.

One of the most baffling statistics is that the watering can is responsible for about 400 accidents a year. How? Accidental drowning while making detailed study of the water level? Becoming impaled on the spout? "Watering can" comes above the "garden roller" and the "rotary cultivator" in the danger list.

Cracked backs are such a regular problem for gardeners that the National Back Pain Association has a pamphlet on the subject. And

the association despairs about many standard British gardening hand tools, such as spades and forks, which cause unnecessary stress to the back because their handles are too short.

Australian-style, long-handled tools cause less back stress – the lighter the better. Neil Tools makes a range called Backsaver, which includes spades, forks, rakes, hoes and an edging knife. All the tools are lighter than most conventional equivalents and are designed to be used sitting down or standing straight.

I am reasonably fit and strong and use traditional British tools but I only ever use a border spade

which carries less soil than standard ones, so putting less strain on my back. Mowing places great strain on the back, especially when they are swept from side to side. Hands and feet are the most vulnerable parts of the anatomy after the back, and stout shoes and gloves are advised (although gloves make it impossible to trace and delve out the long roots of bindweed or mint when you are hand weeding).

Power tools such as shredders, hedge trimmers and strimmers should be used with protective goggles, and chainsaws should be used only by people who have been trained. Most hand tools are poten-

tially dangerous because they have sharp points or blades. Accidents to small children often happen when they are exploring untidy tool sheds. Lock tools away and store them tidily.

When buying children's play equipment, look for British Standard BS5665 and ensure that slides and swings are securely installed. Children need to be protected from water – half of all those who drown are toddlers.

Electrocution is a common problem and a current breaker is essential with all electrical equipment. This small plug-like device,

available from most DIY and garden stores, will cut off the power if there is a problem. Look for the BEAB or BSI kitemark: before buying tools, follow the instructions and never use in wet weather.

If man-made dangers in the garden don't get you, nature might. Tetanus, an organism which lurks in the soil, can cause death if it enters a cut, although it is probably one thing the under-fives don't have to worry about. Most will have been vaccinated at school.

Gardeners over 50 who have not been in the armed forces (where they would have been vaccinated) and are concerned about the risk of tetanus should contact their GP.

### FACT FILE

- Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents (0121-248 2000).
- National Back Pain Association (0181-977 5474). For a self-help kit about gardening and back pain, send £2.50 to the National Back Pain Association, Elm Tree Road, Teddington TW11 8EP.
- Information on tetanus: Backsaver, Neil Tools 0116-281 4242.
- Poisonous Plants in Britain and Ireland CD-Rom (see below), £39, from HMSO, PO Box 276, London SW8 5DT. Credit card orders: 0171-873 9000.
- Information on the fungi CD-Rom (see below) from Dr Deborah Smith, Royal Botanic Garden, Kew, Surrey TW9 3AE (fax 0118-332 5768).

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We are offering readers a choice of five colours: light blue, purple, pure white, bright yellow or blue and white striped – all of which will be packed separately and labelled so you can plan your colour scheme or make your own mixtures as required. Each pack has 40 bulbs and costs between £4.99 and £5.50. Alternatively, treat yourself to one pack of each variety for only £12.99 inc. p&p – giving you 200 bulbs at half the normal price.



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Allow 28 days for delivery from receipt of order. Offer available in UK only. International postage return postage within 7 days of receipt for full value. No claims for loss or damage. The Times cannot be held responsible for postal problems lost or delayed. Offer subject to availability. You may be sent further information on other offers and services which may be of interest to you. If you do not wish to be contacted please tick this box: ☐

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E	20 BLUE & WHITE STRIPED CROCUS	20	£5.50	
F	20 HALF-PRICE CROCUS COLLECTION	20	£12.99	
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## Beware the peril of poison ivy (and the rest)

Plants have great potential to harm as well as please. Giant hogweed, chichory (cichorium), rue and achillea are among many that may cause skin allergies, although all are attractive. One garden centre has even withdrawn rue because of bad publicity about its poisonous properties. It is a shame. I have scars from a hogweed burn but I still enjoy the plant.

If you eat the sedum or sweet-smelling shrub clematis or the leaves of some figs, you will be in pain, and laburnum is terribly poisonous. Parts of the yew are fatal when eaten.

The Poisons Unit at Guy's Hospital in London, which takes calls from hospitals nationwide about poisonings, has a top ten of poisonous plant inquiries (see panel).

According to Dr Liz Dauncey of Kew Gardens, eating the fruit of the

### POISONOUS PLANTS TO WATCH OUT FOR

- ☐ laburnum (poisonous)
- ☐ honeysuckle
- ☐ cotoneaster
- ☐ deadly nightshade (poisonous – the victim has usually made it into a pie, mistaking it for other plants)
- ☐ woody nightshade (poisonous)
- ☐ yew (poisonous)
- ☐ sweet peas
- ☐ pyracantha
- ☐ elder
- ☐ mahonia

plants marked with stars is not expected to cause harmful effects unless taken in substantial quantities. However, if any vomiting or abdominal pain is experienced, medical help should be sought immediately.

Unlike France, where the Government funds local identification services to check that plants and fungi gathered in the wild are edible, in Britain we have to contact a hospital if

we suspect somebody, usually a child, has eaten something poisonous. If that person is an insecticide, identification and therefore antidote is straightforward, but plant poisonings are more tricky because the hospital cannot always be sure of the correct identification of a plant. So the Royal Botanic Gardens has produced a CD-Rom called *Poisonous Plants in Britain and Ireland*. A similar CD-

Rom about fungi is due out this month. If you do think someone has been poisoned, make the victim lie down and telephone your local hospital. Keep a sample of the plant.

You may have noticed that an increasing number of plants sold in garden centres are labelled as harmful. This is in line with the Horticultural Trades Association code of practice and is a useful warning.

Children should be taught from an early age about the potency of plants. My daughters, now six and seven, spent their early summers in a patch garden with a laburnum at one end. When they were at the stage when babies put everything in their mouths, they were watched constantly. But gradually they learnt to distinguish the poisonous plants from the harmless ones.

## A festival of colour, even at the fringe

■ Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh (0131-552 7171)

One mile north of the city centre. Open all year (except Christmas Day and New Year's Day), 10am-5pm until the end of August; 10am-6pm Sept-Oct; 10am-4pm Nov-Feb. Free

Get away from the frenzy of the Edinburgh Festival, which starts this weekend, with a relaxing visit to this botanic garden. One of the oldest in the country. There are fine heather and peat gardens, and the birch collection is extensive.

But this is far more than the best of Scottish planting – 11 glasshouses hold an extensive and well-displayed selection of subtropical and tropical plants – because the views down across to the Firth of Forth are splendid.

### GARDENS TO VISIT

■ Great Maytham Hall, Rolvenden, near Cranbrook, Kent (01580 241346)

Four miles west of Tonbridge. Open Wed-Thurs, 2-5pm until end of August, last admission 4pm. Garden only £1.50, children 75p

Great Maytham is said to have inspired Frances Hodgson Burnett to write *The Secret Garden*. When she stayed at the house, the walled garden was an almost impenetrable, overgrown orchard.

Today, borders in and around the walled gardens are thick with penstemons, hebes, daisy-like leucanthemum and solanum. Cream and pink water lilies dot the pond, an

ancient mulberry tree dangles its arms over the croquet lawn, a pomegranate flourishes on one south-facing wall, and there is a herb border, a new hosta bed and newly-planted lime avenue.

■ Little Upcott Garden, Marsh Green, near Rockbeare, Devon (01404 822797)

Four miles east of M5 J29, ten miles east of Exeter. Open today – for the National Gardens Scheme, with a share of profits going to the Cats Protection League – and tomorrow, 1.30-5.30pm. At other times by appointment only. £1.50, children 50p

The garden's two acres are tended by Mike and Maureen Jones, who are plantsmen



Victoria waterlilies at the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh

with an unusual design ability. There are plenty of grey foliage plants, and this weekend the 5ft self-supporting purple-flowered *Verbena bonariensis* will be at its best and the second flush of roses will be giving some colour. The garden has a good structure, although it is informal in style with a certain amount of self-seeding allowed. The

Joneses rarely use chemicals so there is plenty of wildlife, including some ducks around the pond area and some bees, sheep and cats – visitors' dogs have to be kept on leads. If you miss today's opening, Mr and Mrs Jones are willing to open the garden by appointment.

JANE OWEN



## Alex O'Connell gets lost in a 30-room manor which is home to a public relations guru



The drawing room has a cushioned platform at one end

## Des res that's ab fab

Rock-star belts used to be long, leathery fastening devices for keeping snakeskin trousers above the hips of lanky pop stars. Of late, the words have earned a new meaning and describe discreet zones, usually in the Home Counties, where Liam, Bono *et al* can have their friends round to play, while keeping out of the public eye.

Matthew Freud, the public relations guru (Pepsi, Planet Hollywood) and man about town — the son of Clement, nephew of Lucian, brother of Emma and great-grandson of Sigmund — lives right in the buckle of it, as it were. Brewhurst House, near Loxwood, West Sussex, is as tucked away as it is possible to be without going to the Highlands. Although Kylie Minogue, Mike Rutherford (of Genesis) and Alvin Starburst are a hop away, the Brewhurst estate is the ultimate suburban zone — reached through an unassuming gate at the bottom of a long, winding lane.

He bought the house two years ago. It is a Grade II listed, 30-room Elizabethan pile, part of a small estate which includes a cottage, two barns, livery stables and a swimming pool, all set in about 61 acres of land. The Freuds (wife Caroline and sons George and Jonah) are reluctantly selling up. "It is a very big weekend house. We have a small place in Kensington and we felt that we'd got it the wrong way around," he says. The family have bought a house in Notting Hill Gate. The previous owners, the Riley-Smiths, were a grand



The Grade II listed 30-room Elizabethan pile, part of a small estate which includes a cottage, two barns and a swimming pool, is set in 61 acres

but eccentric old Sussex family who wiled away the days breeding goats, collecting Toby jugs and filling every available inch of wall space with pictures and knick-knacks. The Freuds have nothing against Toby jugs, but asked Michael Randall, the architect who designed their London house, for more selective decoration.

There was a lot of work to be done and the Freuds lived in a cottage on the estate for six months while it was completed. The result is interestingly

oxymoronic — a sort of a huge cosy cottage with hanging beams, dark wood floors and lumpy plaster.

The master suite is hopelessly grand with French tapestries and a huge bed, but downstairs there is a pinball den and a puja room, with kitsch shrines and Indian oddments. There are many personal touches — furniture shipped back from Freud's travels. "When we bought the house Caroline was pregnant and we

had just come back from Bali and got the idea for this" — he points to a huge cushioned platform in the drawing room with a cage at one end — a sort of cross between the Marquis de Sade's boudoir and a children's play area. A particularly handy spot for tipsy, tiresome dinner-guests? "Yes, sometimes you need cages for grown-ups too," he says. Freud is a veritable Inspector Gadget. Wired into the Elizabethan splendour are sensor lights and a huge television tuned into 500 channels.

The music system is enviable, with volume controls on the walls of each room. The sound quality is so good that even when you're in the orchard, admiring Claudia and Naomi in the pot-bellied pig pen, you feel as though you're sandwiched between a pair of wardrobe speakers.

At Brewhurst nothing has been left to chance. "I'm a complete control freak," says Freud proudly. "What's fantastic about doing it from scratch is that you make a decision about every single detail." This meant making sure that even the radiator caps matched the bath taps.

It is the perfect party house. A fortieth birthday party for the scriptwriter Richard Curtis was held in the barn: "It was sit-down for 200, all the guests turned up on coaches with setsons," says Freud. Then there was his son Jonah's birthday party, with Indian tents, low tables, cushions and an ice-cream bar.

So who is he expecting to buy it? "Well, Noel and Liam have been looking in the area," he says, "but really, it's a PR man's house," he smiles, safely delivering another perfectly quotable quote.

Agent: Knight Frank, Guildford (01483 565171)

Hatch Hall near Lichfield, Staffordshire (Weekend, August 2) is for sale through Knight Frank (0171-629 8171).

## HOUSE OF THE WEEK

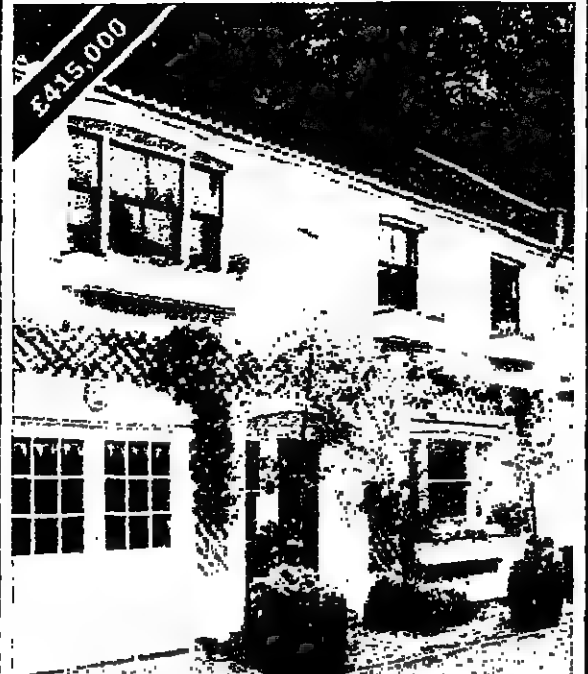
Brewhurst, near Loxwood, West Sussex.  
 ● Price: The house with 14 acres is to be offered in September for £850,000 (in lots or as a whole).  
 ● Travel: regular train service from Guildford to Waterloo (35 minutes), Horsham to Victoria (50 minutes) or Basingstoke to Victoria (one hour).  
 ● Entertainment: hunting at Chiddingfold, racing at Sandown Park and golf at Shillingham Park. Seating on the South Coast and numerous walks and rides.  
 ● Shopping: home-grown veg: supermarkets in Horsham.

## PEOPLES' CHOICE

What the same money will buy around the country  
 DESPITE the summer recess, well-located houses in central London are changing hands within hours of coming on to the market. In Chelsea, it is not uncommon for three or more buyers to be competing for the same house, with properties going over guide prices.

Mile-for-mile from London, lower Kent offers the best value property in the South East. Prices around Canterbury, which is only 60 miles from London but an hour and a half on the train, are 10 per cent cheaper than in other areas within an equivalent distance from the capital, although they are rising. Country houses over £300,000 have gained 5 per cent this year, reports Calcutt Maclean Standen in Canterbury.

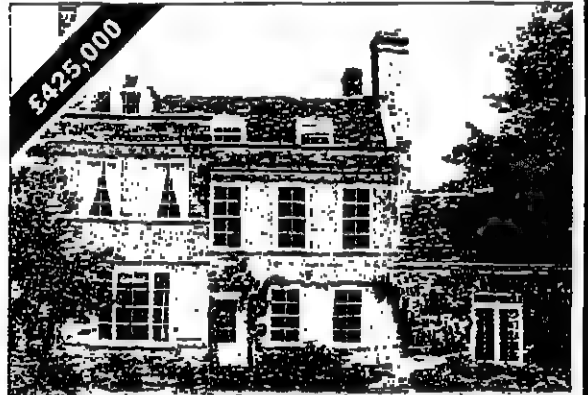
In Suffolk, the estate agent Bedfords reports a move back to the towns, with well-heeled "empty-nesters" looking to trade in their rambling country retreats for more modest period town houses offering better security and easier maintenance. A shortage of supply in towns such as Bury St Edmunds has pushed prices up 10 per cent this year.



This two-bedroom mews house in Elm Park Lane, Chelsea, west London, is for sale at £415,000 (John D. Wood, 0171-352 1484).



For the same sort of money you could buy Weymouth Manor, an historic Grade II listed 15th-century five-bedroom house in just over an acre, at Weymouth, Dorset, near Ramsgate, Kent (Calcutt Maclean Standen, 01233 812060).



Spend a little more (£425,000) in Suffolk, and you could be the proud owner of 17 Westgate Street, an eight-bedroom, five-reception room, Georgian town house in large walled gardens, close to the centre of Bury St Edmunds (Bedfords, 01284 789999).

CHERYL TAYLOR

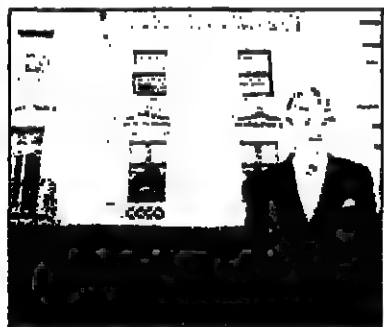
## DREAM HOMES OF THE PRs



PETER MANDELSON, Minister without Portfolio, shares his time between his Victorian Hartlepool constituency house and the Regency townhouse he recently moved into in the trendy area of Notting Hill Gate. Prices for similar properties are £600,000 to £625,000.



LIZ BREWER, society hostess, shares her five-story, six-bedroom Belgravia home of 19 years with her daughter, Talulah, and her office. With a conservatory and a "wild but fabulous" garden, her house could fetch more than £900,000 if it was put on the market.



TIM BELL, former press consultant to Baroness Thatcher, lives in a Georgian terrace house in the heart of Belgravia. It is surrounded by a 9ft privet hedge to ensure his privacy from the media. A neighbouring four-bedroom house recently sold for £1.65 million.

## PROPERTY PROFILE: NORFOLK

A weekly look at the property market around Britain

Attractions: Unspoilt sandy beaches along the north Norfolk coast lure many weekenders and sailors, particularly around the villages of Holkham, Blakeney, Burnham, Overy Staithe and Brancaster Staithe. Best inland address is genteel Burnham Market, a haven for urban sophisticates. The Norfolk Broads appeal to boatmen. The city of Norwich has a fine Norman cathedral and 12th-century castle. The county has royal connections. Queen Victoria bought Sandringham House for Edward, Prince of Wales, in 1861. And the area was also the childhood home of Diana, Princess of Wales.

The market: Doing quite nicely, Beltons in King's Lynn reports that viewings have almost doubled in the past year. Strutt & Parker in Norwich says prices have risen by 10 to 15 per cent in the same period. It has 700 applicants on its mailing list, and currently holds 60 properties. Savills in Norwich reckons that 60 per cent of buyers come from outside the area.

Prices rose by 48 per cent in 1988 alone, says Savills. The market fell by 30 to 40

per cent during the recession, according to Strutt & Parker, which reckons that the market began to improve slowly in 1995. Real recovery only began this year, however.

Expect to pay: About £110,000 to £120,000 for a three-bedroom detached cottage; £200,000 to £250,000 for a farmhouse with land and £350,000 to £450,000 for a medium-size country house, says Strutt & Parker. Period properties are in great demand, says Beltons, with the best buys in south Norfolk. And being on the sea side of the road in coastal villages can add £20,000 to your house, says Bedfords.

Significant sale: The Manor House, at West Lexham, five miles from Swaffham, was recently sold by Strutt & Parker for considerably more than its £550,000 guide price, despite needing renovation. The Grade II listed Georgian-fronted house, in 20 acres with two cottages, was on the market for five weeks, with five bidders going to best and final offers.

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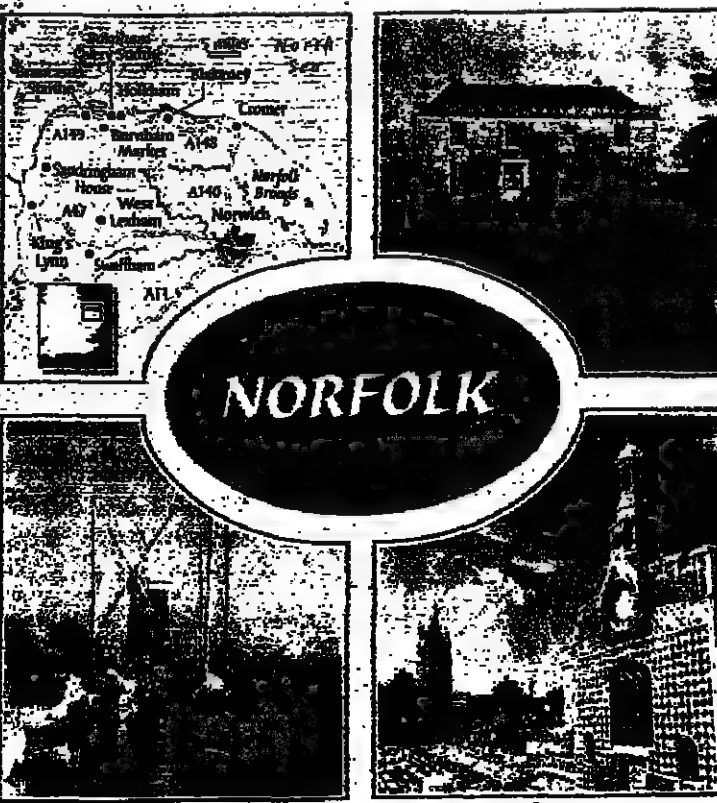
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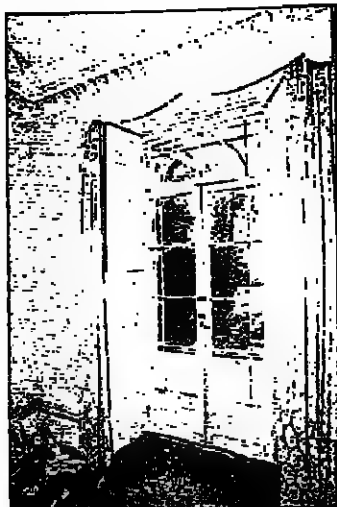
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Crumbling wrecks are being restored to their former glory, but it's not a project for the faint-hearted

# Finding love among the ruins



Georgian window in the living room, awaiting renovation

Seventeen months ago Sarah and Steve Jackson fell in love with a 12-bedroom Georgian property in the Pembrokeshire Coast National Park. "There were holes in the roof, the house had been vandalised, cattle had left their marks, doors and fireplaces were missing, ceilings were down and the grounds were overgrown. But we knew immediately that we wanted it," Mrs Jackson says.

The asking price at the time was about £160,000 — way above what the Jacksons felt they could afford. In the end, though, they managed to secure Portclew House for considerably less than that, completing the deal in May last year.

Since then the couple — Mr Jackson is a self-employed builder — have worked on the place tirelessly. They have cleared the garden, reroofed the house, re-rendered two of the outside walls and completely restored the servants' quarters. It is these quarters that Mr and Mrs Jackson and their boys — Geraint, ten, Craig, eight, and Matthew, six — moved into a short while ago while work progresses on the rest of the building.

By this time next year, the Grade II listed house near Pembroke should be open for bed and breakfast — an option which seemed the most obvious, given the number of bedrooms, says Mrs Jackson. The restoration of the building has delighted Save Britain's Heritage, the organisation which over the past 20 years has campaigned to save historic (in



Tender loving care needed: Steve and Sarah Jackson outside Portclew House, which they have been restoring for more than a year

terms of age and architectural merit) buildings from demolition and neglect.

The 125 or so reports that Save has issued include eight on historic buildings in England and Wales that are "at risk" from neglect and dilapidation. Neglect often means in a sad state of repair, sometimes the buildings are almost falling down. Most are listed.

Richard Pollard, secretary of Save, estimates that more than a thousand properties have been brought to the public's attention — mansions, castles, lighthouses, mills, barns, medieval cottages, coastal fortifications, pubs, factories and hotels. "We don't have the resources to find out what happens to all the buildings we feature, but in terms of raising awareness the reports have been very successful," he says.

In a report in December 1995, Save highlighted Portclew House, saying "the house is crying out for

major repair to restore it to the comfortable and elegant family home it once was". The property had been with Pembroke estate agents Guy Thomas & Co since 1994 and had attracted some interest. Save's exposure brought fresh inquiries, although the Jacksons already knew it was on the market because they lived locally.

This year Save mentioned the property again, this time as a success story, in its eighth annual report on buildings at risk called *The State They're In*. "Tremendous news" is how the restoration is described.

*The State They're In* highlights 120 properties which Save says need urgent attention. They include an oast house in Kent, a former brewery in Cumbria, an 18th-century house in north Devon, mansions, barns, industrial buildings and churches.

About a third of the properties

in the report are actually on the market, another third are those where the owners might be open to negotiation and the rest are not for sale but are put into the report to publicise the state of the buildings and to encourage their owners to restore them," Mr Pollard says.

Among the properties featured and already sold are an early-18th-century barn in Norfolk, a water-pumping station in Lancashire and a small 18th-century building in Blandford Forum, Dorset. The latter has gone to the local Signpost Housing Association, which says it will start refurbishing it this month for future renting.

Save hears about most of the cases from building conservation officers at local councils and it is to them that Mr Pollard says prospective buyers should turn, both for advice on what can and cannot be done to the property and about any possible grants. In Scotland there is a Register of Buildings at Risk run

by the Scottish Civic Trust, where the public can go for details of properties.

Twice a year a selection of the register's properties appear in a *Buildings at Risk* bulletin with a brief description, and details of the risks, the owner or agent, and availability.

However, taking on an historic house in poor condition is not for the faint-hearted. "You've got to be patient and tremendously committed but the rewards are fantastic," Mr Pollard says. Mr Jackson agrees. "To live in a place like this is beyond my wildest dreams, but there's still a mountain to climb with the work we have to do."

CHRISTIAN DYMOND

● *The State They're In*, £10.95, from Save, 68 Battersea High St, London SW11 3JX (0171-228 3330). Scottish Civic Trust, 42 Miller St, Glasgow G1 1DT (0141-221 1466). Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, 37 Spital Sq, London E1 (0171-377 1644).

## A CAUTIONARY TALE

### An expensive rural idyll

There is a tendency for the heart to rule the head when flicking through one of Save Britain's Heritage (Save) reports on endangered buildings. In the manner of *Country Life* property advertisements, the pictures of tumbledown cottages, farmhouses and Elizabethan manor houses can give rise to dreams of a rural idyll that may appear, on the face of it, possible to realise.

The prices of the properties on offer are staggeringly low, and the chance of replacing the mock Tudor of suburbia with the authentic Tudor of the creaking houses and crumbling shells that the group wants to preserve can be too exciting to resist.

However, the initial attractions can drown in a sea of bureaucracy and mounting restoration costs. By definition, the properties on the books of Save are those which their owners have found most difficult to deal with. Apart from their commitment and enthusiasm, there is no reason why a new buyer should find things any easier.

Buying the property in the first place can be difficult, as was the case with Brook Cottage in Hoofield, Cheshire. Save carried an enticing picture of Brook Cottage, a timber-framed 17th-century affair, in its 1996 report. It was described as "a peach of a cottage needing fairly swift repair in order

to be economically viable" and brought a flood of inquiries.

This was unfortunate, for the group was unaware that Gareth and Michelle Rowland had already bought it, along with a bungalow, for £95,000.

The confusion was cleared up, but the Rowlands, who bought the property from a building society which repossessed it, ran straight into problems. The two-up, two-down cottage was declared uninhabitable as a condition of planning consent for the bungalow to be built in the late 1970s. The Rowlands owned Brook Cottage but were not allowed to live in it.

After a long fight, Gareth Rowland persuaded Chester City Council to revoke the ban. He was then refused permission for an extension to the cottage, listed Grade II, and had to go back into battle. He submitted plans for a traditional oak-framed wing, hiring an archaeologist and specialist joiners to handle the construction.

After spending thousands of pounds more than the initial estimate, his new home has taken shape. It has since been cited by the council as a "textbook case of sensitive restoration". It may well be, but at some price. As Gareth Rowlands says: "I have stopped counting the cost."



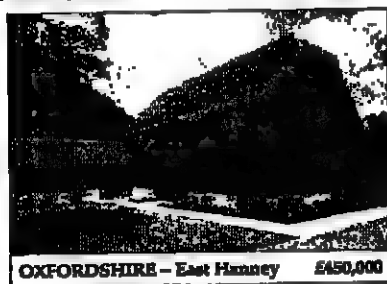
The buyers of Brook Cottage were not allowed to live in it

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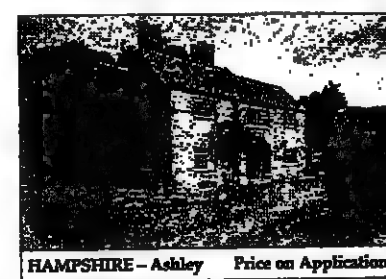
OXFORDSHIRE - East Hanney £450,000

OXFORD  
01865 311522



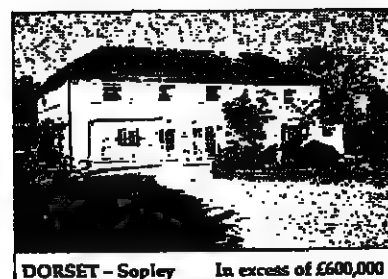
HAMPSHIRE - Echinswell £295,000

NEWBURY  
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HAMPSHIRE - Ashley Price on Application

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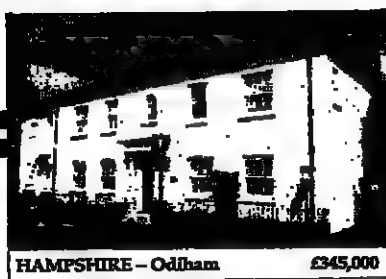


DORSET - Sopley In excess of £600,000

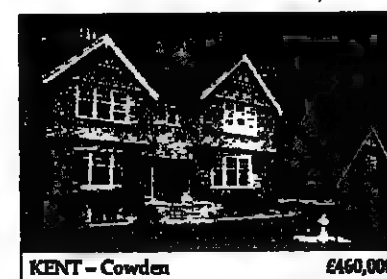
LYMINGTON  
01590 677233



FULHAM: 0171 731 4223



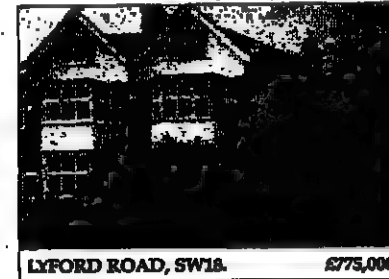
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Farming is a highly mechanised business, but how many women do you see driving a combine harvester or the ploughs?

## Corn dollies put the kettle on

DOWN TO EARTH



PAUL HEINEY

Fearful of putting a politically incorrect foot in it, I can hardly bring myself to remind you of the old country saw: "A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree, the more you beat 'em, the better they be". Not one sentiment expressed in those few words finds a place in the minds of right-thinking people in the late 20th century. While beating is repulsive, the use of violence against dogs to make them perform is an equally vile notion, and hitting walnut trees seems a pointless pastime (these days you are supposed to reason verbally with your plants).

Having said that, I have a walnut tree which refuses to bear fruit and is failing to respond to talking therapies. Shall I threaten it with the axe? Or would committed tree-huggers blanch and march against it? You cannot be too careful these days.

I mention all this only because I have recently been surprised at how small are the inroads of political correctness into country life, especially if you are a woman. I pose the question honestly: has the role of women in the countryside changed at all in the past 50 years? While the Sixties sisterhoods in the cities were burning their underpinnings, what was happening down on the farms?

Further stride which would have placed him at the tap, I was surprised when, instead, he made for the door. It was double the distance required to get to the kettle and then to the tap, but he clearly thought the journey was worth it. Having got to the door, he opened it, gazed into the far distance till his eyes fell upon his wife, and bellowed at the top of his voice: "Come and make us a cup of tea, love!" So far from the house was the woman that a decent pair of binoculars would have been needed to judge the reaction on her face. Nevertheless, despite the distance, she dropped what she was doing, trudged across the

farmyard, picked up the kettle and carried it those few paces to the tap which, for the farmer, had been a journey too far. Should she have ignored him? Or smacked him across the face and told him to get his own lousy tea? In the event, the woman just smiled and asked if we'd like a piece of cake to go with the tea. Sadly, I have seen it all before, more times than I can count. Despite the painful political correctness of *The Archers*, in real life this is the way it is. But also sitting in the kitchen was a young woman in her early twenties, new to country life and shocked to the core by what she had seen. She had been reared

backstage on a farm, often done by women and essential to its smooth running, but why is it always the men that get the leading roles? And this state of affairs? Is there some unwritten contract into which women enter when they take on the burden of country life that they will always perform as one of the chorus and never steal the limelight? And, if so, would they want it any other way? I know that there are women who are highly skilled shepherds, stockpersons, mistresses of foxhounds, gamekeepers and gardeners, but for every one of them my impression is that there are a dozen who are wearily nudging up the garden path answering the call to fill the kettle.

## How to fly eggs and run a party

William Hague could learn valuable lessons when he takes his MPs on a bonding weekend, Brian Pedley writes



The group crosses the tarn on rafts of planks and drums

To the casual caller, the goings-on at the big house in Eskdale Green might seem a touch perplexing. On the grand terrace, blindfolded middle-aged men can be seen stumbling along in a line, narrowly missing the sundial. Others are visible behind trees, feeding a perspiring 20-stone Scottish prop-forward through a "spider's web" of tightened cord.

Our group is no exception. One morning, several of us are spotted climbing to the roof of a Gothic tower, from where we launch paper gliders into the Cumbrian drizzle. One of the aircraft does a slow nose-dive on to the wet lawn, its cargo, a medium-sized egg, arriving miraculously unscrambled. Peter, in his mid-twenties, can hardly contain his relief. "It lives! The egg lives!" he shouts.

### Outward Bound developed kids at a turning point of their lives

The group of 13 at this Outward Bound course is a diverse one: senior managers, accountants, senior sales representatives, quality controllers, two company vice-presidents and myself. We are at a Victorian mansion set in 60 secluded acres an hour and a half from the M6. Here, among the dry stone walls, the most technologically advanced of mobile phones are hunched into digital junk. "The solitude is part of what makes the product work," says John Howse, managing director of the charity's commercial division, Outward Bound Professional.

In the past 20 years, a booming outdoor industry has developed and there are now scores of companies using the outdoors to teach problem-solving, team-building and personal development. For this bankable blend of method and madness, blue-chip clients will pay up to £235 per employee per day. Most of our group had never rock-climbed before. Big Graham, the Scottish lad, wisely refused to look down. Around him were the rocky fells. Five miles away was the coast at Ravenglass and the Irish Sea. From the valley floor, 200ft below, a handful of lambs bleated encouragement. Due east was Scfell, the second highest mountain



Taking up the challenge to scale a sheer 50ft granite face near Eskdale in Cumbria. The exercise helps create a team spirit

commodities group Minoro, and its recent acquisition, Ticon Holdings. One of our first tasks could not have been further away from their everyday lives - to design, build and launch a glider that was capable of flying one egg over a minimum distance of ten metres, with only card, paper and sticky tape.

Of the three planes built, one plummeted disgracefully on to the terrace, the second (a handcrafted Boeing made by the company's executive vice-president) flew a birdlike 22 metres, and the other (ours, with an RAF felt-tipped handlebar moustache) made a

dismal flight, plummeting with a swirl. Back in the boardroom, there was open dissent within the camp. The youngest delegate, 21-year-old Paul, a technical assistant from Burnley, protested that he knew the design wouldn't work but that no one would listen. "I always thought it was too big," he said.

Andrew, a risk assessor, appeared uncharacteristically stumped. That was where Peter Charnley came in, diplomatically suggesting that we could learn something from nature - from the formation of wild geese. "As each bird

## Rather peckish woodpeckers

FEATHER REPORT

GREAT spotted woodpeckers are the black-and-white woodpeckers that more and more people are seeing in their gardens and even on their bird tables. They are one of the few species that have actually been increasing in numbers in Britain over the past 25 years. The most interesting thing about them is probably their eating habit. They are very ingenious foragers. In summer, when there are plenty of insects on or under the bark of trees, they concentrate on those. They can easily turn over a piece of loose bark with their beak and then their tongue shoots out like a harpoon and spears any soft insects crawling about.

In winter, the great spotted woodpecker digs deeper. It goes hunting mainly on dead trees or branches and, with its sharp beak and powerful neck-muscles, it can bore a hole five or six inches deep into the wood, teasing out the larvae and beetles. They also eat the seeds of fir cones, especially on the continent, and are skilled at finding cracks in tree-trunks, or carving out hollows for themselves, where they can wedge a spruce cone firmly and attack it for its contents.



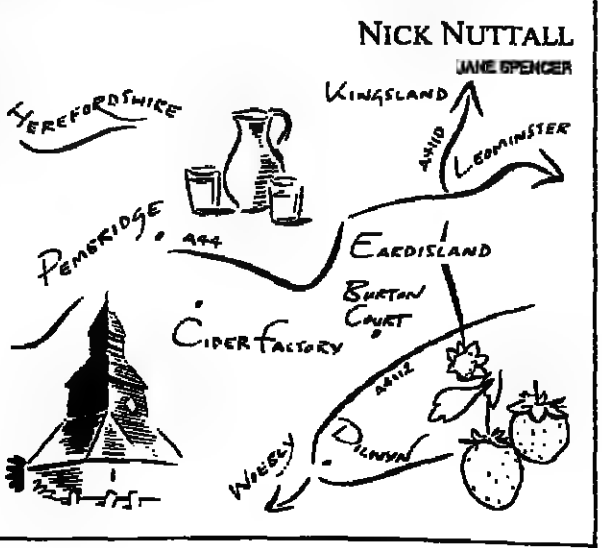
Acrobatic woodpeckers

THEY ARE acrobatic birds and will hang for a long time under a branch to get at insects on the bottom, though they do not come down tree-trunks headfirst. The females, which have a red patch under the tail like the males but no red on the nape, go up into the smaller twigs at the top of a tree more than the males do. In sum, they are omnivorous. In summer, they will snap up any eggs or nestlings they come across; in winter they will scold the entire contents of a bird table.

At this time of the year they revert to solitary lives, the

### ON THE SPOT: PEMBRIDGE

**Rural recommendations**  
The place: The market square, Pembrige, Herefordshire. The view: Some may describe this tiny black-and-white village near the Welsh border as chocolate box, but the 14th-century medieval beams were easing themselves into the landscape long before the cocoa bean came to Britain. The appeal: The weight of age has left many of the timbered houses and the pub leaning at alarming angles into the gardens and lanes, lending an air of Hansel and Gretel. Afficionados: Mainly people who enjoy the spirit of Old England. I first visited 20 years ago at the invitation of a friend who chanced on the village and made it her home. How to get there: From London: M40/A40 to Oxford, Cheltenham, Gloucester. A47-A49 to Ledbury and then Leominster. A44 to Pembrige. OS reference: 50 390 580 (sheet 148). Time to visit: In the summer, when customers spill out into the tiny market square, their plates piled high with food from the busy kitchens of the New Inn. In the winter, log fires in the flag-floored back bar welcome the visitor after a ramble. Historical interest: Sites around Pembrige are numerous. St Mary's, the village's parish church, is 14th century and has a curious belltower resembling a Japanese pagoda. Also nearby: A string of other black-and-white villages are dotted between Leominster, the nearest big market town, and the Welsh border, including Dilwyn, Weobley, Eardisland and Kingsland. Also Dunkerton's Cider, where local varieties of organically-grown apples and pears are pressed. Burton Court, with its medieval great hall, is two miles away and run by a Mrs Simpson, a noted eccentric.



NICK NUTTALL



'To protect my young son from the evils of Thomas the Tank Engine and his friends, I introduced him to Enid Blyton and ... aaargh!'

## The horror of holiday reading

LIFE AND SOUL



JANE SHILLING

I am very much afraid that when Alexander goes back to school in September and writes that essay that you always have to do at the beginning of the autumn term on 'What I Did On My Holidays', his teachers are going to conclude that I am a tyrant — or he is a hopeless swot. For what we have mainly been doing on our holidays so far is reading. Mountains and mountains of books.

It is all the fault of the weather. The day after we arrived in Devon it began to rain, and since then it has been pouring with a persistence that would be tropical if it were not so very English.

One effect of this is that whenever we think the weather forecast might be coming up on the telly, we all point, like gnomes, quivering towards the screen. I think we secretly hope that that nice Mr Fish might somehow be able to make it all better. This, however, he shows no signs of doing. On the contrary, he seems rather proud of the prodigious wetness lately achieved in the South West.

Now, this is all very well, but I have had firmly fixed in my mind all summer an image of myself draped like a mermaid among the limpets and bladder-

wrack while Alexander pored about doing whatever it is small boys do on seaside holidays. All this I had envisaged happening in the blazing sunshine. I hadn't planned for anything else.

My parents, however, are made of tougher stuff. Less optimistic and more resourceful than I, they have come equipped with a large selection of contingency plans — and a wide range of protective clothing in which to carry them out. So it is that I find myself trudging along at the rear of a sodden crocodile while my mother points out the beauties of the countryside.

When we have had enough of marching about in the wet, we go on dump visits to miniature steam railways. The South West is riddled with these. They are run by jovial, pink-cheeked old men in peaked caps who bear a sinister resemblance to Benny Hill. On the hard benches inside the miniature carriages sit rows of mummies, waiting patiently while their small sons engage in

complicated train discussions. Thomas the Tank Engine, as you might expect, figures large in these conversations.

"Did you know," I said to the mummy sitting next to me, as the train chugged round its circuit and our sons compared the size of their Thomas libraries, "that you can buy a book containing every Thomas story ever written?" "Oh, don't," said this mummy. "What a awful thought."

In fact, we own a copy of this book. It is known in our house as the "Thomas Bible" and has accompanied us to Devon, along with a great many other volumes, since I suffer from an uncontrollable dread of running out of things to read.

Having secured myself against having to fall back for entertainment on the nature notes by local lady belletrists, with which the cottage is generously stocked ("The oystercatchers pipe beside the rock pools as they scurry and hunt and, further out to sea, the loon shag still skims the waves..."), I have turned my attention to the reform of Alexander's reading habits. In particular, I have made a private vow never to read another story about Thomas and his friends, whose terrible snobishness and vituperation and ill-nature and bullying tendencies have been our nightly companions for almost two and a half years.

A few weeks ago, a little pile of Enid Blyton stories came into the office. With half an ear, I had been listening to the recent debate about whether she is A Good Thing. What everyone seemed to say, whether they approved or not, was that she is irresistible to children. I had a quick look at *The Caravan Family*, *The Saucy Jane Family* and the rest. They did not seem irresistible to me. Old-fashioned, and rather dull, I thought, but probably harmless.

When we got home, I put the Blyton books by Alexander's bed, hid the Thomas Bible, and waited to see what would happen. A silence, and then the chirping, murmuring noise that is the sound of him reading to himself. The chirping went on for a long time, and had begun again when I got up the next morning. I prepared to ring Thomas's death knell.

Eventually, after he had read them all twice, I thought I might take a closer look at these magical antidotes to the Rev

W. Awdry, only to find — guess what! — horrors undreamt of on the Island of Sodor. These are books in which, despite some clumsy updating (I wonder very much how the "Italian American" waiter and the "Afro-American" cleaner appeared in the unexpurgated text of *The Queen Elizabeth Family*), shyness, sensitivity and imagination are faults, and anyone displaying signs of them must be ruthlessly bullied until they desist. Here, small children are taken to exotic places by their parents only to discover that Ahraird is Bloody, and Foreigners are Filthy. "Oh, there's always an awful smell in these places," said mummy. "Look, here is my bottle of smelling salts. Hold it to your nose."

Dear me, I wonder what to do now. I can hardly impose a retrospective ban on my own brilliant innovation. But, meanwhile, here lies my son on the hearth rug absorbing attitudes whose Philistine self-confidence and lack of any redeeming doubt or irony will certainly qualify him for a place on the panel of some 21st-century edition of *The Moral Maze*.

Hey! Not Well, as dear old Thomas the Tank Engine was always so fond of saying, it Serves Me Jolly Well Right.

## A spiritual taste of the Last Supper

Ruth Gledhill gives up her lunch to feast on the remarkable story of Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece



RUTH GLEDHILL

SPOTLIGHT from above, his white hair was a halo of light atop a boyish face, his dog collar gleamed white amid the

encircling gloom. The rest of him, clothed in black and grey, disappeared into the darkness around him, a darkness relieved in the foreground by the muted gold light drifting down on to a "congregation" of nearly 300, and behind him by the most stunning "recreation" that any cleric could wish for: an image of Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*. The Rev Tom Devonshire Jones, an Oxford Classics graduate and vicar of St Mark's, Regent's Park, London, founded the Art and Christianity Enquiry Trust in 1994 in an attempt to bring together the three separate disciplines of the visual arts, church and theology.

Technically, this was not a service or an act of worship, although it felt like one. Mr Devonshire Jones, an Oxford Classics graduate and vicar of St Mark's, Regent's Park, London, founded the Art and Christianity Enquiry Trust in 1994 in an attempt to bring together the three separate disciplines of the visual arts, church and theology.

The trust does not confine its activities to the gallery. There has been an evening at Westminster Abbey on the theme of God and the artist, where curators from the National and Tate galleries read the lessons and the abbey sacrist wrote a special litany, plus regular meetings, lectures and exhibitions, as well as visits to sites of recent art in places of worship.

The appeal of such an approach can be witnessed in the large numbers, in the hundreds, attending the "art and theology" study days. Da Vinci's *Last Supper* is such an enduring image, one which has been copied and developed by countless artists, including Andy Warhol, in the centuries since Leonardo, that

it came as a shock to many to learn of the miracles by which it has survived.

Mr Devonshire Jones's lecture was accompanied by gasps and groans of dismay as he chronicled the extraordinary history of this mural on the wall of a convent refectory room in Milan. Early on, the feet of Christ were obliterated by a doorway inserted into the wall. Over the centuries, restorers have worked it, and then more recent restorers have attempted to remove the work of their predecessors.

Rising damp has led to the decay and loss of the paint surface. In 1796, Napoleon's advancing troops ignored orders to protect the convent and used it as a stable. And in the last war the building was reduced to rubble, with *The Last Supper* barely surviving on a standing wall and protected from wind and rain by no more than sandbags.

MANY reproductions today fail to take into account the original setting of the masterpiece. "The chummy greetings card on sale at your local Post Office has become confused beyond recognition, the disciples somehow aloft in their own chaises," Mr Devonshire Jones said.

He analysed the original. "Leonardo created a vision of Christ which, in beauty, serenity, sensitivity, meaning and gesture, strikes through its damaged surface to become the unforgettable image." Around this calm centre, he has, with remarkable psychological understanding, depicted "the confusion, distress, incomprehension, revulsion, disbelief of the 12 disciples".

I left the theatre with a better understanding, not only of the painting but of Christian theology. There had been no time for me to have lunch that day but, somehow, I was no longer hungry.

Art and Christianity Enquiry Trust, 4 Regent's Park Road, London NW1 7TX (0171-485 3077).

### AT YOUR SERVICE

#### A five-star guide

DIRECTOR: Rev Tom Devonshire Jones

ARCHITECTURE: Beautiful clean lines, designed by Robert Venturi and completed in 1990, complementing William Wilkie's original neo-Classical gallery of 1838. ★★★★★

SERMON: Lecture on *The Last Supper*, an image of betrayal, described as at once "delicate and durable". ★★★★★

SPIRITUAL HIGH: Delectable ★★★★★



The Rev Tom Devonshire Jones with *The Last Supper*

## Just give devilishly good presents

The Prince of Wales has 27 of them. Diana, Princess of Wales, is catching up and now has 17. With each new godchild you have to renounce the Devil and all his works. The children can be very expensive in terms of presents and there is no guarantee of receiving any thank-you letters.

Godchildren can bring together the most unlikely couples: Diane Abbott, the left-wing Labour MP for Hackney North and the first black woman MP, chose the now disgraced right-winger Jonathan Aitken as godfather for her son, James. Their friendship developed after the two of them were paired in the Commons.

There have been reports among the status-conscious in Manhattan of one mother who simply asked her favourite writers to be godparents to her children. Their names are said to have appeared on the baptismal register in exactly the same order as the New York Times bestseller list. But whatever the nature of the relationship that leads to godparenthood, godchildren are generally with you for life. There are exceptions, however. Two years ago, Lord Glenconner's daughter-in-law, Tessa Tennant, announced that she was sickening her son Louis's godfather, the political lobbyist Andrew Gifford, from the role. They had fallen out over a proposed super-quarry in the Western Isles.

But de-godparenting is a drastic step — the two of them still aren't speaking — and it is generally acknowledged that there is no divorce for those joined at the font. Curiously, for a spiritual job description, offers of godparenthood are often made on the basis of wealth and position. "I was amazed to be asked," said a not particularly rich friend after becoming a godmother for the fourth time, "because her name, pull her a title." "Social or spiritual, what do godparents actually do?" Thelma Hill, who lives near Glastonbury in Somerset and is the central marketing coordinator for the Mothers Union, is emphatically in the spiritual camp and does a lot.

"I was pleased to be asked and I've had a lot out of it, more than I have given. It has always been an active relationship. My godson Peter's father is a canon, so Christian standards at his home were paramount. We all went to church

There is much more to being a good godparent than being a spiritual guardian for the children but, as Jill Parkin discovers, it is still a popular (although expensive) role

together and my husband and I spent Christmas at the rectory with Peter's family. She recommends a sense of humour to any godparent — one year she remembers receiving a beautifully wrapped Christmas present, which turned out to be a huge plastic spider. "We have no children of our own," she adds, "and godchildren have enriched my life. My husband and I also have several we regard as godchildren."

Peter Allon is a chiropractor, married with four children, whom Mrs Hill considers her god-grandchildren. As a child he had lots of people to meet his spiritual needs: one of his godfathers is an archdeacon who specialised in religious gifts, such as prayer books or a book of texts for each day of the year. "Thelma definitely had a Christian input, both by example and when we



Jonathan Aitken is godfather to Diane Abbott's son, James



and a comment here or there. I had no aunts and uncles and I think we filled family gaps for each other in a rewarding way. We've just had our four children christened all together and have chosen people we think will set them a good Christian example, and have fun with them."

There are a lot of godparents around. There may be families where godparents are disappointed when their grandchildren are not christened, but christening is still popular.

The Church of England says that although numbers are dropping one in four babies is christened (about 15,000 a year). The Roman Catholic Church says its baptism rate is steady, at between 70,000 to 80,000 a year since 1973.

"I have no problems renouncing the Devil and all his works," says Helen Whitaker, a 57-year-old

### THE ROYALS AND THEIR GODCHILDREN



Diana, Princess of Wales with Lady Mary Wellesey

THE QUEEN: 30 godchildren, including Lord Porchester, heir to her racing manager, the Earl of Carrington. The 11th Duke of Northumberland, who died of kidney failure aged 42 in 1995, was also her godchild.

PRINCE OF WALES: 27 godchildren. Camilla Parker-Bowles's son, Tom, and Lady Tryst's son, Charles, are among them, along with Marica Mowatt, the daughter of Princess Alexandra and Sir Angus Ogilvy, and a sprinkling of descendants from his mentor, Earl Mountbatten of Burma.

DIANA, PRINCESS OF WALES: 17 godchildren. An eclectic bunch ranging from Lady Mary Wellesey, daughter of the Marquess of Douro, through to the children of European royalty — Prince Philippos, son of King Constantine of the Hellenes) to the children of Sir David Frost, Dominic Lawson and friends such as Carolyn Bartholomew.

PRINCESS ROYAL: ten godchildren. PRINCE ANDREW: eight. PRINCE EDWARD: seven. THE DUCHESS OF YORK is said to have 30.

If you have any sense, you buy a birthday book and enter your godchildren's names so there is no forgetfulness at present-giving times. "Presents are a problem. I take a lot of time over choosing, or sometimes making them. And it's galling when you give a present and get no response. You have to resort to asking whether the parcel arrived," says Miss Whitaker, who works for a London auction house.

"If you don't have children of your own, you're more likely to be repeatedly chosen as a godparent, perhaps because people think you have time, or money, to spare. The worst thing is when you realise that you prefer your godchild's sibling to your godchild. I tell myself it's probably just that the godchild is going through an objectionable phase."

Jeremy Turner is a 20-year-old psychology student with two elder brothers — and a slight grudge. He smiles when he says it, but it is obvious that as a child he felt badly done by at birthdays and Christmas.

"Basically, my big brothers had the cream of the godparents," he says. "By the time my parents chose godparents for me they were scraping the bottom of the address book, socially speaking. My godmother was great, but hadn't any money. My godfathers faded out of the picture early on. My brothers always had more presents, bigger presents and better invitations. And no, their godparents didn't believe in buying for the siblings."

But, as Peter Allon could tell him, it is not about presents. And a boy can have too many prayer books.







The wrong-headed government crusade against tax dodgers won't raise any real cash — but it could end up wrecking an innocent person's vehicle

## Road-fund war a crushing mistake

The vehicle excise duty, which most of us know as road tax, is a daft and expensive way of raising money. It should have been abolished years ago. But now some sort of Rambo complex has overtaken the Government, which this week launched a campaign to catch the minority who evade the tax altogether. What a waste of time.

This is one of those "initiatives" that comes along every August. Not much happening, politicians are still in business. Whenever action is taken against road tax dodgers, the grand-sounding figure of £175 million is wheeled out, which is what these parasites cost the economy every year.

You and I might well be able to enjoy the life of Riley on £175

### DRIVEN TO DISTRACTION



Peter Barnard

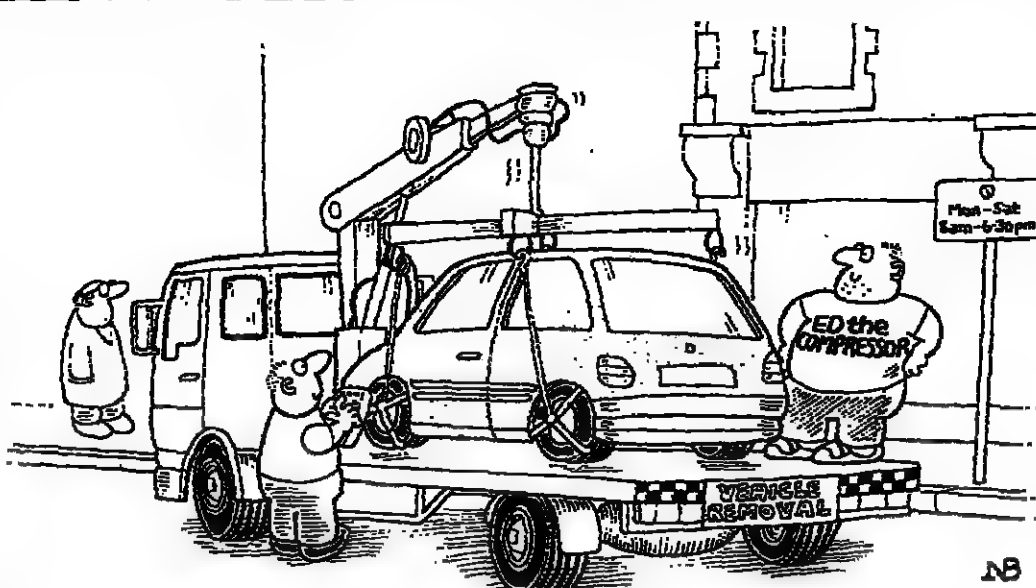
million, but it is in fact a trivial sum, enough to run the National Health Service for less than two days. Still, every penny counts, so no one who is opposed to wasting money could object to the Government going after road tax evaders. But is this the way? Starting in

London this month, and in the rest of the country next year, cars with no tax will be clamped initially, then towed away and, if not claimed and taxed after five weeks, they will be crushed or sold.

Most of the people who will be caught are not worth our sympathy. They are persistent offenders and that is why the motoring organisations have welcomed the government plan.

Thus there was not a whimper of discontent when the plan was announced on Tuesday, a launch involving the crushing of an elderly Ford Sierra. There will be a poster campaign using a crushed car and the caption, "Do you feel lucky, Dodger?" It all sounds terribly macho. And wrong.

Road tax dodgers may not deserve sympathy, although I suspect some people, especially



students and pensioners, find the ever-rising sum for road tax hard to raise (which is why I favour having the tax subsumed into petrol prices: one can always save money by not driving). Whatever the reason for not paying the tax, I fail to see how the Government can justify taking away a car and turning it into "a lump of metal

four feet square", as *The Times* reported on Tuesday.

A pilot scheme in five London boroughs last year raised £6 for every £1 spent on chasing offenders, so a considerable number of cars must have been seized and sold. Clearly many of the seized vehicles disappeared from the mainstream long ago and have

been stolen and sold on so many times that we need not waste sympathy on the nominal owner.

This does not alter the fact that mistakes are bound to happen. Baroness Hayman, the roads minister, said this week that "law-abiding motorists have nothing to fear", but it cannot be long before some chap returns from three

months in Tuscany to find that his precious BMW has been turned into 50,000 ashtrays or sold at auction to Del Boy.

Lawyers are in for a field day when that happens, and although I am all for anything that provides newspapers with entertaining stories (Nun's car crushed while she had audience with Queen), I would have thought that this scheme was fraught with difficulties in return for not very much in the way of revenue.

And where will the money go? Why, to the dear old Treasury of course. A private firm has been hired to comb the streets for offenders and the money raised will be sent directly to the Treasury. Therefore, as with all other moneys raised from the motorist, this will disappear into a black hole rather than being spent on transport.

Nor will I be surprised if the roadsides start filling up with old bangers. After all, if a car worth only a few hundred pounds needs taxing, why not park it at the side of the road and walk away? Perhaps the car crushers, like the bus operators, should publish a timetable and a route, so that we know where to find them. Room for one more inside?

## Green road tolls for Leicester cars

Men are proving reluctant to join a new clean-air project, Eve-Ann Prentice reports

Leicester — which this week began charging drivers who take their cars into the city centre — seems an unlikely place for such a radical attempt to ease traffic jams.

Step from the train (it seems the most prudent way to arrive) and you feel you have walked into an architect's drawing of an urban Shangri-la. Pristine, uncluttered pavements dotted with unobtrusive wooden signposts direct pedestrians to key points in the city, indicating that motorised traffic is not king here. Glaringly new red and yellow paint marks out cycleways and bus routes.

Yet it is precisely because Leicester prides itself on its green credentials that the city council has become the first in the country to begin charging motorists for the privilege of driving into town, in an eight-month experiment being closely watched by the Government.

The main aim of the trial is to discover how much people will pay before deciding enough is enough and they abandon their cars and travel to work by public transport.

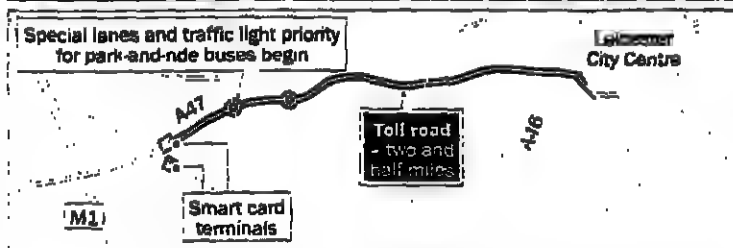
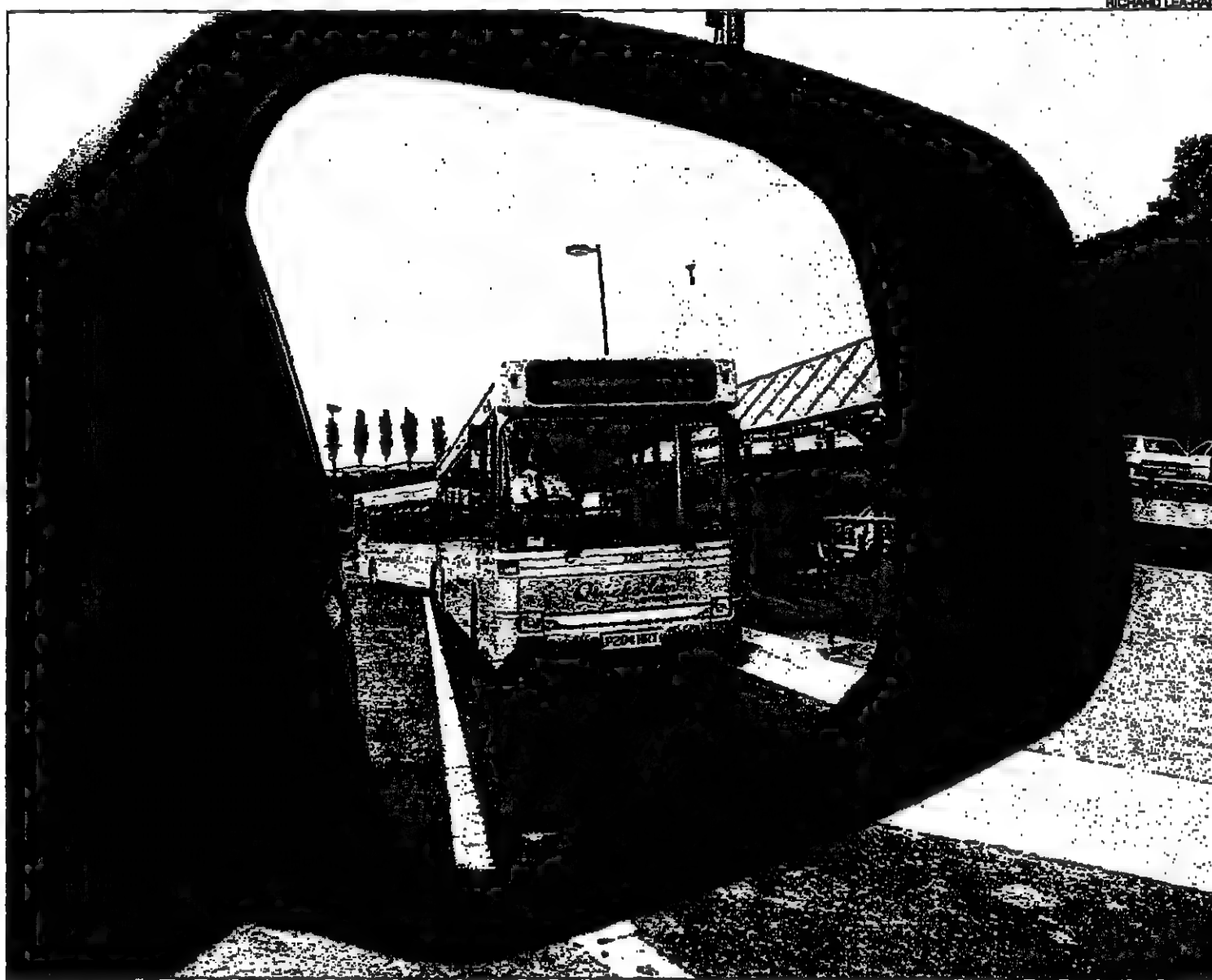
So far, the only people paying the charges — ranging from £2 to £10 depending on pollution and traffic levels — are volunteers picked from all sections of Leicester society. About 20 this week began using the two-and-a-half-mile toll road leading from near the junction with the M1 into the city centre, while another 80 will join the experiment in the next week or two.

The trial, backed by the Transport Department and the European Commission, will cost £2.5 million — £1 million per mile.

The volunteers have been given electronic charge cards which are automatically debited every time they pass special beacons on the toll road. The cards have been credited with funds by the council, but they are allowed to keep some of the money they save if they opt instead to use a new park-and-ride bus into town.

Four new park-and-ride buses, which have special lanes and will soon be given priority at traffic lights along the toll route, have been bought for £50,000 each and the drivers have been given special "customer care" instruction in an attempt to make the buses more attractive to drivers unaccustomed to the cut and thrust of public transport.

The bus takes about ten minutes into town from the outskirts, com-



Park-and-ride uses special buses with customer-friendly drivers

pared with 20-45 minutes for most rush-hour cars. The city was not able to produce much of a rush hour this week because school holidays have drastically cut the traffic. The park-and-ride return fare is £1.50, compared with around £4 a day for a car park place in the centre.

Eddie Tyrer, coordinator of the Leicester Environmental Road Tolling Scheme, affectionately shortened to Lerts, says: "The traffic situation in Leicester and elsewhere will get

worse no matter what we do, but we want to stop it getting as bad as it could if we did nothing. What we are doing is not anti-car. We are seeking a shift, a change in attitude."

Equipment for the experiment has come from Trondheim in Norway, where similar toll roads have been in operation for eight years.

Is the Leicester scheme likely to grow from the experimental stage to long-term everyday use? Two hurdles may stand in its way: money and a

male reluctance to prise their fingers off the steering wheel.

The car park at the park-and-ride centre cost £1 million — the city council already owned the land, and an encampment of gipsies lost their site. A similar park-and-ride centre at another key entry point to the city, at Fosse Park, would cost £5 million.

There are also signs that big retail traders are less than happy about the prospect of cars being persuaded away from the city centre. Mr Tyrer says, however, that a free-flowing and cleaner city is in everyone's interest.

The reluctance of men to leave their cars was meanwhile becoming evident on the third day of the toll experiment. Far more women than men have been using the park-and-ride service, according to the bus drivers and Mr Tyrer, and the only

male to be seen on board one of the city-bound buses admitted that he would far rather have been at the wheel of his car, and was only using the bus to please his girlfriend sitting beside him.

Women are more enthusiastic about the bus. "I was a bit sceptical at first because I like having my stereo and my comfort on the way to work," says Elaine Keen. "But having used the bus I am very pleased; there is no road rage, no stopping and starting in traffic and no parking problems. And it takes me ten minutes instead of three-quarters of an hour."

David Wright, the city council's team leader for system support projects and technical wizard behind the new scheme, is meanwhile, not leaving his car in the garage. "I need a car for work, sometimes at short notice," he says.

### AA GRIDLOCK GUIDE

● LONDON  
A306 Hammersmith Bridge. Closed both ways to general traffic.  
A406 Angel Edmonton. Major works at the A1010 Fore Street.

A113 Chigwell Road. Woodford Green: single alternate traffic between Manor Road and Glynnes Hill Road.

A2512 Grove Road. Contrailow between Claverton Street and Lupus Street.

A237 Manor Road, Wallington: single alternate traffic at the junction with Brier Road roundabout.

A1209 Bodmin Green Road. Long-term roadworks between Vallance Road and Cambridge Heath Road.

A312 Faggs Road, Farnham. Carriageway reduced to one lane each way due to long term bridge maintenance at Faggs Bridge, north of Staines Road, between Barn and Spn.

● SOUTH-EAST  
A34 Berkshire. Contrailow and narrow lanes with 40mph limit between M4 junction 13 and Newbury.

A4 Padworth, Berkshire. Temporary lights at junction with A340.

M40 Buckinghamshire. Long-term roadworks with a contrailow between junctions 1a (M25) and 5 (Wycombe East).

A3 Hampshire. Longmoor Junction, Greattham. Carriageway reduced to one lane northbound between Ham Barn Roundabout and Longmoor, southbound between Griggs Green and Longmoor.

A41 Watford. Eastbound lane closure on North Western Avenue from Hunton Bridge roundabout to Leaverdon Green Interchange.

A414 Hertfordshire. Roadworks on St Albans Road, Hemel Hempstead.

M2 Rochester, Kent. Roadworks with various lane closures.

M40 Oxfordshire. Resurfacing work between Watlington and Oxford. Drivers heading to junction 8 of the M40 from Oxford are advised to use the A40 and A418.

M25 Surrey. Restrictions and lane closures both ways between Reigate and A3.

A24 Farnham. Lane closure southbound between Quagrange and Long Furlong.

● SOUTH-WEST  
A38 Old Bodmin Bridge. Lane closures on Bodmin roundabout.

M5 Bristol. Contrailow across Avonmouth bridge.

A432 Downend Road Bristol. Temporary lights at junction with Crookes Hill and Shrubbery Road.

A390 Cornwall. Lane restrictions in centre of Truro at

the Trefalgar roundabout.

A417 Malmesbury Bridge, Gloucestershire. Temporary lights during bridge work.

● MIDLANDS AND EAST ANGLIA  
A1 between Aconbury Hill and Alwalton, Cambridgeshire. Construction work with lane closures, contrailow and 50mph limit.

A1363 Cambridgeshire. Lane closure and traffic controls on Newmarket Road and Airport way.

A1074 Norwich. Narrow lanes southbound between Larkman Lane and Sweet Briar Road roundabout.

A62 Beeston, Nottinghamshire. Major roadworks on Derby Road.

A6 Leicestershire. Roadworks between M1 junction 24 and Sawley Island.

M54 Staffordshire. Contrailow with westbound traffic on the shoulder.

Eastbound on to lanes 1 and of westbound carriageway.

A60 Stoke-on-Trent: major roadworks in the M6 area at junction with A632.

M6 Staffordshire. Contrailow between junctions 14 and 15.

A1101 Mildenhall. Closed at the Kingsway between Lark Road and Kings Street.

● NORTH  
A576 Warrington. Winwick link road closed.

M6 Cumbria. One lane closed both ways between junctions 36 and 37.

A68 Manchester. Closed southbound on Park Road between A6 and Cricketers Way, and between the Chaucer Roundabout and Wade Lane.

A19 between Thornaby-on-Tees and Billingham, Cleveland. Major roadworks with two lanes each way and 50mph limit.

M1 South Yorkshire. 30mph limit at junction 47. Delays on M1, M62 and A665.

A134 Tyne and Wear. Contrailow on Felling bypass.

M1 West Yorkshire. Junctions 43 to 42 Stourton to Lofthouse junction.

Contrailow and 50mph limit.

● WALES  
A484 Carmarthenshire. Major roadworks on Francis Well.

A449 Monmouthshire. Long delays between Usk junction and the M4 junction 24 at Newport.

A472 Torfaen. Contrailow at Pontypool.

A485 Carmarthenshire. Temporary lights at Duan Villa, Llanbyther.

● SCOTLAND  
M9 Edinburgh. Long-term roadworks and restrictions on Newburgh city bypass.

A725 Edinburgh city bypass. Contrailow between Lothianburn and Dregthorn.

M90 Fife. Contrailow, Perth and Kinross. Contrailow.

Continued from page 1  
would not get booted away. "So what was the problem? Why the endless abuse?"

The styling was far from dreadful. The performance was more than competent. It was user-friendly. Some models even had an advanced Teletouch Drive that changed gears in the automatic box electronically. The Edsel may have suffered from an ill-conceived launch, but that doth not a turkey make.

According to both Garrow and Human, the real problem was marketing — there was simply no gap in the market for a car like the Edsel.

"It was the right car at the wrong time," says Mr Garrow. "Ford were trying to produce a stepping-stone between the low end of the market — such as the Mercury — and the top end — such as the Lincoln. But in the middle, where the Edsel was aimed, there was already a lot of

competition, such as Dodge, Pontiac and Oldsmobile.

"Nobody was that interested in the Edsel when they realised it simply wasn't that special," Mr Human puts the problem into a modern context: "It was a bit like being promised an Escort Ghia and being given an Escort 1300. The Edsel was simply not different enough," he says.

To be harsh, the Edsel should never have been made. It was commercially unnecessary, but as a piece of automotive machinery it should be allowed to hold its head up higher than most. Do you really want to know what the Edsel is? It's fine, just fine.

Dream Cars. 8-10 Ingate Place, London SW8 3NS 0171-637 5775

Gavin Garrow, Edsel Owners' Club, 01932 848532

Internet: <http://decker.colorado.edu/Fasick/Edsel/>

### FORD EDSSEL

Engine: 6.0-litre V8.  
Top Speed: 125mph.  
Equipment: Power steering, Teletouch gearchange, self-adjusting brakes, air conditioning, electric windows, speed alarm, panel-mounted compass, electric seats.

Now that CAR 97 has debunked the myth that the Edsel is the world's worst car, we are inviting readers to nominate an alternative. How about the Bond Bug? Or the Morris Marina? Anyone for the Triumph TR7? Readers should send in no more than 250 words to: *The World's Worst Car, CAR 97, The Times, 1 Pennington St, London E1 9XN.* All published entries will receive a suitably dreadful prize.

### BRITISH CARS MOST SECURE

■ BRITISH cars dominated the first security league table drawn up by *What Car?* magazine this week. The Jaguar XK8 proved to be the most thief-resistant motor on the road, sharing top spot with the Range Rover 4.0 SE.

Using a team of specialists from the Master Locksmiths' Association, the magazine tested 72 cars to see if they would meet Home Office guidelines: that a thief should be unable to enter a fully locked car within

two minutes and should be unable to drive away (without the key) for a further five minutes.

Only eight cars passed both tests. BMW's M3 Evolution Coupé and 750i tied for third place and the Audi A6 was fifth, equal with Ford's Fiesta 1.25 Ghia — proving top security is not only for upmarket cars. The Jaguar XJ6 and Volkswagen Passat also passed both tests. The Renault Clio 1.4 RT came last.



Highways Agency hotline 0245 804030

### AUTOFAX by David Long and Les Evans

**DURING A DEMONSTRATION FOR PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE 1950 MOTOR SHOW, TRIUMPH CHAIRMAN SIR JOHN BLACK PULLED THE WAGON SWITCH AND INCENDIARIED HIS TRX PONTIAC...**

**THE ORIGINAL TVR WAS MARKETING IN AMERICA AS THE JOMAR Mk 2**

**PRESTON TUCKER LEASED THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FACTORY UNDER ONE ROOF, BUT BOUGHT FEWER THAN 50 CARS BEFORE GOING UNDER...**

**GUY LIGIER IS THE ONLY RUGBY INTERNATIONAL TO HAVE BUILT AND ROLLED HIS OWN CAR.**



MOTORCYCLING MONTH: MAKING THE BIG TRIPS WITH BRITAIN'S LATEST PASSION

# On tour with the eccentrics

America and Italy are invading each other's traditional niches: John Naish rides two of the motorcycle market's most esoteric mile-eating machines

Summer, and a motorcyclist's thoughts turn to making that big trip, riding into distant sunsets with troubles left far behind. But while many epic rides might only end at the nearest seaside café, the motorcycle touring market is in rude health: modern suspension and tyres have transformed large motorcycles into machines that can both do serious distances and handle bends almost as slickly as their sportbike cousins.

Few tourers get more esoteric than the two I rode the length and breadth of England — Moto Guzzi's 1,000cc California and the newly launched Buell S3T Thunderbolt.

Guzzi's California has been around for more than 20 years, with each incarnation emerging from the Italian factory bigger, flashier and ever more high-tech.

The bike's name and cruiser styling may owe their allegiance to the Land of the Free, but the motor is as Latin as the Coliseum — and in motorcycling terms just as ancient. It's a powerplant that mumps its presence as soon as you heft the bike off its stand and fire the electric start. Wump. The whole machine pulls over to one side as engine torque twists the bike on its axis.

But the motor doesn't have a monopoly on first impressions. The styling is straight out of the Harley-Davidson school of in-your-face custom and chrome. Many bikers

love machines that shout, "Hey, look over here, impressive motorcyclist!" Others, like me, consider it the two-wheel equivalent of a stick-on hairy chest. Crowds of passers-by loved it, though.

Instantly, you know you are on one big lump of bike. You sit in the bike rather than on it, sinking into the stepped seat, your hands stretching up to the raised bars. And there's no jiggly footpegs either — the California has footboards to reinforce that cruisin' image.

Thankfully, this is not just a big old bike with a cosmetics-first philosophy. It's much more than a pretty face.

That old motor comes with a bag of modern tricks, not least a fuel-injection that ensures reliable, chokeless starting and delivers deep, wide power that makes for serious mile-eating ability. At motorway and autobahn speeds, simply stick it in top gear and the motor will go from 60 to over the ton at the twist of the throttle and sit happily at any speed between. The massive screen keeps the wind off the rider's chest, staving off the fatigue that accompanies long rides.

For all that heavy metal and

**CALIFORNIA**  
Engine: 1,064cc 90-degree V-twin.  
Maximum speed: 120mph.  
Fuel consumption: 45mpg.  
Weight: 245kg.  
Seat height: 30.5in.  
Equipment: Electronic fuel injection, linked braking system, screen, panniers.  
Price: £8,345 on the road.

chrome, the bike corners in fine Italian style. Only when pressed hard on sweeping curves does it betray signs of wallowing — and then it takes a bumpy surface. On smaller A-roads the California can hustle with alacrity: its size makes it feel burly-like and unwilling at first, but show it who's boss and it will go just where you push it.

And it stops well, too: the brakes are linked, using Guzzi's renowned system; pressing the foot-pedal operates the rear brake and one front disc proportionately. The handlebar lever brings in the other front disc. For brick-wall quick emergency braking.

What spoils this fine machine is the power train. The California's heel-and-toe gearshift pedal looks part of the easy-rider pose. But you



Buell's designer-tough looks are not to all bikers' taste, but at the heart of this innovation lies a tuned version of Harley's V-twin

need it. Gear-changing takes a hefty boot, and is seldom achieved without a resounding clang. It makes town work tiring.

The shaft-drive is haunted by the old problem of torque reaction, which lifts the bike's rear when accelerating hard and can take the bike off its line through corners.

Afficionados call this kind of thing "character" — something the California has in abundance. The Guzzi demands you change your riding style to accommodate it, and things did get easier as the miles went by.

Moto Guzzi is currently introducing improvements to the 1997 model, uprating the suspension and braking systems — and there's more chrome too. The technical improvements are bound to make a good bike even better, but I wish they would take a serious look at the gearbox.

While the Italians are improving their version of an American

land-raiser, the Americans are introducing their idea of a fast, European-style tourer. In a curious parallel, they are using an engine that can trace its history to US motorcycling's roots.

Buell only began selling motorcycles in Britain last year, but the bikes are built around the big daddy of famous bike names — Harley-Davidson. Buell's S3T Thunderbolt is no Yankee cruiser, however. The looks and ride are utterly different.

Erik Buell, engineer and racer, began building bikes around tuned Harley engines in 1983. Harley-Davidson was so impressed, it bought a stake in the company to enable it to expand — and get Harley into the sportsbike market.

The Thunderbolt is top of the new Buell range: it mixes the ancient — Harley's venerable V-twin, with the ultra-modern — high-tech suspension that includes a strange under-slung rear shock absorber, Kevlar-reinforced belt-drive and a sub-chassis that isolates engine vibration from the rider. This is topped off with brutalist looks.

I suspected the Buell might be a toy to satisfy the latest executive must-have whim, but the idea was soon dispelled. The bike had a tough first test — battling from London to Morecambe in torrential summer rain. If I hadn't been on a mercy mission, I would have turned back. If the Buell hadn't been a serious sports-tourer, we wouldn't have made it.

Erik Buell makes bikes the way he thinks a bike should be — idiosyncratic and all. The seat, footpegs and handlebars put you into a racier crouch, and the

engine is a world apart from those fitted to Harley's. Low-down grunt is sacrificed for a wide mass of mid-range power.

But while the Thunderbolt can bolt, it doesn't thunder. An odd-looking underslung stovepipe silences the motor massively. And gone are the Harley vibes, no, thanks to the chassis. It's an odd sensation, being shot down the road by an engine that you just know shouldn't sound like that.

power, but it's far up the rev range in a narrow band; the Buell makes it hard to come out of corners in the wrong gear, as the engine's wide band of stomp pulls you through — relaxed but fast.

Not all of the Buell's idiosyncratic nature is so pleasing; Buell does not think his bikes need an effective rear stopper, believing that the combination of massive front discs and engine braking is ample. Maybe, but why not fit a decent back brake anyway? The one currently fitted could hardly grace a moped.

The importers are looking to improve it.

The fuel tap is awfully sited, hidden away under the tank. Twice I had to pull on to the motorway hard shoulder, engine spluttering, while a gloved hand groped desperately for the reserve tank position.

The bike's gearbox, a standard Harley Sportster item, finds it hard to keep up with the tuned engine. Tentative changing is onerous but necessary. I quite liked its slightly knocked-together appearance, but other motorcyclists questioned whether the quality matched the cost.

But somehow these are niggles. For anyone who wants something as enigmatic as a Buell — and is prepared to pay the high purchase price — satisfaction awaits. Bikes only possess such irascible character when created by enthusiasts — which in marketing-dominated modern motorcycling makes it a rare beast, probably demanding a rare owner.

shouldn't be as smooth as that, and certainly shouldn't go like that.

The Buell handles sharply, underlining the difference between the sports-tourer and cruiser-tourer philosophies. Suspension is taut, and the bike even manages to feel small when on the move, but this does not stop it being a capable motorway bike, although the sporty fairing keeps little wind off the pilot.

The combination of taut chassis and massive mid-range punch makes the bike a great A-road scorcher. Higher-tuned sports-bikes may make much more

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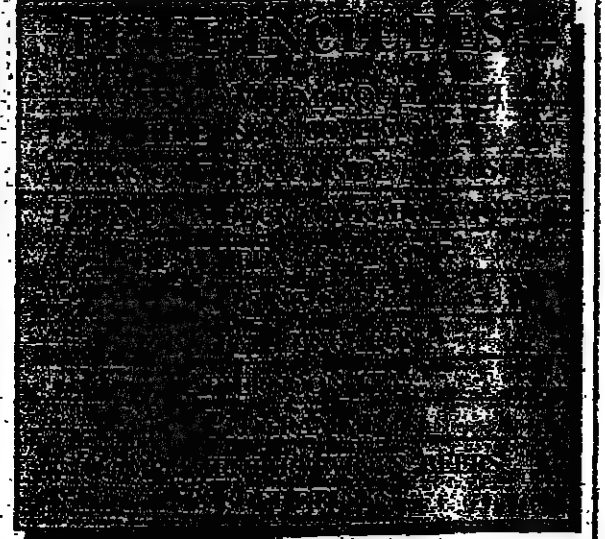


California improvements for 1997 include tauter suspension units and even more chrome

**BUELL S3T**  
Engine: 1,203cc air-cooled 45-degree V-twin.  
Maximum speed: 125mph.  
Fuel consumption: 40mpg.  
Seat height: 29.5in/74.93cm.  
Equipment: Sports fairing, leg shields, panniers.  
Price: £10,495.

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## Mileage kings who ride the world

John Naish reports on intrepid men and women travellers' tales

Touring's modern flashy image might suggest that only young men with specialised machines should venture beyond a 50-mile radius of home. Not true: all you need is a bike, cash, roads and a destination.

Motorcycling has a proud tradition of covering incredible distances on unlikely machines, and latest in this line is Jeremy Pascoe, who has just returned from touring the world on a Honda Fireblade — a highly strung 170mph sportsbike that makes no concessions to comfort or, one would think, longevity.

Pascoe took a year off from working in advertising to raise money for the Cancer Relief Macmillan Fund. His 81,000-mile trip took him throughout the EC and Eastern Europe, from Canada through the United States and into South America, where he was robbed at gunpoint of almost everything bar the bike.

He then went on to lap Australia twice — once against the clock. On the way, he hit a kangaroo at 140mph. Pascoe, who is in his 30s, sustained three broken fingers, a dislocated shoulder and a fractured knee; he had to put the shoulder back himself, then ride 110 miles to hospital.

He then attempted the round-Australia record, usually done in cars by teams of co-drivers. "It was just madness. I couldn't have gone any quicker," he says. "The need to sleep defeated me — I was riding about 18 hours a day, and at one point I just had to sleep for eight hours." He only missed the record by around three hours, completing the 8,912-mile journey in nine days, 18 hours, 34 minutes.

Now back in London, both man and bike are in good fettle. "The bike looks remarkably good, considering the 'roo damage, and it's going superbly," he says. But the bike may have seen the last of its road days. "It's being retired, and will live in the front room of my flat now. I'd be devastated if it ever got nicked."

Stuart Jenkinson is another distance king. But the 70-year-old has spent 43 years totalling 600,000 miles — all on the same machine. Jenkinson runs Bike & Sun Tours International, operating two-week guided-holiday tours around Europe for groups of up to 20 motorcyclists. "We don't set out in convoy, riders journey

as they wish along recommended routes and meet in the evenings at the hotels we stay in," he says.

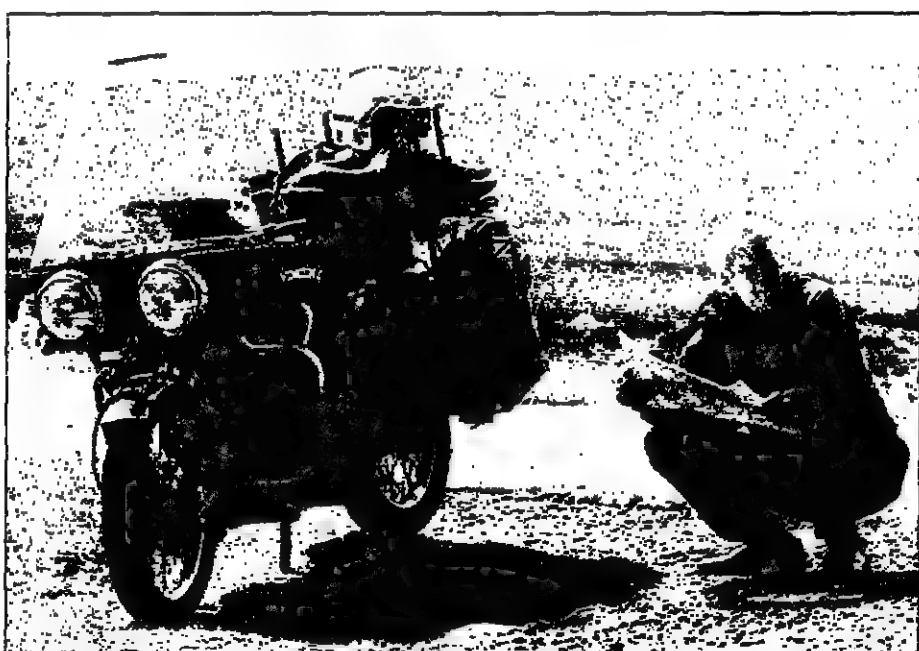
Jenkinson's mount, a Vincent Black Prince, is the type of bike you would expect more to see nowadays gracing museums or collectors' shelves. But he has no thoughts of retiring the bike he bought new in 1955. "I've developed it over the years, and while I've been sidelined a couple of times by breakdowns, with a Vincent you can usually get it going from the side of the road."

Touring is by no means a male preserve, either: Sheonagh Ravensdale, British captain of the Women's International Motorcycle Association, has organised tours in Europe, Japan and Australia, and is planning a tour of Zimbabwe. "Male partners are welcome too, but our runs are extremely civilised."

Ravensdale has also gathered ten restored British motorcycles from the 30s to the 70s for a new venture, Classic Bike Tours, which offers bikers the chance to take these fine old thumpers on four to eight-day guided rides around quiet regions of the UK.

For the more intrepid, H-C Travel offers a wide, wild range of experiences: how about biking up to Machu Picchu in Peru, or riding over the world's highest path, in Northern India? H-C's David Grist says "You always have an element of risk with these tours, but we ensure that they are well sorted."

Bike and Sun Tours International: 01287 630730  
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Stuart Jenkinson with the 600,000-mile 1950s Vincent that he has owned since new

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## Go to work on an icon

Vespa's neat,  
nippy scooter  
beats the city  
rush, Linda  
Galloway says

Choosing a form of transport for the city involves a number of decisions: how much to spend, how often it will be used, fuel consumption, maintenance, parking... and looks. Scooters score high on this checklist. And when you say the word scooter, the name Vespa springs to mind.

After all, it's a cultural icon; the manufacturer has been around for 50 years and none of its competitors carries the cachet that comes with the distinctive Italian styling.

The ET2 is Vespa parent company Piaggio's entry-level machine — a 50cc engine in a new body that is instantly Vespa. Modern styling exaggerates the curves of the tidy, streamlined design, with the mirrors set in bulging, insect-like antennae. The instruments go beyond the basic speedometer and indicators to luxuries such as a digital clock and a petrol light — handy on a small bike with a little tank.

The ET2 has all the features one associates with scooters — it's light and easy to manoeuvre, has twist-and-go technology, a comfortable riding position, low fuel consumption and requires only low maintenance.

The added bonus with the 50cc, although it is restricted to 30mph, is that it doesn't require a separate motorcycle licence and is ideal for first-timers — fulfilling the Vespa's original brief to provide an outlet for youngsters wanting independence.

Very much a city run-around, it performs the task easily enough although the tiny wheels struggled a bit with inner-city "traffic calming" speed bumps, the biggest obstacle they were called upon to negotiate.

It is simple to filter through



Modernised lines accentuate the Vespa's good looks while upgrading its equipment

### VESPA ET2

Engine: 50cc single cylinder 2-stroke.  
Transmission: automatic.  
Maximum speed: 30mph (restricted).  
Consumption: 48.5km/l.  
Weight: 96kg.  
Price: £1,099.

speed and it is frustrating not to have that extra surge of acceleration.

Using it to commute to work was a boon, although when cruising at top speed I had irritable drivers impatient to get past me. Let them rush, I thought, enjoying a less stressful journey at a dignified — and legal — pace.

While being on a motorcycle means getting bogged up in more protective gear than one would need to catch a bus, the benefits of being able to nip through the traffic more than compensate.

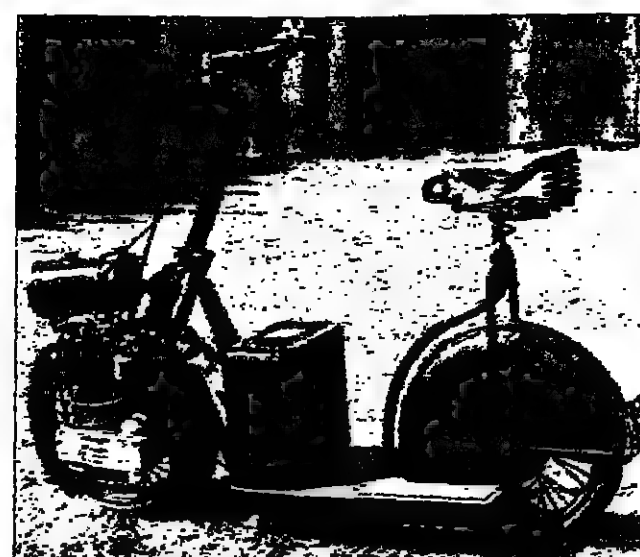
Once you get where you're going, parking is a cinch (and mostly free) and the compartment under the seat, which handily stows a larger-than-average handbag while in transit, then accommodates

the cumbersome helmet while you're away. The rack at the back is perfect for briefcases.

The knees-together riding position may seem prissy by comparison with motorbikes, but it means you are not restricted to trousers, which might necessitate a change of clothing once you reach the office.

There is also a range of accessories that will convert the scooter into a pack horse, with front and back luggage racks or a topbox, and a screen for weather protection.

Although some of the original arguments against scootering remain — unpredictable weather, uneven road surfaces, mad car drivers — Nineties engineering has easily answered any questions over reliability.



Scooters like these 1916 Autoped Ever Readys were put on the market to catch the postwar wave of popularity



## More MoD than mod

The car may have come first, but the idea that two wheels were better than four was not far behind. The cult of the scooter may have emerged in the Fifties, with the refinement of design that the early Italian machines brought. But scootermania first took hold in London in 1919, following the First World War.

The hype at the time was focused on an American model called the Autoped — Selfridges claimed that if it had enough stock it could have sold 100 a day — although a model called the Max had been exhibited at the Stanley Show in London in 1907, and a three-wheeled machine called the MotoFrip had been

The first fad followed  
the armistice, says  
Linda Galloway

exhibited at Olympia in 1911, to little acclaim.

The summer of 1919 was hot and heady — wages had doubled during the war years, with few commodities available to buy, and demobilised soldiers, sailors and airmen had service gratuities to spend. The demand for motorcycles was high and there were not enough to go round.

The motorcycling press denounced the scooter's riding position, while recognising its low cost, light weight and low fuel consumption, but the main complaint seemed to be that America was about to swamp the market.

But the first British scooter was about to be launched. The Skootamota had no suspen-

sion, and relied on large wheels and tyres to absorb road shocks. The frame was welded steel tubing and the 125cc four-stroke engine was, in effect, half of an ABC flat-twin trench-pump unit. It had a top speed of 30mph and returned at least 120mpg.

In its original form the Skootamota, designed by Granville Bradshaw and built by Gilbert Crompton Ltd, had the rider standing up, but by the time it was on sale a saddle had been added. It cost £40 and outsold all its later rivals, which were being announced almost daily.

Some of the contenders were crudely designed and even dangerous, and most never made it into production. A front-wheel drive formula was favoured but the drawbacks to this were recognised early on — if the engine backfired on starting the whole thing would pivot, depositing the driver in a heap, and steering was problematic.

One of the better and most long-lived designs was the G.S.C. Autocycle, marketed as the Kenilworth, and built by Captain Smith Clarke for his wife. It was more of a miniature motorcycle, and had a 142cc Norman engine.

Despite the positive press, very few scooters actually made it into production, and after an incontinent summer and rising inflation in 1920, *Motor Cycling* magazine pointed out the harsh reality: "The sun does not always shine, roads are not always smooth, engines do break down."

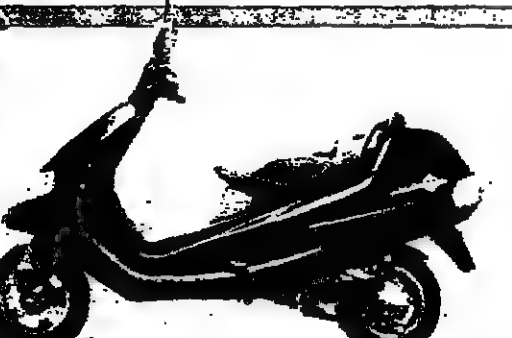
So it was not until 1950, another world war later, that design, production and demand coalesced for a successful assault on the market.



Autoglider: plain dangerous

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This week *The Times*, in association with Piaggio, gives you the chance to win one of seven fabulous scooters. They are worth approximately £11,600 in total. Scooters are the nineties way to get about. Fast, safe, the best way to beat traffic jams, they are also as environmentally friendly as motorised wheels get. They cost about three pence a mile to run and in most places there is free parking. All Piaggio scooters come with a dual seat and you can store luggage or a helmet.

The Vespa was first created 50 years ago and more than 15 million have been sold worldwide. A recognised style icon, we launch our prize draw with the Vespa ET2 which is brought up to date with the latest technology but retains the style of the classic Vespa. The Piaggio scooter prizes are: Vespa ET2 (main prize) and, clockwise from the bottom left: Liberty 50cc, Vespa ET4, NRG and Zip SP (Sport Production) both come with free insurance; Vespa ET2; and Hexagon 125cc.

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Simply collect four of the seven tokens which will appear in *The Times* this week and send them with the completed entry form which will be published on Thursday. On the entry form you should state which bike you would like to win. The closing date for entries is Friday September 12, 1997. Readers must be over 16 to enter.

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THE TIMES



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## A black and white photograph of a vintage 1930s sedan, likely a Packard, parked in front of a building. A man in a suit stands to the right of the car, looking towards the camera. The car features a prominent grille, large headlights, and a spare tire mounted on the side. The background shows a building with a sign that reads "HOTEL".

Society — commendably concerned about the threat of engulfment of their town by Milton Keynes — proposed that residents' memories of old *marques* be recorded. Mr. Humber were favourite subjects.

So, too, was Tickford, the name given to the Salmon company after the village of Ian Howell. The company was subsequently bought by Aston Martin in 1954.

One of the original Salmon family homes, "Sunnyside" is Tickford Street, is the headquarters of Aston Martin Lagonda, and the Salmon and Tickford Enthusiasts Club gathers there for a rally on Monday. It will be modest but important assertion of Newport Pagnell history in early motorist history.

And if any reader knows an NP lurking in a barn or doing service as a chicken coop, or even has access to Salmons or Tickford memorabilia, the time to come forward is now. Newport Pagnell history need you.

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GL 416 Fiat/Power	73
GL 1200 Alfa Romeo/Mer	87
MIN 911 C2 CASIMOLEY Monro/Chevy	57
MIN C2 CPE Monro/Chevy: 500cc, 17"	147
GL 3.3 TURBO CPM/Mer	157
GL 3.3 TURBO Arches/Mer	171
GL 416 CPE Gaud/Mer	187
GL 900 CPE CPM/Ther, 1.5L	187
MIN 516 CPE Monro/Mer	187

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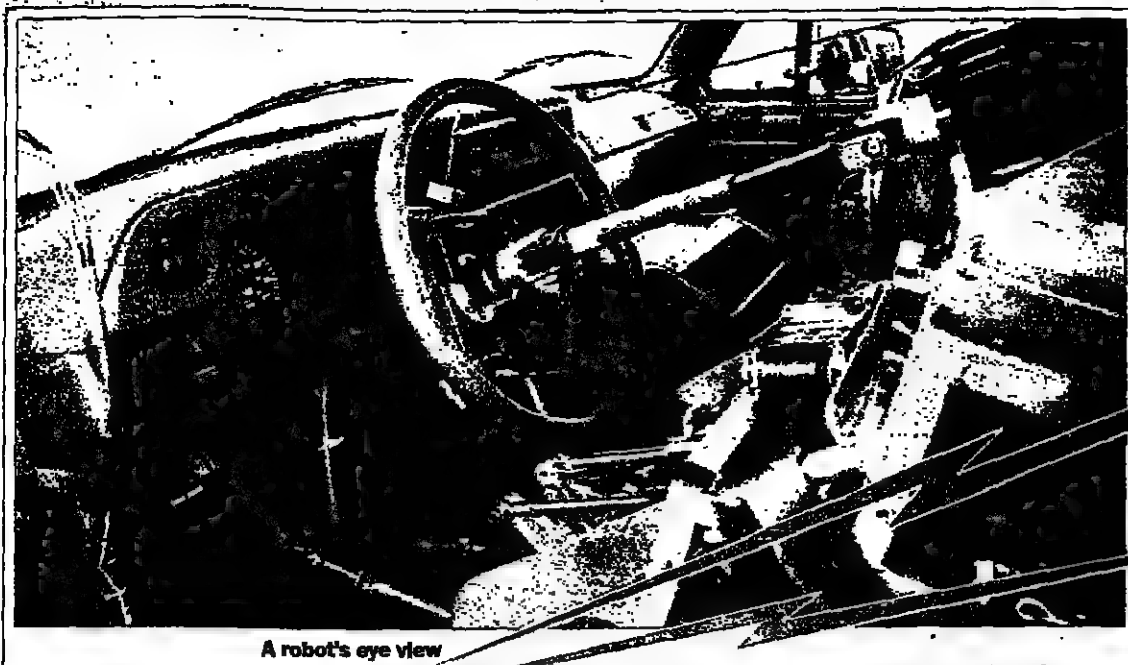
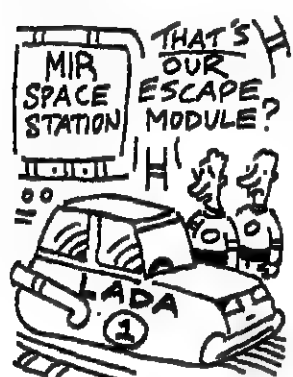
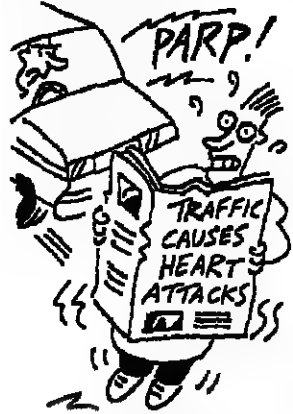
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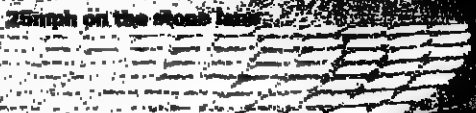
## CAR...TOONS



A robot's eye view

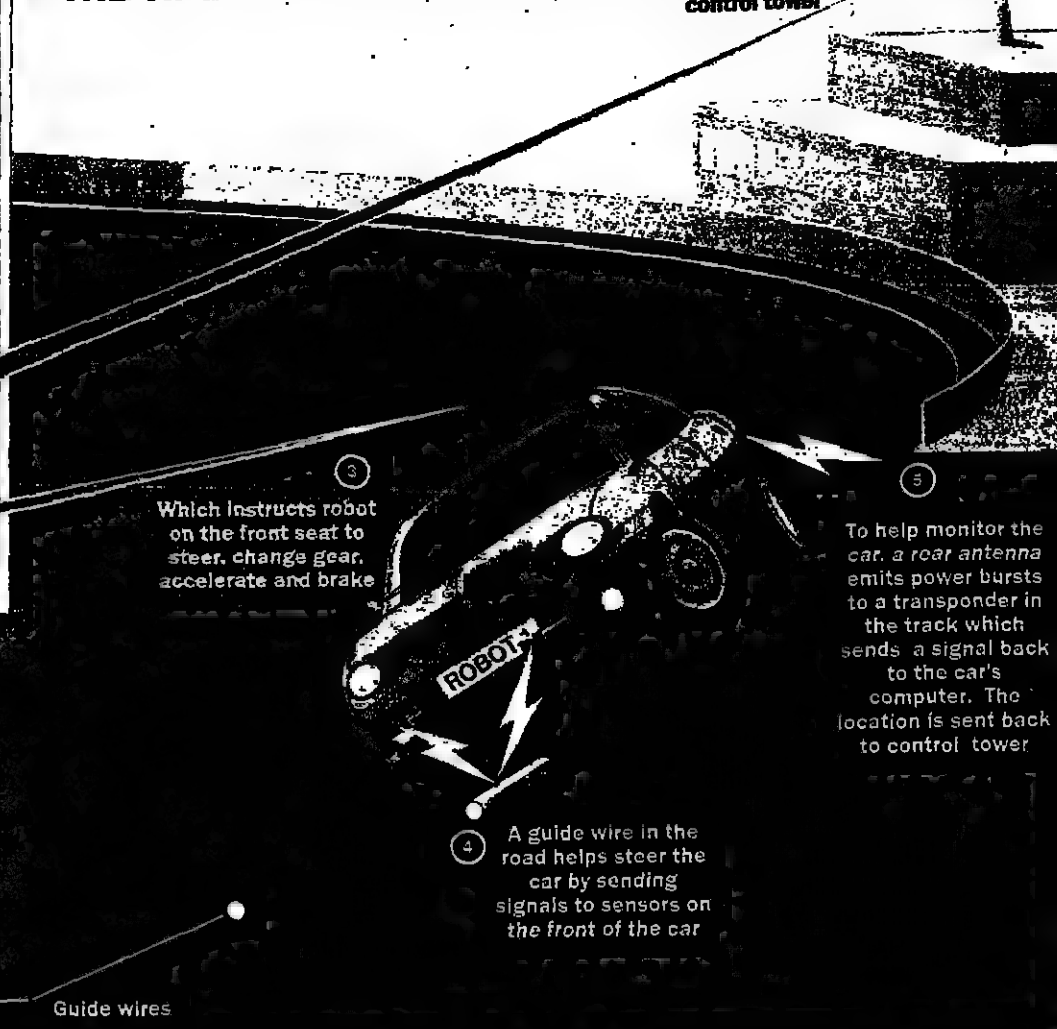


Relay mast sends commands to onboard computer



Jump on the steep bank

## THE TIRELESS TEST DRIVER



Which instructs robot on the front seat to steer, change gear, accelerate and brake

Vehicle commands are sent from the control tower

To help monitor the car, a rear antenna emits power bursts to a transponder in the track which sends a signal back to the car's computer. The location is sent back to control tower

A guide wire in the road helps steer the car by sending signals to sensors on the front of the car

Guide wires

## Wrecker robots are an auto's mate

Chrysler's computerised drivers are discovering what its new cars can stand, reports Kevin Eason

They never complain about the long hours nor wings that every bump and pothole sends a quiver down their spines like a tuning fork.

These are the drivers developing the cars of the future for Chrysler — a small army of robots driving on an electronically controlled circuit more like a Scalextric track than a motorway.

America's third-biggest carmaker is radically shortening development times by handing over the most arduous testing to robot drivers which pound round a circuit so demanding that 2,500 miles is the equivalent of 100,000 on normal roads.

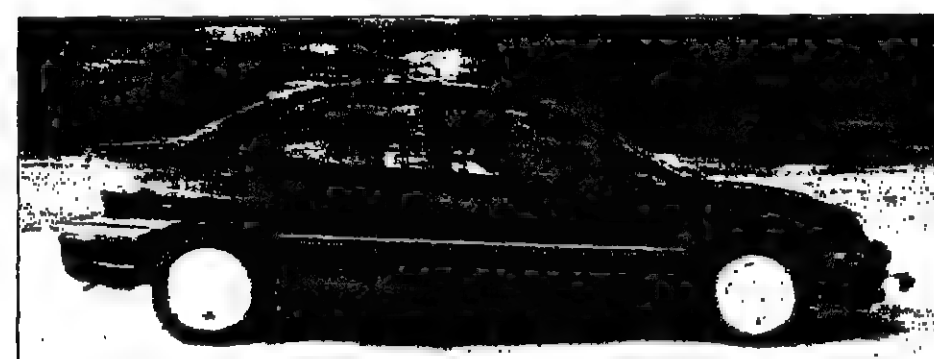
The 1.3-mile circuit cost \$12 million to build and is the only one like it in the world, though it is undoubtedly the forerunner for carmakers desperately seeking easier and quicker ways to shake out faults from upcoming models.

Designing and making a

car is only the first step; it is in the hundreds of thousands of miles of development driving that components are tested, sometimes to destruction. Rattles, squeaks, poor fitting parts not up to the job are all sought out in that vital period which can take years and require test teams journeying halfway around the world. They drive through deserts and over Arctic wastes — in the cause of making sure the car that reaches the showrooms can tootle to the shops without a blip.

At best, European carmakers need about two years to complete the task, but the race is on to equal or beat the 18 months claimed by some Japanese manufacturers between the car leaving the drawing board and being parked on the drive.

Chrysler's robotised test circuit will help, by allowing engineers to put cars through hour after hour of rigorous examination without the need



Robots test cars harder and longer than humans, but they don't know when to stop

for finding test drivers willing to put their bodies through a pounding that would make even Michael Schumacher wince.

The circuit track at Chrysler's proving ground in Chelsea, Michigan, is divided into two lanes: a smooth, asphalt track and a harsh cobblestone surface, intermittently dotted with severe potholes and simulated rail tracks.

Sue Cieshke, Chrysler's general manager of scientific laboratories and proving grounds, says: "Our drivers can last only four hours a day on these roads. Imagine hitting a head-tossing pothole

every five feet for hours on end. Needless to say, we don't have a lot of test drivers who relish that job."

She adds: "But a robot can be programmed to take that kind of punishment all day long, through the night and in all kinds of weather. It will run the same course over and over. It won't be tempted to lift off the accelerator or swerve to avoid a particularly nasty pothole."

"We think we can take testing time down from six weeks to less than two weeks and that's a huge advantage in

our ever-shrinking product cycle time. We can also improve the consistency of our tests, reduce the time our drivers are exposed to harsh conditions and increase the time they are available to drive on less severe roads."

The test circuit has two guide wires embedded in the track surface. Two sensors mounted in the front of the test car pick up frequencies from the guide wires and relay their messages to a computer in the driver's seat: the closer the coil gets to the guide wire, the higher the voltage; so when the voltage in, say, the right-hand side sensor is too strong,

the computer knows it is drifting off course and corrects the steering.

The computer corrects course and speed, instructing mechanical arms and feet as it travels at speeds up to 45mph while as many as nine vehicles on the circuit at one time are monitored from a traffic control tower — manned by real people who view the action through a system of cameras around the circuit.

Models such as the Neon and Jeep Cherokee were tested this way, required to drive mile after monotonous mile as engineers waited to see if each component would pass its severest examination. Every component has to be tested through at least 100,000 miles, but it can take six weeks or more for human test drivers to get through mileages that high. Now body and chassis engineers can get on with other work while the robots bump and grind their way to destruction.

The robots have only one failing so far, which is that they cannot pick up on faults that motorists would spot in an instant. The robots will drive on whether something breaks or not, even if the

passenger cabin fills with smoke from an electrical short or the car starts shaking itself to bits. Chrysler is developing a new set of sensors with a "human touch" that will spot those kind of faults immediately and alert engineers in the control tower.

The Chrysler circuit is also giving engineers a fast learning curve on the development of so-called automated highways, roads on which cars will be guided in electronic convoy without the need for motorists to touch the controls.

The world's first automated highway went into experimental service in California last month aimed at being used by ordinary motorists by the year 2002. But, Chrysler's team believes there are too many glitches for the system to work successfully for some time yet, though each mile its robots cover adds to the sum of knowledge on technology that is destined to become a feature of everyday motoring in the next century.

Maybe then, you could pack the kids into the Neon and off to school with nanny driving... a robot nanny that is guided all the way to the gates by wire.

## Roll on colour, and say goodbye tired black

Grab your shades — Michelin man's gone psychedelic, reports Vaughan Freeman

For the first 100 years of the car, manufacturers have offered motorists little or no choice when it came to the colour of their tyres. The alternatives traditionally limited only to a narrow range of black.

All that is changing now with the launch of a gaudy range of tyres from Michelin featuring fire-engine red, enviro-friendly green and sunburst yellow.

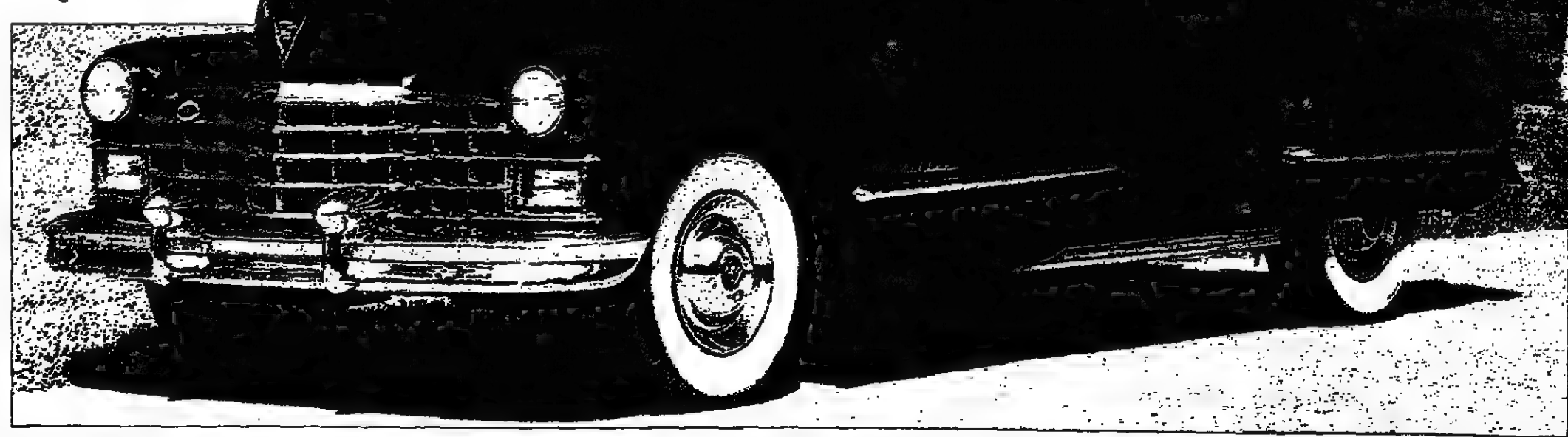
Michelin believes younger drivers, bored with the tedious black tyres on the corners of their metallic or pearlescent multi-hued cars, are itching to switch to tyres that, like the perfectly matched handbag, will harmonise with their car's colour.

It is not the first time the automotive industry has tried to jazz up the humble tyre. Once, the whitewall was the ultimate in tyre chic, a rubber fashion statement first seen on finned and chromed American cars of the 1950s and 1960s and which was then adopted by wannabe glamour cars from Britain.

Today the whitewall tyre is long since dead, and seen only in demure guise on Rolls-Royces. Michelin believes its coloured tyres, likely to be seen in Britain next year and being trialled in limited numbers now in France, Germany and Italy, will prove to be the "in" thing for the fashion-conscious motorist.

Michelin's Corallo range features highly visible colours in the sidewall of the tyre, as well as the tread, and because the colour is not a dye but formed in the rubber of the tyre, the colour never wears out. Indeed, the tyre's wear only freshens the colour.

Michelin spokesman Alan Abercrombie says: "The tyres are aimed at drivers who might buy cars with



colour-coordinated bumpers, and younger drivers who would want their tyres to harmonise or contrast with the colour they have chosen for their car.

"The tyres would also be useful for motor manufacturers who want to make a special-edition car and might be looking to colour-coordinate the wheels with the car's body colour. By offering the Corallo range in Rio Yellow, Ema Red and Nordik Green, we hope most tastes will be catered for."

The tyres come in only two sizes to fit small and medium cars, and are aimed at motorists likely to buy "fun" cars like the Ford Ka, Peugeot 106 or Renault Clio, and who are also likely to be younger than drivers of larger family saloons and estates.

Coloured tyres have become possible only in the past four or five years with the introduction of

silica in the construction of tyres. In the past, tyres have traditionally used carbon black with the rubber. Carbon black, which gives tyres their distinctive and tedious shade, protects the tyre rubber from ultra violet light which hardens rubber and makes it brittle.

The use in tyre construction of silica, which also protects the tyre rubber from ageing, means that tyres can be made in any colour without any compromise in safety or performance, because silica comes in a neutral pigment.

While the coloured tyres will cost slightly more than their dreary all-black counterparts, the hope is that harlequin hues on a car's four corners will have the welcome side-effect of increasing a driver's awareness of his or her tyres and so increase safety. Tyres are notoriously overlooked, and few drivers regularly check them

for pressures or wear, even though they are one of the most vital components on a vehicle.

Abercrombie says: "It seems strange that motorists will spend hundreds of pounds on a hi-fi system for their car, yet, because tyres are a distress purchase, resent spending money on tyres. A £30 petrol fill-up at the garage will take most cars 300 or 400 miles, yet a £30 tyre will take a car 30,000 miles."

Every year millions of cars fail their MOT because of faulty tyres, and in August and September alone it is estimated some 600,000 cars will have to retake the test because of faults with their tyres.

Tyres with worn tread, damage, nicks and bulges are one of the main causes of motorists facing the disappointment of a failed

MOT says the National Tyre Distributors Association.

NTDA president Tony Cooke says: "We know that one in ten of cars will fail to meet the MOT's legal requirements for tyres."

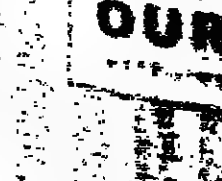
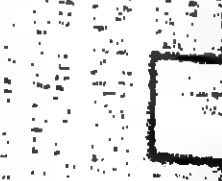
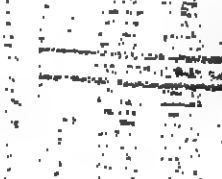
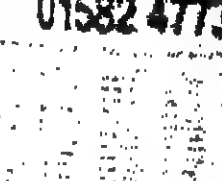
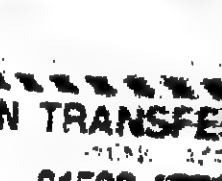
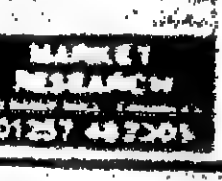
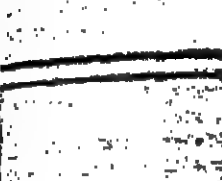
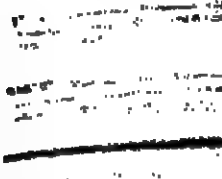
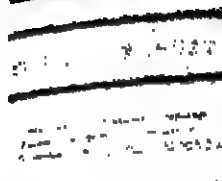
The most common causes of tyre failure are insufficient tread depth — the law requires a minimum of 1.6mm — poor puncture repairs, irregular tread wear, sidewall splits, cuts and bulges.

Now the NTDA's 2,500 centres are offering free tyre inspections aimed at spotting tyre problems before motorists enter their cars for an MOT. Cooke says: "The great pity is that literally millions of pounds are being wasted by motorists paying re-test fees and travelling to new appointments when a free, five-minute tyre inspection would have identified both the problem and the most appropriate solution."



Whitewalls were glam in the 1950s, but eventually the fad died a death.

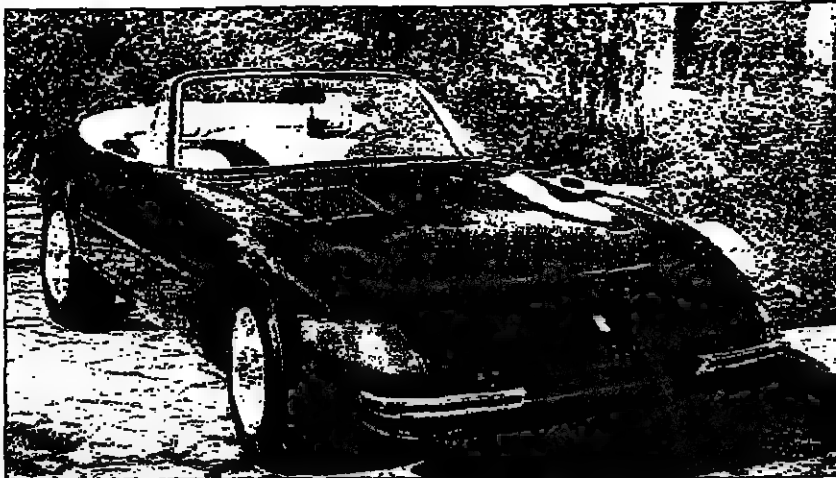
Will colour make drivers take more notice of their rubber? One in ten cars now fails to meet the MOT requirements for tyre safety











**There are three Ferrari Daytona Spiders. One is the best Christie's has seen**

automatically increases its volume in proportion to engine speed. Its estimate is \$70,000 to \$90,000 (£43,000 to £56,000).

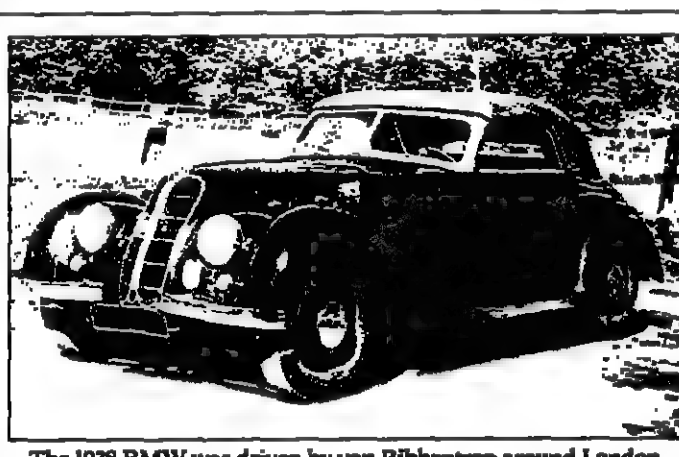
## Mel Blanc's rare cars are for sale, says Alan Coops

decided to sell them now while they are still in pristine condition," says Miles Morris of Christie's International cars department. "For example, the condition of the best of three Ferrari Daytonas, a black 1973 365 GTS/4 is quite unbelievable. It's the best Christie's has ever seen. It's almost certainly better than when Enzo Ferrari sold the car."

"Noel Blanc has turned his attention to hot rods and admits these cars no longer get the attention and driving they deserve. Because he's a perfectionist he's

automatically increases its volume in proportion to engine speed. Its estimate is \$70,000 to \$90,000 (£43,000 to £56,000).

Another gem from the Blanc collection is a 1957 Ford Thunderbird "F" — the supercharged version of one of the most famous American sports cars. The specification is a reminder of just how long some of the "new" features now being fitted to cars have been around in the States. The factory-fitted options include power seats, electric windows and a radio that



The 1938 BMW was driven by von Ribbentrop around London

**A** 1938 BMW with a small part in history returns home for a sale of classic cars at the Nurburgring circuit in

The blue **527** sports tourer was delivered new to Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hitler's ambassador in London. It was seen around town on his visits to the Foreign Office until he returned to become Germany's wartime Foreign Secretary.

passed through three postwar owners and carries a broad £28,000-£41,000 estimate at a Brooks auction.

Another prewar classic set for a top price is a striking 1930 red Mercedes, a 7-litre supercharged SS sports tourer estimated between £450,000-£500,000.

M. Scott" with anecdotal evidence suggesting he may have been Major George Scott, a pilot of the ill-fated airship, *R101*, which

A 1953 3.4-litre restored Jaguar C-type which had a trouble-free run in the Mille Miglia retrospective runs in 1995 and 1996 is a little more expensive at £333,000.

The auction also features famous Formula One racers, including the James Hunt/Jacky Ickx 1975-6 3-litre Hesketh Cosworth at about £21,000.

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# I don't like Mondays

The closure of its weekly cattle market has destroyed the character of a Dorset town, Jane McCarthy writes

**M**ondays have changed for the people of Sturminster Newton. In the heart of Thomas Hardy country in Dorset, the High Street, where banks, accountants and solicitors sit alongside the antique shops and rare booksellers that are typical of such market towns, is quieter than before. Stallholders in the cheese market are grumbling about relocating their award-winning Sturminster Newton Cheddar, and Women's Institute ladies are down-hearted about the fate of their stalls.

Despondency fell on Sturminster at the end of June with the disappearance of the 700-year-old livestock market, which has taken place in the centre of town every Monday for as long as anybody can remember. It was the market that brought Sturminster alive week after week.

It is not just the fact that the market has gone that saddens people. What inflames them is that the blow to their community has come from an anonymous group of businessmen, whose offshore company, Sturminster Holdings, is registered in the Virgin Islands.

Sturminster Holdings bought the site in 1989 with a view to developing it into a supermarket and housing, and served them with a notice to quit this June.

The Monday trade for the town, a cheese market sprang up and the Women's Institute set up stalls — both are disappointed they now have to go. David Fox, the town council chairman, sums up the mood as one of anger and frustration: "There is a feeling of impotence. We don't know who we're dealing with."

Matthew Price, secretary of the local National Farmers Union, agrees: "A part of Dorset's agricultural heritage is being lost and we seem powerless to have any influence." He recalls the day in the middle of June when a notice to quit was served to the market operators, Premier Livestock Auctions. "It felt like a member of the family had died. It was a necessary and valuable facility for farmers and we mourn its loss."

Across Britain, livestock markets are under threat as never before. Commercial property developers want the prime town-centre sites that they occupy. Animal welfare campaigners have forced expensive changes on auctioneers and reduced trade in live-animal exports. And on top of this there is BSE to contend with. The number of cattle sold through markets in 1995 was



A strong campaign failed to save Sturminster market



Developers told the Women's Institute to move elsewhere

2.5 million; in 1996, 300,000 fewer were auctioned, and the figure this year is likely to be lower still.

The market in King's Lynn closed recently. Clive Rogers, its operator, says the market was privately owned and came up for sale, estate agents described it as "an exciting opportunity to acquire a substantial commercial investment, with redevelopment potential for commercial and residential purposes, in the heart of a popular country town."

Sturminster is in north Dorset's Blackmore Vale — one of the most intensive dairy farming areas in the European Union — and its calf market was once the largest in Britain. Dorset — the county with the highest milk yield in Britain — sustains just one cattle market, in Shaftesbury, but that site is also being sought for a supermarket.

Mr Price has learnt from experience not to believe all the reassuring noises being made in Shaftesbury about relocating that market. It seems, he says grimly, that it will stay closed.

Eight years ago, when the land (which was privately owned) came up for sale, estate agents described it as "an exciting opportunity to acquire a substantial commercial investment, with redevelopment potential for commercial and residential purposes, in the heart of a popular country town."

The 7.5-acre site had been let since 1906 to the Senior family, who became the estate agents and auctioneers Senior & Godwin. But the lease expired in early 1990 and attempts to extend it failed. The market was allowed to continue on

a series of short-term leases and the community mounted a campaign to save its livestock market.

Fetters ran high with emotional pleas for "the heart of our town" ringing through the pages of the local and national press. Eighteen months ago North Dorset District Council also put together a bid of £950,000 to take over the site and secure the future of the market. But it failed and Premier Livestock Auctions moved from one month to the next, with rumours and uncertainty adding to the problems of a trade already in decline.

Two weeks' notice was given by the new landlords Sturminster Holdings, and on June 30 the last cattle market was held in Sturminster Newton.

Campaigners have not given up. Richard Johnston of the Sturminster Newton Action Group claims that two Royal Charters, one of which was signed in 1490 by Henry VII, granted permission for a weekly livestock market in the town: "I have been advised that to go against a Royal Charter when it has been in force for 500 years or more is an act of treason."

Despite the massive campaign, most people accept that the battle is lost to maintain a market of this size, though they are fighting for a smaller, more modern one.

Nigel Jones, the agent representing Sturminster Holdings, is hearing the brunt of public outrage but resolutely defends the company's position.

He says: "I don't know why people are trying to muddy the water," he says. "There is nothing untoward in any of this. My clients bought the site for £162,500 and their objectives have always been clear, although legal complications have prevented them from carrying these out. This is a business venture and we want to maximise its value. Times have moved on and, regrettably, markets in smaller towns can no longer be economically run."

Try telling that to the Women's Institute or the chessmen. For generations, country folk and farmers have travelled to market and used it as an opportunity to air their grievances and catch up on gossip.

Tom Fox, whose family has farmed nearby for 80 years, recalls: "It was a place to meet friends and hear Dorset dialects. There was a lot of humour and leg-pulling."

As a member of the local museum society, he has salvaged what history he can from the site — the original bell and auctioneer's signal pole.



Livestock markets across Britain are under threat from developers and animal welfare campaigners

## SHOPAROUND

### Senior Citizens with money in the bank should read this before it's too late

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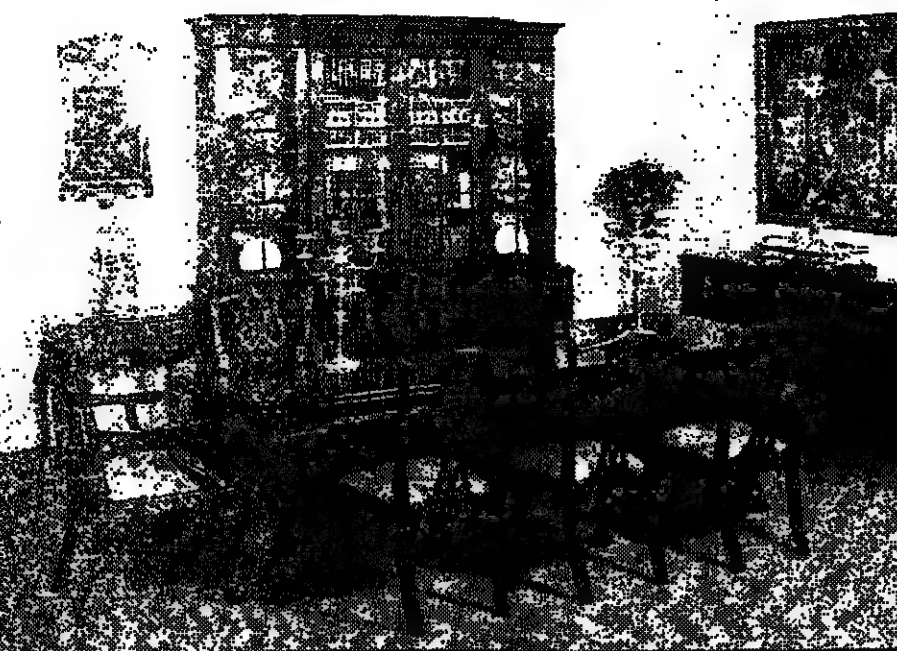


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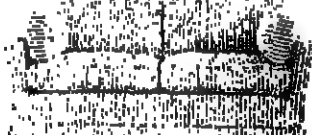
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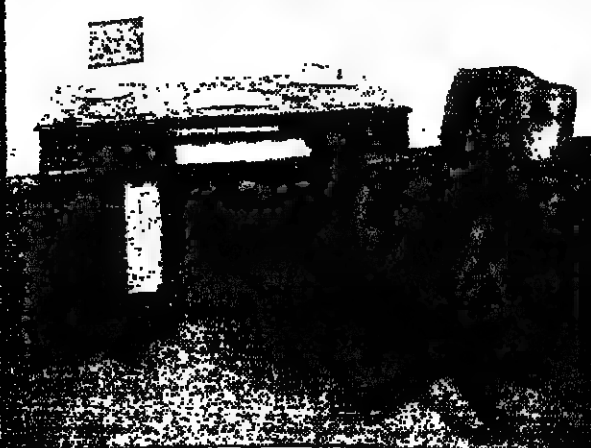
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Seduction  
by scenery  
and good  
Kerry food

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# THE TIMES travel

Peaceful  
harmony  
in the old  
war zone

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## Almost as good as a birthday gun

The eighth wonder of the world  
is nothing compared to the  
thrill of a hunt for a small boy

JAMES MCMANUS



Nicholas, four, and Elizabeth, six, with their hero, Elliot

Take a four-year-old boy, place him on a spray-drenched outcrop facing Victoria Falls, point out the majesty of the mile-wide waterfall thundering into a gorge only feet away from his small, amazed face, direct his wondering eyes to the rainbows bursting through the clouds of mist rising high into the blue African sky and then say: "Well, what do you think of that?"

After a pause during which the boy solemnly scans the eighth wonder of the world, the response is spoken with conviction: "Dad, can I have a real gun for my birthday?" As ever with children, there is a line of logic here.

Early that morning we had stumbled from our beds at a small lodge in the bush a few miles from the falls to be driven by a guide called Elliot across the railway line that Rhodes once dreamt would link Capetown to Cairo.

Once across the rail, the bush, thickened and greened by an extended rainy season, closed around us like fog. Elliot had a big .375 rifle and, as he loaded copper-jacketed rounds into the breach, it was clear that nothing the children would see that day would match the sight of our hunter and his very real gun.

As the sunlight began to splinter through the trees we tracked the spoor of elephant, hippo and buffalo in the grey powdery earth of small paths and clearings. The deep round prints of the elephant and the smaller, cloven hoof-marks of the buffalo were fresh. But it was the dung of both animals, warm and soft to the touch, that made you handle these things — the children, of course, loved doing so, that told us how close we were to big game. The hippo, which

will travel miles from their river in search of food at night, had long returned to the Zambezi. But the elephant and buffalo were close enough to remind us, as we peered hopefully into the bush, that no one had had breakfast.

Elliot pointed to a livid scar running from his thigh to calf and said that buffalo had killed more professional hunters in Africa than any other animal. Six months previously he had almost joined the list after a surprise charge in this very area.

Breakfast suddenly seemed of overriding importance. There were no arguments as we returned to the Land Rover and bumped our way back to a hilltop lodge, whose main single-storey building opened onto wide verandas, giving a 360-degree view over miles of the Zambezi national park.

The style was turn-of-the-century colonial, with corrugated iron roofs, ceiling fans, iron bedsteads and even those

old-fashioned baths with ball and claw feet in the two honeymoon suites. This is Sekuti's Drift, named after a chief who ruled over hundreds of square miles north and south of the Zambezi river in the early years of the century.

Although the isette fly, which was the chief's principal ally against the white pioneer columns, has long gone, the malarial mosquito remains, and so we obediently took our daily Paludrine at breakfast. This was a bore and one which persisted three weeks after the end of our holiday, but it was a small price to pay for the pleasure of a family safari.

Sekuti takes a maximum of 20 guests in ten rooms. The food, which is a huge improvement on the usual safari camp heart-attack fry-up, is served at a long communal dining table. There is a large open fireplace, a teak-topped long

bar and a library which, among the usual Africana, includes such rarities as a first edition of the collected short stories of William Sansom.

What makes this lodge different from many others in Zimbabwe is that it provides the experience of a remote bush camp only 20 minutes' drive from the fast-growing resort of Victoria Falls. So you can, as we did, hear the roar of a lion signalling his desire for a mate only yards from your bedroom window, you can follow Elliot into the virgin bush at dawn, and you can relive the colonial dream on the veranda at night (too much whisky under too many stars), all within reach of the gaudy delights of the falls.

Sadly, what they say about the falls is true. Collusion between a cash-strapped government and a greedy tourist industry has put too many sundowner cruises on the broad stretch of the Zambezi above the falls and too many helicopters and microlite aircraft into the airspace over the resort, which is now crowded with too many hotels.

But at the turn of the century, exactly 40 years after David Livingstone reported the existence of the falls to the outside world, the local press was making very much the same complaints. Then, as now, consolation can be found in the luxury of the Victoria Falls Hotel, a magnificent pile whose terrace looks out over the wildly improbable railway bridge arching over the Zambezi gorge linking Zimbabwe with Zambia. As for the falls, the largest single curtain of falling water in the world retains its age-old powers of astonishment — unless you happen to be a four-year-old boy.

JAMES MCMANUS



Victoria Falls, between Zimbabwe and Zambia, is a mile wide and the largest single sheet of water in the world

A journey along the Nile is a passage through antiquity, an incomparable river voyage that brings to life the great monuments of the Pharaohs, the divine kings of thirty dynasties who ruled Egypt.

Travelling with us will be our guest speaker who will add much to our understanding of all we see. Ashore we will be joined at the sites by knowledgeable local guides. There will be a number of informative after dinner talks recapping the days explorations.

Exploration by river is, without doubt, the most comfortable and relaxing way to see Egypt and particularly when one is fortunate enough to travel on one of the smaller vessels of the first class Thomas Cook Egypt fleet. With a party size of forty to fifty travellers the atmosphere on board is more akin to a private yacht.

However, the best feature of such a small party is the speed and ease at which we can move around the sites, embark and disembark. On larger vessels so much time can be wasted whilst one or two hundred passengers queue to land, join a coach, etc.

This 600 mile journey is unusual in that it will take you all the way from Cairo to the Nubian city of Aswan. Most river vessels cruise between Luxor and Aswan taking 4 to 7 days.

In addition to our eleven nights on the river we will have a total of four days in Cairo. Egypt's capital for the past thousand years. From here will view the wonders of Giza, Saqqara and Memphis and visit the Cairo Museum and the old city.



## A SIX-HUNDRED MILE Passage Along the Nile

A 16 DAY JOURNEY THROUGH  
MIDDLE AND UPPER EGYPT  
ABOARD THE ROYAL SERENADE

with Robert Anderson

Day 4 Cairo. Morning visit to the Roman-Byzantine fortress of Old Cairo including the Copac Museum and St Sergius Church. Afternoon at leisure.

Day 5 Cairo. Morning at leisure. Afternoon embarkation on Royal Serenade. Sail at dusk to El Wasta. Moor overnight.

Day 6 On the Nile. Day 7 Bent Hassan. This morning explore the river cliff tombs of the Beni Hassan nobles, dating back to 2000 BC.

Afternoon on the river cruising to Tel El Amarna. Day 8 Tel El Amarna & Assiout. In the morning we will ride in tractor-wagons for the short journey to the archaeological site of Tel El Amarna and the ruins of the palace of Queen Neferiti.

Day 9 On the Nile. Cruising the Nile to Ballana. Day 10 Abydos & Gena.

Drive through the fertile Nile Valley to Abydos, the most sacred site in Egypt to visit the Temples of Seti I and his son, Ramesses II.

Day 11 Denderah & Luxor. In the

morning drive to the Temple of Hathor at Denderah. Sail on to Luxor. Afternoon visit to the magnificent temples of Karnak and Luxor. Moor overnight in Luxor. Day 12 Luxor. An early start this morning, crossing the Nile and driving through the desert to the Necropolis of ancient Thebes. See the tombs of the Pharaohs in the Valley of the Kings, the mortuary temple of Queen Hatshepsut, the Valley of the Queens and the Colossi of Memnon. Afternoon sailing to Edfu.

Day 13 Edfu, Kom Ombo & Aswan. Drive by horse and carriage to the Temple of Horus. Later cruise to Kom Ombo and visit the striking Ptolemaic Temple overlooking the Nile. Sail to Aswan and moor overnight.

Day 14 Aswan. Visit the Aswan High Dam and continue to the reconstructed Temple of Philae. In the afternoon sail across the Nile by felucca to Kitchener Island. Day 15 Abu Simbel. Early morning flight to Abu Simbel to see the reconstructed rock-hewn temple of Ramesses.

Return to Aswan by air. Remainder of day at leisure. Day 16 Aswan to London (Heathrow). Morning departure for London with Egyptian, arriving in the afternoon.

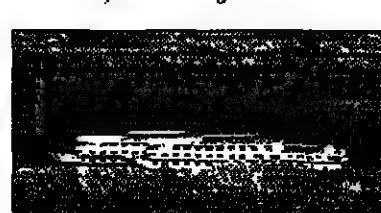
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■ Air Zimbabwe (0171-491 0009) has four flights weekly to Harare with published fares from £1,066, flying from Gatwick. KLM (0990 750900) has fares from £556 via Amsterdam.

■ Africa Connection (01244 400994) can arrange itineraries to include the Victoria Falls Hotel, from £115 per person for B&B, and Sekuti's Drift, from £138, full board.

■ The cheapest time to buy a package holiday is

### FACT FILE

between January and March. Africa Connection offers seven nights B&B at the Victoria Falls Hotel, international and internal flights and transfers from £1,580 per person. Seven nights at Sekuti's Drift costs from £1,695.

■ Vaccinations against typhoid, tetanus, polio and hepatitis A, and malaria pills are all necessary.

Innoculations for rabies, diphtheria, hepatitis B and meningitis may be required, depending on areas visited. ■ For further information: Zimbabwe Tourist Office (0171-240 6169). ■ The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends *Survivor's Song*, by Mark and Delia Owens (HarcourtCollins, £8.99); *David Livingstone & The Victorian Encounter* with Africa (National Portrait Gallery, £22).

### THE ITINERARY

Day 1 London (Heathrow) to Cairo with Egyptian. Drive to the luxurious Hotel Semiramis Inter-Continental for a 4 night stay.

Day 2 Cairo. Drive to Giza, where the pyramids of Chephren and Cheops rise from the desert alongside the Great Sphinx.

Day 3 Cairo. Morning visit to the Egyptian Museum of Antiquities where the Pharaohs' reign of 3000 years is brought to life. Later drive to Saqqara to see the step pyramid of King Zoser and on to Memphis to see the sphinx and statue of Ramesses II.



Drive through the fertile Nile Valley to Abydos, the most sacred site in Egypt to visit the Temples of Seti I and his son, Ramesses II.

Day 11 Denderah & Luxor. In the

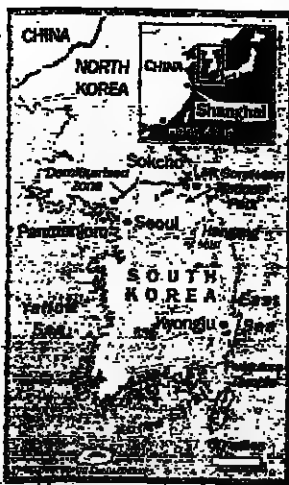






Cities of the East: A Korean war soldier goes back to Seoul; and exploring the back streets of Shanghai

# For you the war is over



No country in the world can have changed more dramatically in the past 40 years than South Korea. When I spent the last nine months of my National Service there in 1953-54, it was in a state of ruin following the recently ended Korean War.

That savage conflict had been preceded by 45 years of annexation and exploitation by the Japanese, ended only by Japan's defeat in the Second World War.

To return was an extraordinary experience. I remembered Seoul, the capital, as a virtually destroyed city where most products on sale seemed to be made out of steel shrapnel.

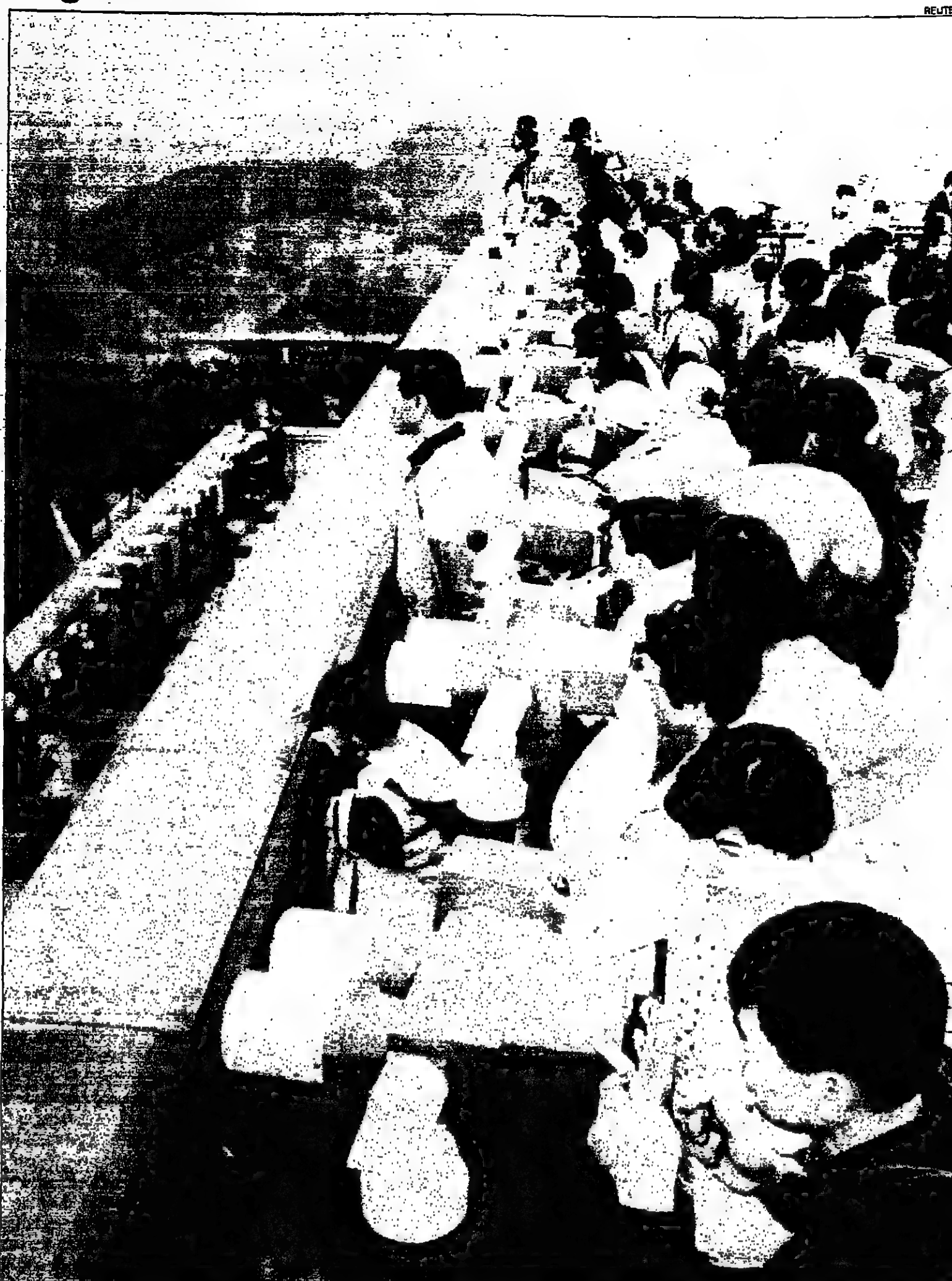
Seoul's population is now about ten million, almost a quarter of the entire nation. The city, through which the mighty River Han flows, bristles with tower blocks and pulsates with energy.

Outside, the hills and mountains have trees again. Cattle-drawn ploughs have all but vanished from the paddy fields, replaced by machines. Korea's gross national product is now eleventh in the world. It was a poignant moment when I found my way back to the site of my old artillery regiment. A friend from those days recalled that it lay between the River Injin and a hill called Kamsok-san. Brigadier Colin Parr, defence attaché at the British embassy in Seoul, helped me pinpoint it on his wall map, not far from the town of Choksong. There I stood next day. Hard to believe, I thought, that here I used a typewriter in the regimental office, dug monsoon ditches, slept in a tent through the bitter Korean winter and "scrambled" on exercises up near the 38th parallel and the border with North Korea. What was once our tented camp, with a minefield to the left, is now fields of ginger.

Cold War confrontations continue as nowhere else in the world, with roughly 600,000 North Korean troops facing about 400,000 South Korean and American troops across the demarcation line. Seoul is not far from the border and the area to the north bristles with tank traps and mines.

Uniquely, however, the focal point of both confrontation and peace-seeking efforts, Panmunjom, in the so-called demilitarised zone, has been turned into a tourist attraction complete with American military briefing and a souvenir shop selling everything from jewellery to chocolate.

There can be few experiences more strange than to stand in the conference room that straddles the demarcation line and listen to a US military briefing, as a couple of North Korean soldiers peer through the windows from their side of the line. Not much less bizarre was the distant spectacle across the border of what must be the largest flag in the world.



South Koreans look out across the demilitarised zone at Panmunjom which has been turned into a tourist attraction complete with souvenir shops

## KOREA FACT FILE

■ The author travelled with the Korea National Tourism Organisation (0177-409 2100).  
■ Getting there: KLM (0990-750 9000) has direct flights to Seoul from Amsterdam. Fares, including connecting flights from the UK, start at £550.  
■ Cities are well connected by air, bus and train. Return fares to Kyongju from Seoul are £40 by train or plane.  
■ Tour operators include: Jasin Tours (01628 531121); Far East Gateways (0161-945 4321); Silk Steps (0117-940 2800).

■ When to go: April-June or October-November. July and August tend to be wet and humid. Winter is fine but cold.  
■ Visas: Not needed by British subjects staying less than 90 days.  
■ Reading: The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends: Korea, by Robert Storey and Geoff Crowther (Lonely Planet, £8.95); Culture Shock - Korea, by Sonja Vegdahl Hur and Ben Seungwha Hur (Kuperard, £7.95); Flavour of Korea, by Mark and Tim Millon (André Deutsch, £9.95).

31 metres long, on the tallest pole erected in response to a huge South Korean flag.

My sampling of Korea's cultural and scenic attractions was compressed into six days that included lengthy drives totalling some 20 hours through handsome, often mountainous scenery and less appealing townscapes.

The highlight by a wide margin was the southern town of Kyongju, capital first of the Shilla kingdom which ran

from 57 BC to AD 668 and then of the whole peninsula to AD 935, a period which saw the finest flowering of Buddhist culture in the peninsula.

Often described as an open-air museum, Kyongju and its environs are dotted with temples, pagodas, Buddhist statuary and tombs in the form of giant, grass-covered mounds. Treasures excavated from several of these mounds are displayed in Kyongju's own National Museum, one of the most beautiful collections of vessels and ornaments I have ever seen.

In a magnificent mountain landscape about 20 minutes' drive away are two of the greatest glories of Buddhist art - Pulguksa Temple and the Buddha of the Sokkuram

Grono. The many adjacent buildings of Pulguksa, set on the hillside among ancient fir trees, form an impressively harmonious whole, while the carving and painting of the eaves and interiors is remarkable, given that the complex was reconstructed in the 1970s.

About a quarter of Korea's population is still Buddhist and worshippers were kneeling and drums were quietly beating in most of the temples I visited. The vast, granite 8th-century Buddha that towers behind protective glass is a great work of art by any standards. Thanks to poor weather and an early start, there were not too many people at this particular spot. But South Korea is a densely inhabited country, and one

that puts a high premium on education. Places of historic interest are liable to be thronged with groups of boisterous schoolchildren. This was true of the 126-acre Folk Village not far from Seoul, in which buildings from Korea's past are recreated.

It was sadly also true of Soraksan National Park in the northeast which, with its mountains and waterfalls, is said to be the most beautiful of the country's many such areas. My guidebook's sardonic warning: "Do not expect a wilderness experience" proved amply justified. Climbing for 20 minutes to near the top of the Piryong Waterfall in a lengthy column was just tolerable. Fighting one's way down steep steps past a human wave of ascending youths, each of whose motto seemed to be "me first", was actively unpleasant. Korea's fine beaches, by contrast, seemed eerily empty.

There is much that is beautiful in Korea. A lot of the landscape is magnificent. The Buddhist legacy is rich and wonderful, the food can be delicious and the people are open and friendly on a one-to-one basis. But by European standards there are an awful lot of them around and it takes time to adjust.

ROGER BERTHOUD

## WORD WATCHING

Answers from page 23

PRUNT (c) A piece of ornamental glass, frequently in the form of a blackberry, attached or laid onto a body of glass, as, for example, a vase. *Academy*, 1907: "The remarkable series of vessels from Anglo-Saxon graves of which the prunted vessels appear to be the earliest."

QUISQUILLIOUS (c) Of the nature of rubbish or refuse. "Besides garden insects and worms, the jays' diet is sufficiently quizzicalous." *Bentham*, 1802-12: "The science is overloaded by the quizzicalous matter they rake together."

QUILLON (a) One of the two arms forming the

crossguard of a sword. Mainly in heraldic use. R. F. Burton, *The Book of the Sword*, 1884: "The quillon may be either straight, that is at right angles, or curved." R. S. Ferguson, *Charters of Carlisle*: "His sword, which has plain straight quillons, hangs at his side."

QUIPU (c) A device of the ancient Peruvians and others for recording events, keeping accounts, sending messages, etc. It consisted of cords and threads of various colours, knotted in various ways. 1704: "They have their quipues which is a sort of strings of different bigness, in which they make knots of several colours by which they remember, when they go to confession, these quipues serve to remember their sins."

# Watch the silent tea ceremony

You have to admire a city that builds its first new landmark in bright pink. You either love or hate the Oriental Pearl television tower on the east bank of the Huangpu River. All the Shanghaiese I asked loved it and it is definitely going to be one of the most recognisable landmarks of Asia.

It faces the older landmark, the Bund. Stand on that one of former foreign banks, trading houses, consulates and custom offices, and you can watch Hong Kong-style mirrored office buildings being hurled up to create Lujiazui, the newly designated financial area. The guidebooks are apologetic, acknowledging that the city is changing so fast that by the time the traveller arrives the information is already wrong: the building has gone, the restaurant has shut and the action has moved elsewhere.

The pleasure of Shanghai at present is to pick your way between the coming styles and those left by history. The former Astor House Hotel, for example, has high ceilings and polished wooden floors. Mingling in the lobby are backpacking tourists and young Shanghaiese wearing red waisuits with numbers on their backs - they are stock traders. And the stock exchange of Shanghai is at present located under gleaming old chandeliers in the former ballroom of the hotel.

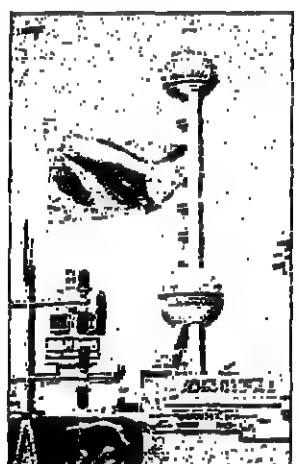
Nanjing Lu, a shopping street famous throughout China, has a Pepsi sign on every lamppost and Cindy Crawford et al on enormous hoardings. Wander amid the back streets and tar in the Mandarin Bazaar, situated in the old Chinese city, and sample the dumplings before strolling through the Yu Yuan gardens.

At the Huxinting mid-lake teahouse, across the zigzag bridge of nine turnings, wait until six in the evening and then make your way to the upstairs section of the teahouse where a three-man orchestra wearing dark blue mandarin robes begin to play. Chinese classical music drifts across the dark wooden chamber as dusk falls. Open a window to allow the essential Shanghai sound effect of mournful ships' horns, blaring once to indicate a turn to starboard, twice to port, three times for reverse, to drift in from the Huangpu.

Order the tea of your choice with steamed peanuts, bean curd and glutinous rice snacks. Try to get the menu that quotes 25 yuan, rather than the one that charges 44 for tea-only. (There is a long

tradition of charging foreigners double in teahouses. In earlier days it was done by giving out green cups which were charged at twice the rate of white cups. Signs proclaimed: "Everybody wearing foreign clothes pays double".) Watch the waddling babies, the old men doing their stretching exercises on the bridge, allow your cup to be refilled and wait until 6.30pm when, silent girls wearing cheongsams perform a small tea ceremony to an audience of three schmoozing Chinese couples. The orchestra performs and the tea ceremony takes place every night but only one of four guidebooks mentioned it.

Another corner of Shanghai that is little visited by foreigners is the Dashihe. The Great World Entertainment Centre



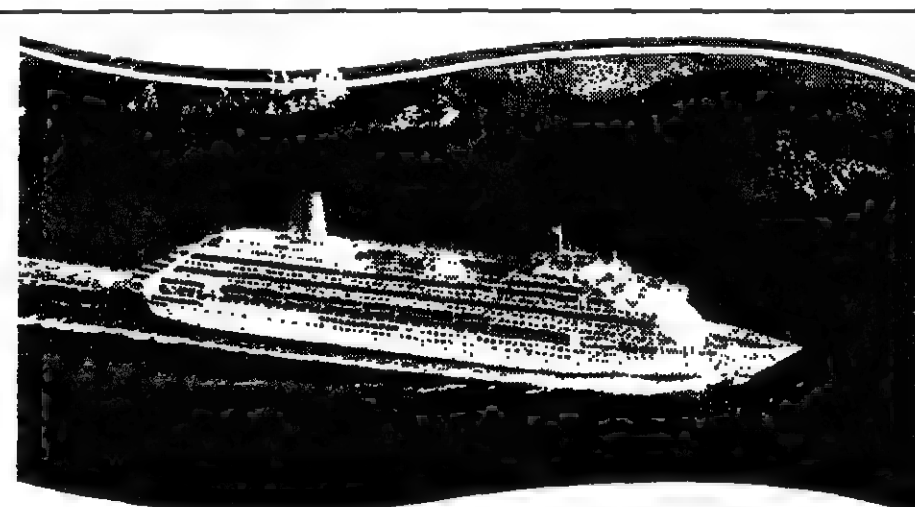
Shanghai is a mixture of the old and new

is now a Youth Palace. In the 1930s it was the property of a gangster named Pockmark Huang, with gambling dens, dance halls, massage parlours and brothels.

Nowadays it is all closed by 9pm - decadence finishes early in Shanghai - but in the early evening families, Chinese tourists and young office workers come to eat snacks, ride dodgem cars, listen to comedy, watch old movies and acrobatics. These are stunning displays on the open-air stage, and are straight acrobatics rather than the polished performances dished up to visitors in the two theatres.

KATE WEIDMANN

● Regent Holidays (0179 211711) has a week's B&B in Shanghai from £734, including flights from Heathrow with Air China via Peking, staying at the Hotel Magnolia on Nanjing Road.  
● The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends: *Odyssey*, (P. 95), *Life and Death in Shanghai*, by Nien Cheng (Flamingo, £7.99).



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Italy: The Tuscan hills are a great place for food, wine and getting fit – but take a good pair of shoes . . .

# Walking back to health and happiness

What do I remember best? Wild flowers in a Coca-Cola bottle at a tiny shrine for the Virgin, beside a mountain path; trees hung with cherries and red geraniums in window boxes; an aching bottom from riding a mountain bike too fast down a long track newly-surfaced with small limestone boulders; the Gothic windows in the apse of the cathedral at Barga, glazed with thin sheets of coloured marble; fireflies lighting up a hillside like Harrods at Christmas; and fields of long-stemmed wheat, each one, said a cynic, waiting for its cheque from Brussels.

We stayed between the Apuane Alps and a spur of the Apennines. "Chianti" is far to the south and, when English is spoken in the Carliagnana in northern Tuscany, it may well be with a Scottish accent. In the depression at the end of the last century many people emigrated to Scotland. Many have come back. The apparently Italian manager of the Villa Libano hotel in Barga, where we ate on our first night, had played rugby for Scotland under-16s.

The base is in an old farm a few kilometres from Barga. The stone outbuildings have been converted into comfortable bedrooms. No group is bigger than 14 and there are always two guides for the walking or biking. With one guide at the front and the other at the back, everyone can go at his or her own speed.

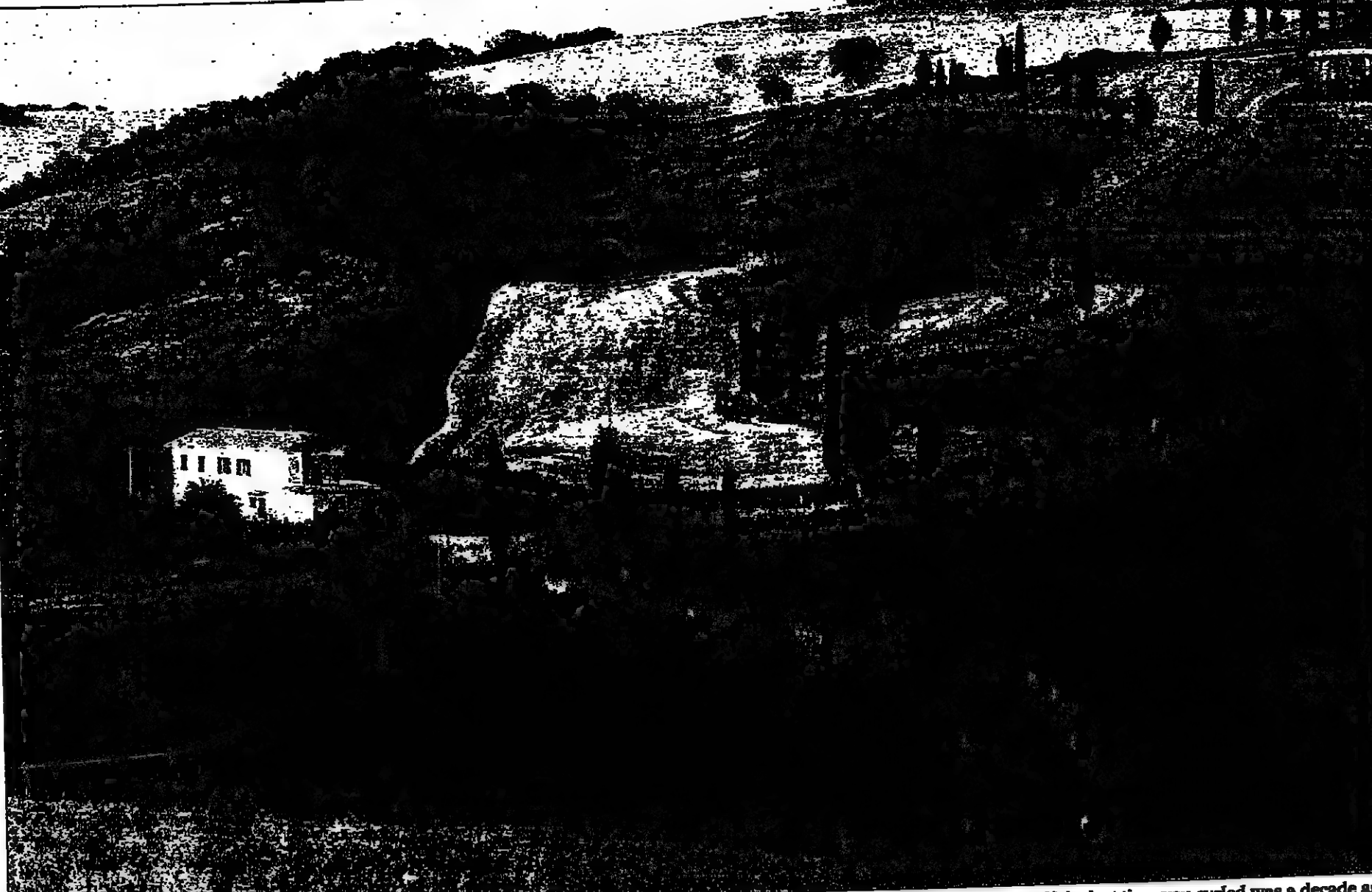
Northern Tuscany can provide some rugged walking, but nothing beyond the ability of the reasonably fit and well



shod. Biking can be more demanding, particularly if the last time you cycled was a decade or three ago. But old skills reassert themselves, although mountain-bike gears, which make those on a four-wheel-drive truck seem unsophisticated, can take a morning to get used to. Muscles, unused and forgotten, can complain for days.

I prefer to walk. In early June the countryside was still full of wild flowers. Valerian grew out of dry stone walls, there were showers of dog roses in hedgerows, blood-red poppies, wild lupins, broom and, in the mountain meadows, tiny orchids and pinks. We walked up through chestnut forest, then through beech to the meadows above the tree line. Like many Italian hills, the Pania di Corfino has a cross on its highest point. We sat around it and looked out over the Serchio valley to the distant Apuane Alps.

The limestone tops of the Apuane are almost bald. The white in many north-facing gulleys was snow, even in June, but the largest expanse of white was a marble quarry. The stone is cut into 20-ton blocks, each priced at about



The long and winding roads of northern Tuscany can provide some rugged walking. Biking can be more demanding, particularly if the last time you cycled was a decade ago

£20,000, and today almost all of it goes to the Middle East. Michelangelo got the marble for his statue of David from the Apuane, and it stands in the Galleria dell'Accademia in nearby Florence.

The Apennines, on the northeast side of the Serchio, are older, softer and more forested. Reafforestation has been going on for decades. Later in the year, guides will keep much of the walking within the tree line, but in June the sun was hot but far from unbearable. In February and March they will be leading snow-shoe walks along the high ridges. On a summer day it was difficult to imagine.

With one notable exception, the Tuscan white wines we drank were good and so were the reds. One red was memorable. We drank it on the

terrace of a small restaurant in Albano. The label on the bottle was stuck on with tape and read "Vino delle Colline di Albano" (wine of the Albano hills), a modest enough bush. It was a rich blackcurrant colour and had a thick, earthy taste. We sat on the terrace, with antipasto and crostini, and the old bottle went to and from the barrel from which it was filled.

The awe-inspiring bad white wine was made almost acceptable by the setting in which it was drunk. And to be truthful, we got through quite a lot of it. We were eating at a table outside a farmhouse. The

sun had gone down, fireflies glittered and, here and there, a glow-worm switched itself on or off to announce its availability to any other interested glow-worm. Dinner was a huge, filling farm affair. The wine was thick, acrid and smelt of apples.

Every hill in Tuscany has its own town, or village, or hamlet "which, hid by beech and pine, like an eagle's nest, lies on the crest of purple Apennine", as Macaulay wrote. The town of Barga is bigger than most, partly walled and best entered through the Porta Reale, or Mancianella. From the old gate steep little streets, hardly altered in centuries,

climb up to the cathedral set on a small plateau at the top. It commands not just Barga as it tumbles downhill, a jumble of red-tiled roofs, but the whole Serchio valley, and the far mountains.

The cathedral has an early 13th-century pulpit which is a masterpiece of carving, in near-perfect condition. The 13th-century Gothic apse should be seen, as I saw it, with its great doors open, the sun going down, and shadows beginning to darken the Apuane Alps across the valley. Of all my memories, perhaps that will last the longest.

DAVID WHITAKER

## FACT FILE

- Exodus (0181-675 5350) offers a selection of itineraries in Tuscany.
- The eight-day Carliagnana walking holiday starts at £495, including flights, transfers, accommodation and guides. A local payment covers food.
- The Travel Bookshop (0171-229 5260) recommends *Walking and Eating in Tuscany and Umbria*, by James Lasdon (Penguin, £8.99); *The Tuscan Year*, by Elizabeth Rosner (Phoenix, £5.99).

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... or discover the quiet charm and intriguing history of Elba, and the Roman road to Parma and Rimini

# Napoleon's pocket empire

Our first view of Elba from the ferry was of a green, volcanic rock looking rather like the scaly profile of a lizard. It was encircled by craggy inlets, coves and sandy bays, many of them deserted, and inland were mountains covered by centuries-old forests and small hill towns.

We were on a week's guided tour of Elba and Tuscany, chauffeured by our Italian driver Sandro in a cosy minibus. Miranda, our English guide, who studied furniture restoration in Florence, peppered her commentary with quotes from the Italian travels of poets and authors such as Shelley and D.H. Lawrence.

On a walk along a coastal path we discovered why the Greeks called Elba *Aethalia* — "always flowering". The soil is rich in minerals which produce hydrangeas in glorious colours and the hillsides are alive with wild cyclamen, sweet-smelling herbs, prickly pears and yellow broom.

Three thousand years ago on the island, things were far from peaceful and quiet. Elba



Napoleon's death mask

was important to armies and empires. Its iron ore gave the Etruscans their great power in Italy. The Romans quarried granite at Secchiato for the columns of the Pantheon, each 14½ ft in circumference and 41½ ft high. One carved specimen still lies in the hills, rejected by a Roman clerk of works as unsuitable. The Romans and Greeks also used iron ore from Elba for their swords. St Paul preached on

## FACT FILE

■ The author travelled with Crystal Holidays (0181-390 5554), which offers a week in a three-star hotel on Elba from £432 in September.

■ Tours of Tuscany cost about £700 a week. The company can also arrange self-drive holidays.

■ Reading: *The Travel Bookshop* (0171-229 5260) recommends *Napoleon*, by Vincent Cronin (Fountain, £9.99), *Tuscany and Umbria Rough Guide* (CDO 99).

Elba and the Pope gave the island to the Republic of Pisa in the 11th century.

In 1802, the island was annexed to France and in 1804 made a principality and the exiled Napoleon its sovereign. He landed on May 4, aged 44, as ruler of a place half the size of the Isle of Wight.

The emperor inspected the island on horseback and turned mule tracks into much of the road system that Elba has today. He ordered wells and drains to be dug and encouraged the growing of vegetables. He improved the wheat crop, planted vines, imported chestnut and olive trees from Corsica, planted mulberry trees from Tuscany along the roadsides and expanded the fishing industry.

For his palace, Napoleon chose the Villa dei Mulini on the site of two windmills, high up in the old part of Portoferraio, and turned it into the Palazzo dei Mulini. Visitors can see his grand canopy bed and a small version of the famous painting of the emperor on a white charger. The most striking exhibit is a bust of Napoleon carved in marble.

Paola, Napoleon's sister, came to live with him and acted as his hostess at formal occasions. The Villa San Martino, a simple farmhouse in a green valley four miles from hot and smelly Portoferraio, was bought as a summer residence.

To help him raise the money, his sister sold some of her jewels. After his death all the furniture in the house was auctioned to pay off family debts. It is now a museum and houses an exhibition of Napoleonic prints. Today, the only thing Napoleon would recog-



An 1830 watercolour depicting Napoleon in 1815 as he prepares to escape from the island of Elba aboard the *Inconstant* and return to France

nise is Canova's nude statue of Princess Paola and a 200-year-old olive tree at the entrance to the house.

On a Sunday morning we climbed 800ft up a cobbled pathway to the mountain sanctuary of the Madonna Del Monte, on the slopes of Monte Giove above Marciana, where Napoleon is said to have sat hour after hour admiring the view of his native Corsica.

When his Austrian wife, the Empress Marie Louise, and his son were prevented from joining him, Napoleon became restless and plotted his escape. On February 16, 1815, while his watchdog, the English commissioner Sir Neil Campbell, was in Florence, Napoleon ordered the brig *Inconstant* to be painted like an English warship and pre-

pared for sea. On February 25, Paola announced that she was planning a grand ball. The next day Napoleon, along with 500 men, secretly fled the Elbons: "I leave you prosperity, I leave you a clean, fair city. I leave you my roads and trees for which your children at least will thank me."

We said goodbye to Elba, too, crossing to the mainland at Piombino and headed for the spa town of Montecatini Terme, and the grand Hotel Croce di Malta, which served the finest food and was to be our base while we embarked on a three-day mini-version of the grand tour.

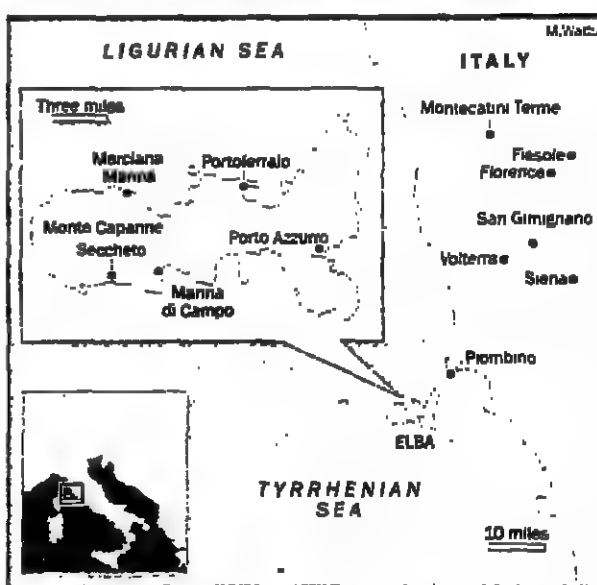
We took the winding mountain road to Volterra, once an Etruscan city important for

mining alabaster, visited the magnificent stone towers at San Gimignano and pored over the Roman amphitheatre at Fiesole.

In Florence an old Italian guide took us on a tour of churches and museums off the tourist trail and even in the much-visited Medici Chapel he showed us a treasure that many sightseers never see.

After whispering to a curator, she led us to a side room where a security guard lifted a trap door in the floor. On the walls of the crypt below we were privileged to see some of Michelangelo's original sketches for his masterpieces that grace Florence. Napoleon's "tomb" had been intriguing; this was breathtaking.

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## Hallelujah for the Emilian Way

Nestling beside the River Po, Piacenza is the start of the Emilian Way, laid out by a Roman consul two centuries before the birth of Christ. This Roman road runs straight as a billiard cue for 36 kilometres to Fidenza, where Giovanni Guareschi set his tales of the priest Don Camillo.

Via Emilia runs southeast to Parma. Imposing, though sometimes tumbledown, farms flank the roadside. At Parma the Via Emilia slices

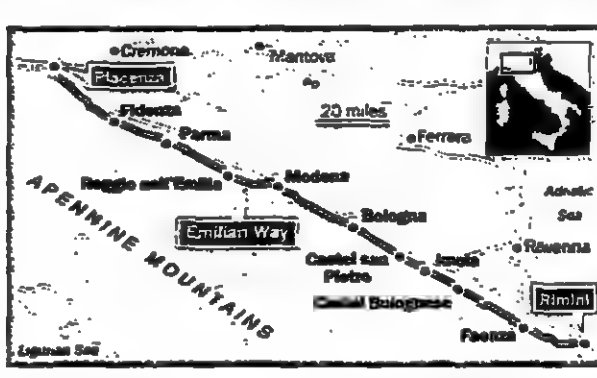
through Piazza Garibaldi — once the Roman forum. My next stop, Reggio nell'Emilia, was unlovely, unlike Modena after it. Via Emilia cuts straight through Modena, passing the apex of its stupendous cathedral where the belfry leans decidedly out from the perpendicular.

The cathedral was packed for Mass. As it ended, the choir sang Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* in Italian and the bishop walked through the crowd scattering blessings.

Outside, parents photographed their children as they sat on the marble lions supporting the cathedral doorway. On the right a wedding was taking place in the 17th-century Palazzo Comunale, with its statue of the Madonna under the clock tower and its fanciful weather vane.

Bologna, one of Italy's gastronomic and fashion centres, is a city of elegant arched streets. Tagliatelle was invented here in 1847 for the marriage of Lucrezia Borgia and the Duke of Ferrara. Eating in the Grand Hotel Baglioni, I naturally began with tagliatelle, the succulence of which was matched by the frescoes of the hotel restaurant, which depict the four seasons and the fall of Icarus. Visiting the downstairs toilets I discovered a Roman road running through them.

Leaving Bologna I reached the spa of Castel San Pietro in time for the Monday market, which stretches south from its battlemented medieval castle along the arched main street. I bought slices of Parma



ham and chunks of Parmesan cheese and then drove on to Imola, which the Via Emilia ruthlessly bisects.

Imola, a higgledy-piggledy spot, has useful notices giving the dates of its historic buildings. A sadder notice in the central square says that on April 20, 1844, two partisans, Lavinia Venturini and Rosa Zanotti, were shot by the Nazis.

Six kilometres later I passed the Castel Bolognese, with a few remains of its medieval

walls and the sole remaining tower of a castle which Cesare Borgia demolished in 1501. Cherry trees and vineyards flank the route, with pink rose trees at the end of the rows of vines. Turning off the Via Emilia into Faenza, I was delighted to find a park with picnic tables and a little lake.

As its name implies, Faenza is renowned for its porcelain (or faience), so my wife bought a superb plate, and we left for Forlì. The city retains only a triumphal gate and a 15th-

century bastion but its immense cathedral of Santa Croce demonstrates what 19th-century architects could achieve — a huge portico on Corinthian columns and, inside, monumental pillars supporting the roof.

Then, by way of Cesena, I drove along Via Emilia to reach Rimini, Italy's finest Adriatic seaside resort.

Here the Emilian Way passes through the Arco di Augusto, the oldest surviving Roman arch in Italy. The boss of the Rimini tourist board said that, in his youth, a Roman stone marked the end of the Emilian Way where it met the *Flaminian Way* (which runs from Rimini to Rome). This stone was destroyed by the RAF in the Second World War.

Signor Donati said: "That was a long time ago and all is forgotten. Rimini lives off tourism and we particularly welcome the British."

JAMES BENTLEY

## FACT FILE

■ Flights with Alitalia (0171-602 7111) to Bologna start at £215 from Gatwick. Italian Express (0181-746 2661) has three nights' B&B in Bologna from £271 per person, including flights.

■ Accommodation: In Piacenza, the Nazionale (039 523 72000) and Milano (039 523 33643) both charge £55 a double room and breakfast. At Parma, the Grand Hotel Baglioni (059 521 28282) costs £118 a double. In Bologna, the Grand Hotel Baglioni (059 521 25445) charges £162-£205 for a double room and breakfast.

At Rimini, the Hotel Luvet (059 39541 39990) and Hotel Levante (059 39541 39254) both charge £22-£43 full board.

■ Reading: *The Travel Bookshop* (0171-229 5260) recommends *Italian Journeys*, by Jonathan Keates (Picador, £6.99).



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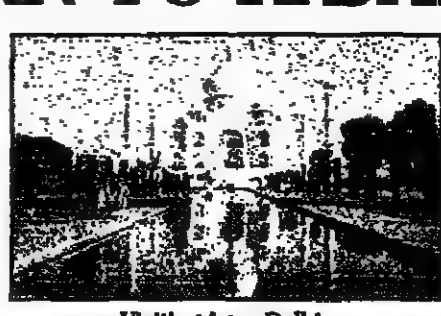
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## Ireland: Seduced by the dramatic coastline and wild peaks of Co Kerry, and pampered in a gourmet hideaway



Dream scene: Macgillycuddy's Reeks are Ireland's highest mountains, set inland from the Ring of Kerry. Although this area is busy, it is easy to avoid the crowds and appreciate the magnetism of the place.

There's to be a heat wave tomorrow," announced the Irishman standing next to me at the bar of the Blue Bull in Sneem, Co Kerry. "It's starting at three o'clock, and we've been told to stay inside." He did not elaborate on this instruction, but took a swig of his Guinness with the gloomy satisfaction of one who thrives on apocalyptic visions. Happily for us, he got the

weather right but the timing completely wrong: we awoke next morning to cloudless skies and balmy air spiked with warm pine, clover, pockets of intense honeysuckle and rose. The hedgerows are

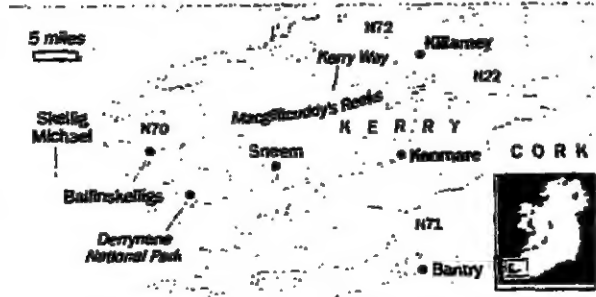
bursting with fuchsias and dog roses. A lark ascends. We do not propose to stay inside.

An Irish heat wave sounds such a contradiction in terms that to stumble on one bestows a sense of privilege, particularly if you are in the Ring of Kerry at the time. This is the most visited corner of Ireland, and the 110-mile circuit crawls with foreign numberplates, tourist coaches and overheated Germans on pushbikes. But slip away up a side road, and it is easy to feel the magnetism of the place: a dramatic coastline and the wild beauty of the lakes and peaks inland, including Ireland's highest mountains, Macgillycuddy's Reeks.

If you then douse the lot in freshish Mediterranean sunshine, after a glass or two of Beamish in contemplation of Kerry's dromedary profile against the azure skies of early evening, you begin to wonder whether you have inadvertently died and gone to heaven.

There is a certain quirky humour in the Ring of Kerry's uncompromising attitude to its lifeblood tourist trade. The N20 road, which circumnavigates it, is a devilish twist of a single carriage-way, clearly designed to discourage foreign motorists and coach drivers. Its cratered surface ensures that bikers and cyclists are also in for a few surprises along the way.

Yet many visitors treat the area as a whistle-stop tour to be done from the county town of Killarney. They slog round it in a day, hardly leaving their vehicles except to wield the camcorder at each viewpoint car park. They miss a great deal — not least the sense of peace and grand isolation once the crowds are gone.



To take things at a more leisurely pace, we rented a farmhouse outside the village of Sneem for a week. It proved to be a warm, reasonably functional monument to Catholicism and carpet kitsch: 11 rooms, at least 19 100-year-old around the place, including a particularly fetching Virgin-in-a-snowstorm dome. We looked on it as a refreshing break from the dull tasteful-

ness of the Ikea-riden homes that we had left behind in the real world. With two toddlers and an expectant mother in the party, all-day hikes were clearly off the agenda (though there is wonderful walking to be done, including the long-distance Kerry Way which circles the peninsula). Luckily, this is where the heat wave really came into its own, for we spent

several days on Derrynane's child-friendly beach, building sand elephants and swimming in water so warm and sheltered that getting in elicited barely a whimper.

Be warned, however: Irish heat waves are not reliable. There is no guarantee that the clouds that burn off by mid-morning over your farmhouse are not simply massing sulkily over your proposed picnic spot a few miles down the coast. But the skies generally cleared, sooner or later. And on the days they did not, or when the pull of another session with the sand menagerie began to wane, there were other options.

Probably the best way to explore the peninsula and escape the crowds is to hire a bike. Cycling on the back roads to Kenmare, a pretty little town 20 miles away,

proved to be a memorable experience, in part because of the delightful old lady in beads and a flowery frock who runs Sneem's bicycle shop and who, I suspect, would not know a pair of Lycra cycle shorts from a Versace evening dress. She had no interest in taking a deposit on the bicycle itself, but was worried about what might happen if she lent me a lock. "Folk are always losing the keys," she explained. That day's bike rent was the best £5 I have spent in years.

Another excellent trip (minus toddlers, thankfully) was out to the Skellig Islands from Ballinskelligs, an hour away by fishing launch. Little Skellig is a jagged arch of volcanic rock, thickly encrusted with gannets; the boats will go quite close in but there is no landing there.

Skellig Michael, however,

though it looks equally inhospitable from a distance, turns out to have a harbour of sorts. Numerous small launches buzz around the island like insects, waiting for their passengers who are dropped off to follow the steep stone pathway up to a 1,000-year-old monastery at the summit of the rock. It is an awesome, eerie place, its atmosphere undisturbed by the crowds of sightseers clambering in and out of the dry-stone beehive cells.

A knowledgeable archaeologist-guide painted a picture of life for the handful of monks who lived there, with no fuel on the island, no water except the rainwater they collected in two tanks, and no food but birds and fish. (Luckily we had taken sandwiches, because absolutely nothing has changed in that respect: there are not even toilet facilities.)

The monks have long since left, but Skellig Michael is still home to a large colony of puffins, which nest in the rocks alongside the path. They look like small, uncoordinated businessmen, and their laughable attempts to take off and land amount to a sort of birdie floor-show on the long haul up to the monastery. Back on the mainland, the village of Sneem seems on the face of it to have sold its soul to tourism: every other shop is an estate or souvenir emporium, and the air is thick with unfamiliar languages. Despite that, however, it is unquestionably charming, its two greasy single-track bridges and surrounded by brilliantly coloured houses. There is no messing about with namby-pamby pastel: expect a hard-hitting blood-red wash, preferably next door to mustard with mauve guttering. The effect is Toy Town but irresistible. And I don't think it is laid on just for the tourists.

FAITH GLASGOW

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## Dinner with the Michelin man

FOR VISITORS to southwestern Ireland with a passion for scenery and a secret desire for luxury, the Sheen Falls Lodge is a remarkable spot. Tim Rice writes. It is a stately pile painted a distinctive mustard yellow — as are a number of buildings in this area.

The hotel, part of the grand Relais & Châteaux group, has a splendid position. Waterfalls cascade past it into Kenmare Bay and the views are lovely in all directions.

The bedrooms are hugely comfortable and decorated in relaxing neutrals, like most of the interior. The Cascade Restaurant was awarded a Michelin star in 1992 and the chef, Fergus Moore, runs cooking courses.

There are weekends for walking, salmon fishing, wine tasting, romance (February 14) and more (average price: £250 per person for two nights half board and activities). Staff are delightfully unstuffy, despite the elegant surround-

ings. If your pocket is deep, this is worth a visit in itself with endless excursion possibilities, including Kenmare up the road. For those in search of how the other half of Ireland lives, it's worth splashing out to stay in a place like this before you return to reality.

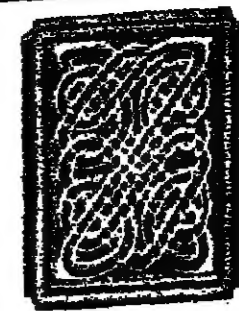
**AUTUMN BREAKS** at Sheen Falls Lodge, Kenmare, Co Kerry (00 353 64 41600) start at £219 per person sharing a double room, including two nights' accommodation with breakfast and one dinner in the hotel's Michelin-star restaurant, La Cascade.

Special interest weekends take place during October and November, with subjects including food and wine, bridge, golf, health and beauty, and an outdoor activity break including riding, hill walking and clay pigeon shooting.

Ryan Air (0541 569569) has daily flights from London (Stansted) to Kerry. Prices start at £79 return.



The lap of luxury: Sheen Falls Lodge



## FACT FILE

■ The author rented her farmhouse through Shamrock Cottages (01823 660126). Another company which also specialises in renting Irish property is Welcome Irish Holidays (01756 702214). The bigger properties are to great demand, especially during school holidays, and early booking is essential. The author's farmhouse slept six to seven plus cot, and cost £345 for a week in July, exclusive of fuel and linen; the price varies according to season from £193 to £388.

■ Shamrock can offer a price inclusive of the car ferry. In this case, cottage and ferry (Fishguard-Rosslare, three and a half hours) was £501.

■ Sailing from Swansea to Cork (12 hours) cuts down the driving across Ireland.

■ Flights from Stansted to Cork with Ryanair (0541 569569) cost £79.

■ A hired car (all leading firms are based at the airport) is the easiest way of getting from Cork to Kerry, and pretty much a necessity there unless you plan to explore exclusively by foot/cycle.

■ As a touring base, Kenmare makes a pleasant alternative to touristy Killarney. The Purple Heather Bistro on Henry Street has a reputation for excellent food; book in advance, no matter what time of year. Kenmare's tourist office is in The Square (00 353 64 41233).

■ Trips to the Skellig Islands are run through the season by numerous small enterprises, all of whom charge a flat IR£20 per person. We went from Ballinskelligs with Joe Roddy.

■ Cycling the Ring of Kerry takes three days; expect to use all your gears. In Sneem, Burns Bike Hire (00 353 64 45140) charges IR£5 a day or IR£30 a week. In Kenmare, try Finnegan's at the Falte Hotel (00 353 64 41082).

Cruising Lake Nasser

Other stuff

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## AROUND THE WORLD: A WEEKEND GUIDE

## JILL CRAWSHAW'S TRAVEL TIPS

## Cruising Lake Nasser

THOSE hoping to cruise the Nile in December and January, when the Esna Lock is likely to be closed for maintenance, might prefer to avoid the disruption and inconvenience this causes by opting for a cruise on Lake Nasser instead.

Highlight of the 300-mile long "Nubian Sea", created by the building of the Aswan Dam, is of course Ramses II's great temple of Abu Simbel, but there are other ancient monuments to visit ashore. However, Bales Tours (01306 885901) reckons four days afloat on Lake Nasser is enough as there are no villages along the banks. It combines the cruise on the 1920s-style steamship *Kas Ibrahim* with four days in Aswan, from £699 to £1,225.

**WHERE can you find outstanding Trappist beer?** How can you avoid that wretched local beer served with a straw? Michael Jackson's *World Beer Hunter* CD-Rom will tell you. Available in September from BMG Interactive (0171 384 7500) for £29.99, it is essential viewing for those planning a thirst-quenching trip abroad. The author describes more than 400 pubs and breweries worldwide and a selection of beer-tasting holidays, as well as a personal list of beers he would want if stranded on a desert island.

## City breaks

**MIDDLE EAST** specialist Jasmijn Tours (0181-675 8866) is offering four-night breaks off the usual tourist trail from mid-September to mid-October. On a four-night trip to Beirut (£488), you can easily visit both Byblos, the world's longest-inhabited city, and the Roman *folie-de-grandeur* site at Baalbek. A trip to Alexandria, in Egypt, where Cleopatra's sunken city is being excavated, costs £488 for four nights. All prices include flights and B&B accommodation.

## Last resorts

DESPITE mass tour operators' claims that there are no holidays left for this summer, smaller specialist firms can still come up with some last resorts, says the Association of Independent Tour Operators (AITO).

French specialist VFB (01242 240340) can organise self-catering holidays in coastal France, including a self-drive week in a two-bedroom flat in Biot, Provence, costing £514 for two people. An extra week costs £414. (Prices cover ferry crossings.)

On the lesser-known Greek islands from mid-August, Laskarina (01629 822203) can offer two weeks on tiny Halki for £449, and Sunvil Holidays (0181-568 4499) has studio flats based on Lemnos for £423 for two weeks self-catering.

Magic of Portugal (0181-741 1181) can tuck holidaymakers into the Algarve — a week's B&B at Hotel Garbe in Armacao de Pera costs £649, with the alternative of a week on the bracing Lisbon coast at Estoril for £599.

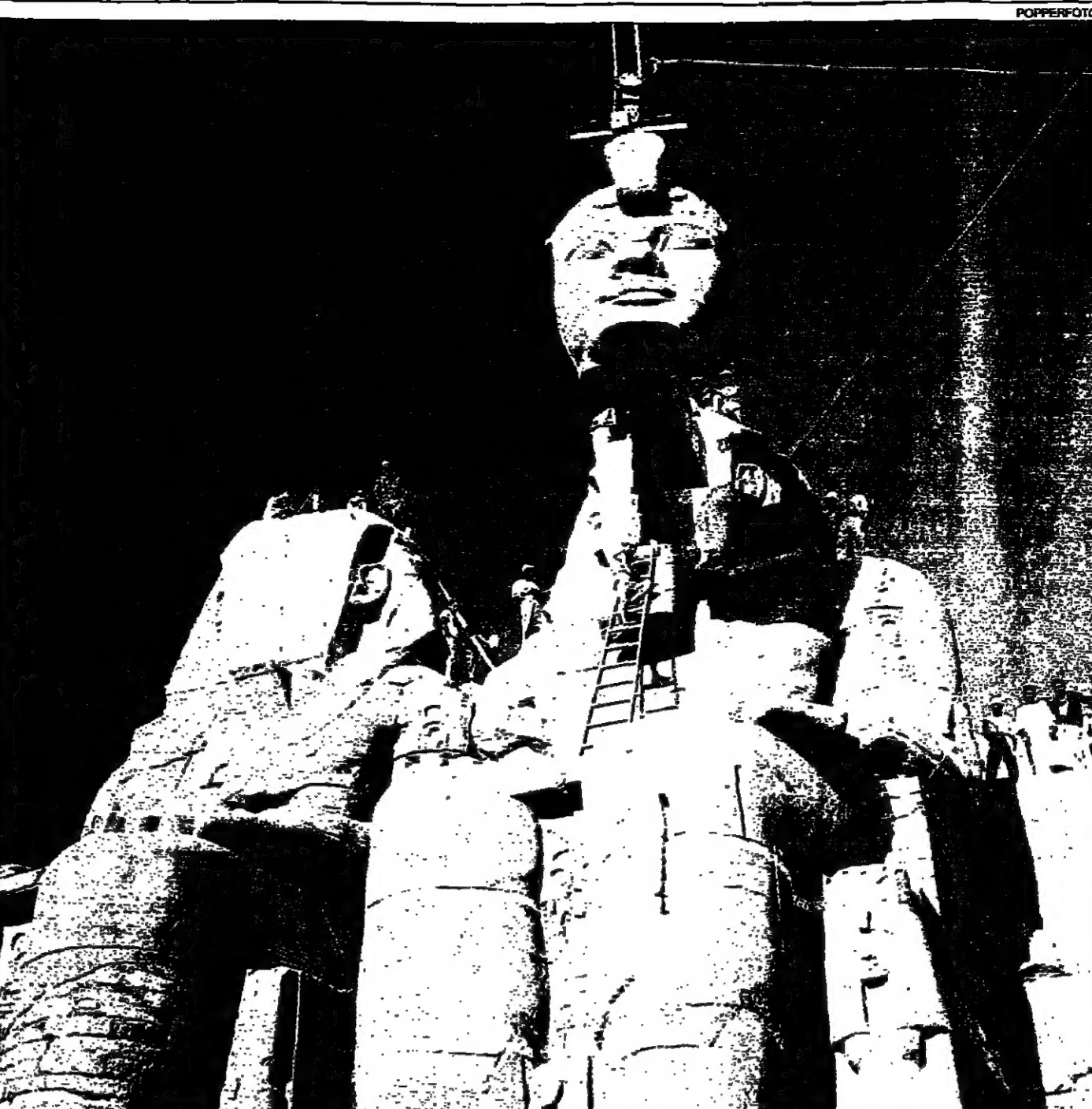
Panorama Holidays (01273 206531) has spaces in Tunisia on a flight-only basis for £209, or seven nights B&B for £299, as well as in Opatija, a former British favourite in Croatia (£365 half-board for a week with flights).

AITO's *Directory of Real Holidays*, listing 150 independent firms, is free from 0181-607 9080.

**IF YOU** want to steer clear of the hordes of cruise passengers that often clog up holiday resorts as they flood ashore, take a note of the Top Twenty Ports of Call surveyed by Lloyd's *Cruise International* magazine. It names the US Virgin Islands, Miami, the Bahamas, San Juan, Yucatan, Grand Cayman, St Martin, Jamaica, Barbados and Vancouver as the Top Ten. In the Mediterranean, the Top Ten are Athens/Piraeus, Rhodes, Ephesus, Mykonos, Santorini, Falmes, Crete, Majorca, Barcelona and Genoa.

## Otter survival

YOU can help the otter, an endangered species, by joining one of three projects in Skye, India and Russia run by the International Otter Survival Fund (01471 822487). On Skye, some of the tasks you will be assigned will



Ramses II's temple of Abu Simbel being moved during the building of the Aswan Dam. The temple is a highlight of a cruise of Lake Nasser

include researching the otters' diet and the development of their cubs. You are expected to contribute £345 towards costs and your keep.

Save-the-otter volunteers pay £1,175 (which includes flights) for the 12 days in southern India. If you join the Russian project, you will stay with a local family in the Central Forest Biosphere Reserve in the Tver Region, 200 miles west of Moscow. The cost is £825, including all flights.

## River rafting

WHITE-WATER raft specialist Adrift (0181-874 4969) is running several trips to Ethiopia's River Omo after the rainy months of September, October and November, when the waters are at their

best level for rafting. The trips are graded two to three, which in white-water speak means reasonably gentle and suitable for those who wish to explore the river without shooting down rapids. The Upper Omo trip, which costs £1,000 for 15 days, has steep gorges and abundant wildlife. On the Lower Omo trip (£2,200 for 17 days), rafters will meet the Bodi,

Mursi and Kwegu people, who are remote, semi-nomadic tribes. An 18-day Omo Exploration trip (£2,430) runs through uncharted waters further down the Omo. The prices include flights, accommodation and most meals, four-wheel drives and hotel stays in Addis Ababa. On average, eight days are spent on the river, camping and rafting.

## Restrictions for high street agents

## TRAVEL NEWS

HIGH-STREET travel-agency names may disappear following suggestions by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission. The MMC is investigating whether firms who own tour operations, travel agencies and airlines restrict the choice available for holidaymakers.

In a letter to travel firms outlining "hypothetical proposals", the MMC has suggested that companies such as Thomson and Aircoats rename their owned agencies, Lunn Poly and Going Places, to make the commercial connection clear to customers. Other ideas include a ban on linking insurance to holiday discounts, and forcing operators to restrict the number of retail outlets they own. The letter suggests a maximum of 300 shops. Lunn Poly owns 800 and Going Places has 710. The two account for 22 per cent of all agencies.

The travel industry has until September 1 to respond but is fighting its corner. Ian Smith, managing director of Lunn Poly, said: "There is no case to answer."

**AS EXPECTED**, family holidays in August are proving hard to find, with a Surrey agency this week saying its cheapest deal is the Canary Islands for £339. But for those prepared to travel outside the school holidays there is still availability in September and October.

Tony Bennett, managing director of Going Places, this week told *Travel Weekly*, the trade paper: "People have realised that if they wait a month they can go on holiday for half the price."

**THE STRENGTH** of the pound is benefiting holidaymakers heading abroad but is hitting the market at home. The British Incoming Tour Operators Association is forecasting a drop of 800,000 foreign visitors to the United Kingdom this year, a fall of 3 per cent.

The sharp rise in London hotel rates has exacerbated the situation, with the number of continental European visitors being the most affected. Roger Heape, managing director of British Airways Holidays, said its French and German visitor numbers were down by 30 per cent.

STEVE KEENAN

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## TRAVEL CONTINUES ON PAGE 22

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P&O European Ferries HOLIDAYS

## Disneyland Paris

Disneyland Paris

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ATMOSPHERE OF DISNEY

## Supplements apply for Friday and Saturday nights

Supplements apply for Friday and Saturday nights

## LATE AVAILABILITY

LATE AVAILABILITY

## RUSSIA

RUSSIA

## ITALY

ITALY

## LAKE GARDA

LAKE GARDA

## UNDISCOVERED Tuscany

UNDISCOVERED Tuscany

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